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AMERICAN ANGLER

WILLIAM C. HARRIS, Editor.

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THE AMERICAN ANGLER.

VOL. 25.

JANUARY, 1895.

No. 1.

A DAY ON THE OUTLET.*

BY DR. C. T. MITCHEL.

Come ye lovers of sweet Nature,
Ye who love the fields and flowers,
Love the birds, and bees and blossoms;
Ye who love the streams and forests,
Love the hill-sides and the valleys,
Come and listen while I tell you,
Tell you of a day's fine outing
On the swiftly flowing Outlet.

The day which inspired what I have here written was ushered in by the pure and stainless "Daughter of the East," as gloriously as had been other summer days before it, when speeding her chariot in advance of the Sun God, along the horizon, the fair and noble maiden scattered many-hued blossoms along the eastern sky. My companion and I were on the road to the stream just as the sun opened the gates of the morning to admit the white-winged "Angel of Light" to human habitations. How delightful to our senses was the awakening of Nature from a night of repose; how beautiful and grand the burst of color that rose from behind the eastern hills, dispersing the gloom and painting the sky crimson and gold; how delicious the early morning air, laden with fresh nectar from the goblets of the gods. Dew drops glistened in the sunlight, and way-side flowers looked up dripping

as from a midnight bath, as the vapors of night were swept away by the scented breath of the morning.

"The sweetest songbirds from each bending twig

And coppice poured their souls in liquid strains;

The heavens above were sunshine, and the earth

Rejoiced in full fruition of the day."

Who can drink from such a cup, overflowing with the sublimity of Creation, with more gratification than the angler on his way to the stream? His unshaded eyes fall leisurely upon the near-by fields and distant hill-sides, radiant in the glow of a new-born day, but are quick to rest upon the upper reaches of the stream that follow the winding of the road he travels. There is a charm peculiar to a swift running stream, bordered with trees, bushes and tall grasses, through which one catches glimpses of ripples, eddies and stretches of smooth waters, felt only by the enthusiastic angler. The rippling water makes music in his heart as he catches the infinite variety of tones expressed by the murmuring voice of the stream; the tumbling roar of the rock-bound current increases the melody that rings back

*The Outlet referred to in this article is that of Canandaigua Lake. It flows with alternate smooth and broken current, in a gently winding northeasterly direction, through meadows, woods, and cultivated fields, through some little villages nestling on its banks, where dams obstruct its way, forming deep ponds bordered by living foliage of trees and shrubs; it is decorated with delicate water-lilies and tall growing flags, for several miles, when it turns almost directly eastward, gently winding through similar scenes, till finally it is lost in Seneca River.

the echo from the woody glen; the leaping fish, that sends bright circling wavelets to the shore, excites his angling passion as he nears the point of actual contact with the water, and his restive spirit brooks no delay in preparation for the sport. His heart beats wildly in his breast as, in vivid imagination, he sees the veiled goddess of the stream beckoning him to her side with dimpled hand and coquettish smile. Still the preparation for the sport is not without emotional significance. The joining of the rod, the mounting of the reel and line, and the selection of the flies, have each a magnetic vibration that runs through every nerve; but the slinging of the creel to your side is the touch of the electric button that sends one off to the stream with winged feet.

The enthusiastic angler hastens to enter the stream at the earliest possible moment after his arrival upon its bank; dashing into the live and laughing current with a boldness that does not hesitate. He delights to get into the closest possible relations with the stream he fishes, and so wades its uncertain depths with a confidence that does not wink, and a step that does not falter. And as the limpid water purrs about his legs, in its rapid flow, he feels a consciousness of being in the embrace of something he loves. He woos it with a passionate fondness, and stays with it till he has learned all its hidden secrets. He laughs with the ripples and eddies, and meditates along the deep, smooth stretches, while casting the gossamer leader and feathery lure into shadowy nooks, below sunny rapids, over foam-flecked eddies and on silent pools. Fly fishing is said to be the poetry of angling, and though there is a fascinating uncertainty in it, yet a thrill of expectation accompanies every cast. The swish

of the line, the hissing of the flies through the air, and the click of the unwinding reel, chime with the purling music of the water, awakening a harmony in the soul of the angler that makes the moment truly gladsome.

To the angler, wholly absorbed in his pursuit, plying his rod and line, and taking now and then a fish, the morning hours pass swiftly, and almost unconsciously, away, as passes a night of slumber with pleasant dreams, and he is only aroused from his reverie by the sound of the farmer housewife's winding dinner horn from across the fields, when an upward glance skyward reveals to him the sun approaching meridian; and at once visions of the sandwiches and cold chicken, hidden away in the lunch box, flits through his mind. Those of you who have never partaken of a noon hour lunch on the grassy banks of the Outlet, beneath vine clad trees, whose drooping branches spread a checkered umbrage overhead, with the green swarded ground serving as a table, have yet a delightful experience in store that is worth while to embrace. There you sit, with uncovered head, in the gracious lap of Mother Earth, and share with your companion the blessings from her hands. How refreshing the gentle breeze that comes creeping over the water, cooling the sweat-stained brow; and how wholesome the woody fragrance borne upon its wings. Hunger lurks in every crevice of your body as the basket is opened and the viands spread out before you; every morsel has a distinct relish, and a drink of water from a near-by spring is grateful. After lunch, to most anglers, comes the restful friendly pipe; and as the vapory wreaths curl above your head and vanish in the air, as you lie stretched upon the cool grass-covered earth, the cloud specked



Below McLarney's Bridge, Looking North.

canopy of sky above you, watching the wind waving the trees, and the sunlight flitting and flashing through their high tufted tops, like rare thoughts through a poet's mind, listening to the drowsy hum of bees, and the liquid tones of the stream, keeping time with the motions of swaying flags and drooping alders, the weary muscles regain their elasticity and the flagging nerves pick up their tension. The scenes of the morning pass in imaginative review, then fade away, like dissolving views, to be replaced by anticipations that limber one up for the afternoon's sport.

To most anglers, perhaps, the afternoon's fishing would be but a repetition of the morning; but to him, who has an eye to the beautiful and variety in Nature, there is no repetition. The stream has new windings, new riffles, eddies, and smooth stretches, flowing over bottoms of widely varying character. The scenes along the banks please the eye

and sense with other varieties of trees, shrubs, and aquatic plants, and the air is perfumed by the fragrant petals of other flowers. The sunlight and cloud shadows are continually changing, and the soft cooling winds that hug the stream, and ruffle the still water, bear upon one from other points of the compass as the day advances. Amid these ever new environments the angler is tempted to continue his wading and casting, oblivious of Time's fleeting moments, till by chance, over his shoulders, he sees the blush of evening suffusing the cheek of the western sky, the sun casting shimmering rays athwart the stream, and laying long shadows across the deep pools, indications that the day is nearly done. A few more hurried casts finishes the sport. It is with great reluctance that the angler leaves the stream, in whose caresses he has spent the greater portion of the day, so fondly is he wedded to the sport, and so se-

ductive are the wiles of Nature along the way. His eyes follow and linger upon the yet unfished stretches of the stream, winding through its green retreat, till, like a silver thread, it is lost to view in the tall grasses of the distant meadow, or bending, disappears behind the intervening woods, and he would fain stoop down and kiss the rippling flow good bye, so kindly are his feelings towards the gentle goddess who has presided over the destinies of the day.

The contentment which fills the mind of the angler, at the close of the day's sport, is one of the chiefest charms of his life. It is not the number of fish he captures that brings this coveted contentment; for the true angler can enjoy his wading and casting of the fly if he has only an occasional fish to reward his efforts. If he has been successful, he is gratified; if he has had poor luck, his ardor for the pursuit is not dampened. The inborn love of angling is enthroned in his heart, and vibrates through every nerve and muscle of his body. The return home from the stream is usually spent in recounting the adventures and incidents of the day with one's companion; or, during the intervals of silence, the quiet thinking is apt to be pleasant, delicious, sometimes even sacred. You dreamily watch the gray, dusky shadows clustering thickly around the distant tree-clumps bordering the stream-swept fields, and listen to the croaking frogs, that, in reedy marshes, join with busy insects in their vesper hymns. The redbreast, from the topmost bough of wayside tree, cheers you with his evening lay, while overhead the cawing crow wings his homeward roosting flight. Pale yellow lights flare from farm house windows as you pass along the dew wet road; and from the sky the moon and stars look down. The wel-

come home, the tea table chat, and off to bed for dreamless slumber, is a glad ending of a glorious day.

Now that we have enjoyed a day on the Outlet, spent chiefly in angling with apparent success and delight, let us see if there has been anything in it worthy of further mention, or has had a personal influence upon one's life or character. Is it all of fishing merely to fish? Are the trophies of the creel the only aim and end of the piscatorial pursuit? Are there any impulses emanating from the stream itself as it sweeps through the lovely valley of its course? Any impressions worth bearing away from its wave-lapped banks, or its bordering meadows and woods? Has the blue or cloud-flecked sky above looked down into unappreciative eyes? Have the bird hymns and warblings been lost in the all-absorbing art of angling? Has the athletic leap of the frog, or the tremulous flight of the butterfly passed unnoticed, and the hundred and one other phenomena of Nature awakened no interest or sympathy in the mind or heart of the angler? The true angler is a lover of Nature, pure and simple, and has a true and just appreciation of her poetic side. His heart beats in sympathy with all her manifestations. She speaks to him through the rustling leaves, murmurs to him from the flowing streams, and sighs to him in the summer breezes. She is vocal in myriad of voices and manifest in innumerable ways. The angler, with quickened senses, has an ear for every sound, an eye for every object, and is alive to every motion. He is conscious of the passing shadows, of the mellow sunlight, of the odors of the flowers, of the fragrance of the woods and fields. He recognizes the unity of Creation, accepts his position at the head of the line, and places

great faith in the survival of the fittest. He sees in the restless current of the stream an analogy to the stream of life as it flows through the human soul. The rippling murmur of the stream, like the early years of life, is soon lost in the wider rush of the current as it sweeps onward like the rush of years, forming eddies and pools by the way-side, while stretches of smooth water, like the later years of life, pass almost unconsciously on to the ocean of eternity. His glancing eyes are quick to observe the changes in the sky overhead, and the cloud shadows on the water below. His delicate ear detects the first mutterings of the coming storm, in the southing of the wind, ere the fierce thunderbolt is hurled from the hand of Jove. During boyhood rambles in the

woods, in search of nuts and wild fruits, he learned to call each tree and shrub by name, and here recognizes them as they stand singly, or in groups, along the banks or hillsides, their leaf laden branches gracefully bending over the water, their images reflected in the wave. With botanically trained eye he scans the plants and wild flowers that blossom in shady nooks or sunny spots within his range of vision, quickly detecting a new or rare species; and sniffs eagerly for the delicious perfume wafted towards him from the tops of blooming crab apple or wild plum trees. The modest violet and open-eyed daisy bloom not in vain for him.

Along the old line fence,
Whose lichen-covered rails are gray with age,
He sees the golden rod with kingly pride,



Above McLarney's Bridge, Looking Southwest from East Shore.

Its yellow crests display. From marshy
ground,
On slender stalks, the Eupatoriums
So proud uplift their white and purple crowns.
Back from the stream, along the stony ridge,
Wild roses bloom with blushing modesty
And shed their pink white petals on the ground.

When a whistling boy he may have tried to imitate the simple notes of the blue bird, the robin, and the thrush, and early became familiar with their nesting places in the orchard and grove, and held them sacred as his own home, though he often climbed to get a peep at the blue or spotted eggs, or the gaping fledglings. His holiday angling excursions often led him to the haunts of the wild fowl that frequent the ponds and streams, where, in the quiet and safety of seclusion, they plume their oily breasts, or bring forth their downy broods from undiscovered nests. He is, therefore, on friendly terms with them all, especially the bold kingfisher, which he often sees, either poised in mid-air over some luckless minnow, or, with sharp discordant cry, following the windings of the stream; its blue, purple and silver gray plumage harmonizing with the liquid shadows of the water. Though a very shy bird, the blue heron often suffers his near approach without fear, as it stands in the swift shallow current, with the silvery bright wavelets breaking against its slender legs. Possibly, in his quiet stealing along the shore, he may surprise a solitary wild duck amid the tall rushes and cat tails that border the coving side of a deep pool. It strikes him quite curiously, in his observation of the little sand-piper, as it runs or flits on before him from stone to stone, up or down the stream, that the wavering, tilting or teetering motion of the bird accords with the rippling surface of running water; and its soft gray color, blending

it with the pebbles and rocks, is a provision of Nature for the protection of the species. Then he is called to wonder whence comes a peculiar wierd and distressing cry from high in the air, and finds, on looking up, that it proceeds from the kill-deer or plover, which, in wheeling flight, seem anxious about her nest in the damp meadow or fallow ground hard by. "Bob-white" sometimes calls to him from across the fields with his familiar friendly whistle, and the whirring flight of a partridge or woodcock may startle him as he steps from the water to walk round a deep pool that forbids his wading. On the wooded hillside he may possibly catch sight of the black or gray squirrel leaping from bough to bough; or the rascally little red squirrel perched upon his haunches, nibbling the husk from an unripe nut, or scampering up the tree with a saucy whisk of the tail at your intrusion. The timid little chipmunk, with a startled squeak, skims along the stony wall, or old fence rail, to reach his den amid the tangled roots of stump or tree. Perchance he may unexpectedly meet the gaze of a pair of languid eyes, watching him from the long deep grass at the edge of the wood, and discover his friend, the rabbit, nibbling the sweet clover stems at a safe distance from his burrow. His ears are quick to catch the sound of the red-headed wood pecker tapping on an old hollow tree; and as the drum-like music rings through the woods, it reminds him of boyhood school days, when his attention was demanded by similar tapping of the master's ferule on the desk. Should he come to the remnant of a bridge that once spanned the stream, he will most likely get a glimpse of the Phœbe bird, one of the firstlings of the spring, whose nest, he knows, is safely lodged against



Pond at Littleville, Above Dam, Looking South.

an old log or sheltering stone somewhere in the dilapidated structure. Being armed with only rod and line, engaged in the quiet and peaceful avocation of angling, he has no thoughts of the destruction of these wildwood creatures as game. He loves to share with them their wildwood life for the day, and feel at night that he has been with delightful company, from whom he has learned a little science but a great deal of Nature. What can be more delightful than to cast one's self into the bewitching arms of Nature, and listen to the bird talks, the stream songs, the leaf murmurs, and study the poetic language of the perfume laden flowers on the banks of the graceful winding Outlet? To the mind opened by the deft fingers of Nature, the stream, the woods, the birds, and the flowers, are the pages of a great book most delight-

ful to peruse. Eloquence, music, poetry and painting can be better appreciated when the windows of the soul have been opened by the jeweled fingers of the Sylvan Goddess.

From a physical point of view it seems to me that these Outlet angling days are to one's life time what lumps of sugar are to one's morning cup of coffee; they make it sweeter. The play days of one's life is time spent in oiling the machinery of the body to relieve the necessary and unavoidable friction of contact with the world. They are days when our bodies take new lease of life, with the rent paid in advance. These joy-laden Outlet days, when one drinks deeply of the invigorating forces of Nature, will lengthen out the life span beyond the fabled three score years and ten. Such recreation relieves the mental strain attending

days of anxious thought and study, or devotion to business pursuits, and brings a quiet restfulness much desired. One is transported from the scenes of daily toil to the elysian fields of Nature, where, in blissful communings with his Creator, whose unbroken seal is visible on even the mosses and lichens which grow at his feet, his thoughts are absorbed in their new environments, and he receives the blessing for which he may long have prayed; while his expanse of soul brings him in touch with the universal soul of things. He who steals away from the busy haunts of men into the green solitude of Nature, along the banks of rippling, winding streams, under the checkering lights of sun, leaf and cloud, may always hope to cast his line in pleasant places. The beauties of Nature, as revealed in his surroundings, the sparkling water, the shadow and sunshine, the rustling leaves, the song of birds, the hum of insects, the health-giving breeze, make up to him a measure of true enjoyment and peace and thankfulness that is totally unknown to others. If it is true that one grows like what one contemplates, nothing but good can come from these sweet and hallowed communings with Nature while enjoying a day's outing and angling on a stream whose graceful windings take one through the woods and fields, far removed from the dust and din of city streets. One's imagination renews itself by absorbing and assimilating the precious exhalations from the bosom of Mother Earth; and one's memory is filled with fresh sights and fresh sounds, that later come back like echoes from a distant shore.

One who has loved the stream, the woods and fields, with all that they embrace of life, and spent much time,

either in the pursuit of knowledge, or in the enjoyment of recreation in the wild paths of Nature, can enter the realm of memory, with its myriad streams of recollections, and see many bright visions, hear many sweet sounds and feel many impulsive thrills that bring back the days that are gone to a newness of life. Much of the charm of the angler's life would be lost but for these hours of thought and memory. Even in the far-away land of dreams, the beauty of the stream haunts one still; the faces of old angling friends cluster around; the rippling murmur of the stream seems not far distant; and the coloring of Nature seems as vivid as if all were real. Then, again, if in old age we possess more earthly happiness in memories than in worldly possessions, what greater delight can one anticipate, when the days of the sere and yellow leaf come, when the hand is too feeble to grasp the favorite rod, and the legs refuse to bear you up amid the stream's wild rush, and the winter of age wraps you in its snowy mantle, than to sit in the old-arm chair in the chimney corner, where fire flashes light up the wrinkled face, and rehearse to oncoming generations the charming stories of angling and outing days on the sweet-flowing Outlet? I am heartily in sympathy with any person whose heart even sometimes quivers in unison with the murmur of the stream, the songs of the birds, and the whisperings of the wind; and whose eyes are open to the beautiful in the wildwood flower, in the tiny shell, and in the pebble from the wave-lapped shore; whose upturned face recognizes the magnitude of the star-lit or sun-emblazoned sky, the grandeur of the storm clouds, and the blessedness of the dew from heaven. There grows up in the hearts of lovers of Nature for



From Railroad Bridge at Shortsville, Looking North.

each other a peculiar friendship, much akin to the Divine Brotherhood, that delights in prosperity, does not wilt under the scorching rays of criticism, nor shrivel under the fierce blasts of adversity. There seems to be certainly something in angling that tends to produce a gentleness of spirit and a pure sincerity of mind.

If I may add yet a word to the wise I would say, days of delightful outing await you all; take them when they come. The stream adown which you have this evening accompanied me on the wings of your imagination, still flows with its rippling music and delightful windings, between flower-strewn banks, where graceful elms and sturdy oaks cast their cooling shade, when the summer south-wind laps up the moisture from the parched earth. The silver-blue chubs and gamey bass still sport in the ripples, or seek the deep pools, and will come to your creel if you only woo them with a lure to their liking.

Mother Earth, in her vestments of green, and her daughter, the blithe goddess of the stream, with necklace of pearls, will be there to welcome you with their most cordial greeting, and make you feel at home in the Garden of the Gods. Having taken hold of the outstretched hands, looked up into the face, and drank of the well spring of Nature, the mind will reach for and develop upon higher planes of literary taste, and the pages of the Great Book flash with deeper interest than the novel or the romance. The swift running stream will teach you lessons in life, the birds will wake music in your soul, the flowers will kindle a sense of the beautiful in your bosom, the trees will lead you by the hand through the leaf-curtained path openings of forest sanctuaries, to look upward through their branching heights, where the pure blue sky will bear you aloft on wings of reverential thought to the abode of the Great Eternal.

A DAY'S BLACK BASS FISHING AT UPPER WOODS LAKE, PA.

BY ANNA MCCOY.

I had often heard of "Beautiful Upper Woods," the home of the Wayne Rod and Reel Club, justly celebrated amongst lovers of the gentle art for its hospitality, its artistic club house and lovely surroundings. Although but little experienced in the use of a Leonard or Henshall rod, and with an equally meagre knowledge of the mysteries of a fly-hook, still, an ardent desire for a few days' outing in the grand old hardwood forests of Wayne county, and the tempting prospect of enjoying, at an altitude of fifteen hundred feet above sea level, the fine, bracing atmosphere of that ideally beautiful resort, soon determined me to act upon the advice of friends whose enthusiasm, born of personal experience, eventually proved too strong for me to resist.

Enlivened by the most delightful anticipations, our party bade adieu to the heat and turmoil of Gotham, "nor cast one longing, lingering look behind" as each one of us eagerly discussed the coming joys of a new experience, and already saw, in her excited imagination, a splendid fruition awaiting her in the shape of huge strings of the *Micropterus* as fitting reward of her prospective efforts. The propitious fates smiled wooingly upon a most auspicious day, late in August, as the time chosen for the date of our departure, and we soon found ourselves cozily ensconced in a parlor-car of the Erie railroad, whirling along towards Lackawaxen and through scenery whose varied beauty and grandeur is unsurpassed east of the Mississippi. Arriving at Honesdale, the

county seat of Wayne county, about noon, we were met at the station by the club steward with an ample three-seated buckboard and a team of horses that, notwithstanding the sixteen miles they had already travelled that morning to meet us, looked as fresh and vigorous as though they had just left the stable. As we sped along behind them I wondered whether this lovely Eden would show itself as gracious to us as it had to our equine friends. No bevy of school girls enjoying an unexpected holiday was ever happier than we were that morning. Whether it was the grateful thought of returning home with renewed health; whether it was the air, than which I never breathed purer in my life, combined with feeling of unrestraint and perfect freedom from all conventionalities, I know not, but our exuberant spirits plainly showed the beneficial effects of the change thus early in our journey.

With a delicious premonition of appetites keenly sharpened by our two hours' ride through smiling valleys, across widely-winding brooks of loud and stately march; through the umbrageous dales of the Upper Woods forest, so exquisitely suggestive of "cool grot and mossy cell;" with either side of our road literally strewn with myriads of wild flowers and ferns, we were bent upon extracting the very essence of every minute's enjoyment. Unconsciously our driver paid a glowing tribute to the beauty and never ending interest of our journey when he told us that, although he had driven over the

road a hundred times, yet he never tired of the trip, and, as

"He staid not for brake, and he staid not for stone,"

we arrived at the lake in due season, feeling that our ride had been all too short, and wishing that it might have been continued to Delaware river, some seven miles further on. It was easy for us to believe ourselves among the favored of the gods, for what a veri-

shades, and the fading many-colored woods, "with every hue from wan declining green." Beach, maple and sumach, responsive to the first gentle breath of chilling frost, were suffused with sentient blushes that made this landscape "gem of purest ray serene" remind one of a mammoth brooch in which some rare old grey-green agate had found a setting of iridescent jewels. One hundred yards back from the lake



The Lake and Panther Rock by Moonlight.

table little haven of rest was our destination! A more beautiful sheet of water I have never seen. As we stood upon the club house portico that afternoon and viewed the entrancing prospect, we gazed upon its placid waters "as in a looking-glass," which mirrored its beautifully wooded shores in the magic resplendence. Summer had resigned her sunny robes, "while Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain," had imbrowned the russet mead and country round with ever deepening

stood the club house, literally embowered in grand old forest trees. Draw as we might upon our imaginations we could not have planned a more perfect retreat than this, our temporary abode, afforded us. What a perfect sense of delight and home-like comfort did that magnificent old fire place, with its ample, blazing fire of hard-wood logs inspire, for the afternoon was chilly, as we waited to be shown to our rooms by the stewardess. and what delicious odors were occasionally wafted

from the dining-room to remind us of the steaming supper that would soon await our ravenous appetites. On every side, up stairs and down, we were constantly reminded that we were, indeed, in a veritable fisherman's home-in-the-woods. At every turn we were confronted with some delightful reminder of a good day's catch or a successful hunt, while the skins of catamount, deer and fox, and numerous beautifully-mounted specimens of the feathered tribe, interspersed with appropriate etchings and handsomely-mounted horns, only added to the artistic beauty of as tasty and well-arranged a club house as it was ever my good fortune to visit. Refreshed by a bountiful supper, to which we did full justice, and seated once more before the blazing, crackling logs, our party increased to twice its original size by visiting members, we discussed and laid plans for the morrow. Rods were unpacked and carefully jointed together, reels adjusted and the lines drawn through the guides, and having added a small swivel to the end of each of our lines with a bowline knot, and then a double-snelled hook to each swivel, we were told by our guide and mentor in matters piscatorial, that our "rigs" were in perfect order for a first essay in minnow-casting. Stowing our "rigs" away carefully on the rod-rack, where they would be ready for us in the morning, we spent a delightful evening listening to marvelous yarns anent past achievements of mighty Nimrods who had gained both fame and fish to their heart's content by their skillful manipulation of their rods and guns in this locality. And so, in the fitful glow of our log fire, we continued to chat away right merrily until a few half-suppressed yawns admonished us that the hour for retiring had arrived,

and that we must be up with the sun on the morrow. Awakened at the first streak of dawn by a sharp rap at our doors, we were not long in making our toilet, and soon enjoying a substantial breakfast in the cozy dining-room, through the open door of which we enjoyed the cheerful log fire that was already illuminating everything around us with its ruddy glow. Breakfast over, our "traps" were collected by our guide and a walk of two or three minutes brought us to the boathouse, where we found everything we should need for the day waiting and in readiness for us. Our roomy boat was provided with a bait kettle of golden shiners in addition to a quantity of small frogs and helgramites (*Corydalis cornutus*) carefully stowed away in wet grass and small stones. There was a gentle ripple upon the surface of the lake as we left the dock, and a light grey mist which enshrouded the water and surrounding woods was being slowly dispelled by the mounting sun as, with slow and measured stroke, we pulled for the ground where I was to make my first cast. I am strongly imbued with the belief that cheap fishing tackle is a delusion and a snare, and *au contraire*, that with a trusty Henshall rod of good standard build, surmounted by a first-class reel, even an inexperienced amateur such as I was, feels, with a little instruction, a degree of confidence in her ability to do or die beyond anything that less valuable "tools" can inspire. As we slowly approached the opposite shore of the lake, and within twenty-five yards of a large bed of water lilies, our guide motioned us to keep perfectly quiet, and shipping his oars, baited my hook with a golden shiner, and bidding me reel up my line, told me to cast to the edge of the lily

pads. I was not altogether inexperienced in the art of minnow-casting, for I had practised at various times under the guidance and instruction of a brother angler, using a quarter-ounce weight to represent the minnow; so when the critical moment came for me to "let her go" in response to the warning of our guide, I did "let her go," and was told I had made a good cast

and as my minnow struck the water there was a gleam, a sudden flash and a swirl upon the surface of the lake as the guide almost yelled, "Strike, miss, quick; he's a beauty." And strike I did, quick as thought. But who shall tell the thrill of joy I felt as the tightening line and singing reel proclaimed to my delighted senses that I had fairly hooked my first bass. As our guide



The Path Through the Forest.

of about fifty feet. But, alas for my ill fortune. "Reel in again, miss; you've lost your bait," were the words that greeted my disappointed ears as I slowly proceeded to obey his instructions. "You cast a little too hard, miss; let me give you a stronger minnow, and try it again; take it a little easier, but don't cast till we come to that old log lying across the shore in front of the lily pads." With bated breath, as well as hook, I waited once more for the word to "let her go." At last, with lengthened line, I cast again,

quickly pulled the boat into deep water, my struggling captive commenced to dart back and forth in conscious strength, when suddenly he took an aerial flight and startled me by jumping nearly two feet out of the water, vainly endeavoring in his rage to shake the hook out of his widely distended jaws. How every nerve tingled with hardly suppressed delight as I firmly grasped my rod when he fell with angry splash to the depths again. "Keep him steady, miss, and lower the pint o' your rod when he jumps again," were

the encouraging words of our trusty guide as my reluctant beauty rushed once more in his unceasing efforts for liberty. How bravely he fought. "Look out, miss; he's going to jump again," and his bronzed sides flashed in the morning sun as he leaped high out of water in his gallant efforts to escape. But I had lowered my tip and was ready for him as he sped away with impetuous rush to the whirring music of the reel, so dear to the angler's ear. And now struggling again to the surface, in vain but frantic efforts to rid him of the hated steel, he leaped into the air once more, then dived below, while the hissing line proclaimed his angry speed. No sulking was there for this brave fellow; he fought to the end, though his last effort cost him dear. But his strength was fast ebbing, and while I reeled the line he slowly yielded and showed his side, swimming in lessening circles as I gradually brought him along side in unconditional surrender. Then, at a word, the guide cautiously lowered the net beneath him and gently lifted him into the boat. What a prize! What a beauty! What splendid sport! With warm congratulations on all sides from my companions, who had watched the unequal fight with anxious delight and trembling fear lest I should by some unlucky chance lose, as he lay at my feet—

"Crisp, green and cool, with sparkling,
morning dew—

"A warrior in repose!"

the scales were brought into requisition. "Three pounds and a quarter, miss, and as game and fine a fish as ever swam in water," was the delightful exclamation of our guide, as he proudly held him aloft for us to admire.

With varying fortune we continued our sport, stopping at different points to

afford the members of our party an opportunity for still-fishing, and for those who had not yet learned to cast. Several large pickerel and not a few fine perch were, in this manner, added to our string. Five more bass, the smallest weighing one and three-quarter pounds, fell to my lot as the result of this morning's glorious sport. The sun was now fast approaching meridian, and as suggestive inquiries were already being made as to where we should "squat" for luncheon, we selected, by common consent, a beautiful point of the lake where an enormous boulder lay at the water's edge, and which our guide told us was called the Panther rock. The scene of our *al fresco* meal was beautiful beyond compare, affording us, as it did, both ample shade and a splendid view of every foot of the lake. With appetites sharpened by our morning's exercise, we fell to without ceremony, and while one of our party made a pot of fragrant coffee, another spread a snowy cloth upon the moss covered ground as we unpacked our baskets. Long before we had ceased to discuss the daintiest of ham and chicken sandwiches, and the most delicious potted tongue, our guide appeared upon the ground again with a large bowl of fine blackberries, which he had gathered by way of dessert from bushes, which we subsequently discovered growing all around us in the most luxuriant profusion, and loaded with luscious fruit. Added to our keen appreciation of the splendid sport we had enjoyed, was the exciting pleasure of fighting our battles over again, and recounting, for our own delectation, the exciting episodes of the morning's catch and, judging from the deep interest which each recital commanded, the fortunes of that morning would furnish a topic of never ending interest for many

a winter's night fireside gossip at the season's close. But when the litter and fragments of our repast had at last been packed away, there seemed to be a general, though unexpressed, desire for a siesta, to which the drowsy hum of insects, and the warm atmosphere wooed us most lovingly. At this point, however, our guide, thinking, perhaps, that it was incumbent upon him to contribute

to our entertainment, asked us if we knew why the great rock, which lay at our feet, was called "Panther Rock," and as no one of our party could give an affirmative answer, and each one appeared to have suddenly scented a yarn, he proposed to relate the legend of "Panther Rock," and which he was careful to inform us was "gospel truth."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN AUTUMN TWILIGHT.

W. R. W. JR.

I hear the cricket softly calling
To his mate beneath the stone;
I hear the rasping Katy-did
Repeat her cry in monotone.

Around me tinted leaves are falling,
Loosened by the autumn gale.
From far across the meadow land
I hear the whistling of the quail.

The sun sinks low behind the hills,
The evening shadows gently fall,
And silence all the valley fills,
And night her curtain drops o'er all.

The moon comes up, her silvery beam
Makes myriad diamonds of the dew;
While here a glow, and there a gleam,
Shows where the stars are breaking through.

The wind, which but an hour ago
Breathed warm and pleasant on my brow,
Comes colder as the shadows grow
And with the frost is tempered now.

The cricket's song no more I hear,
And Katy-did somewhere is fled,
Instead of "Bob Whites'" whistle clear
A solemn owl hoots overhead.

A PRESIDENTIAL FISH—THE TAUTOG OR BLACKFISH.

BY WM. C. HARRIS.

No man exists whose nature is fully attuned to the pastime of angling that has not a soft spot somewhere for a special fish, which he selects out of the two hundred and fifty that take a baited hook, to be his particular and favorite quarry, whenever time and opportunity serves him to go a-fishing. This fancy of anglers sometimes runs into strange grooves, for we have known earnest and intelligent rodsters to turn up their noses at the brook and river beauties of the salmon family, and earnestly and lovingly devote all their fishing hours to boating the lowly catfish or the still less gamesome carp. With this fact before us, we cannot be surprised at the angling idiosyncrasy of our fisherman President, that leads him to select the toothsome tautog for his quarry, when all around Grey Gables the noble striped bass and the huge yellow-finned squeteague or weakfish should be at his mercy, provided his lures be well selected and his skill in handling the fish commensurate.

Judging from what we hear and read about President Cleveland's fishing, he is certainly what may be termed a composite angler, for a man who can with equal success boat an acrobatic black bass and a deep surging tautog, or enjoy casting the feathers on mountain brooks and then plumbing the depths of salt water with "fiddler" and shedder crab lures, has all the elements of character and experience that should earn him the enviable reputation of an "all 'round angler," the *ultima thule* of all good and gentle fishers.

We regret that the President, or his

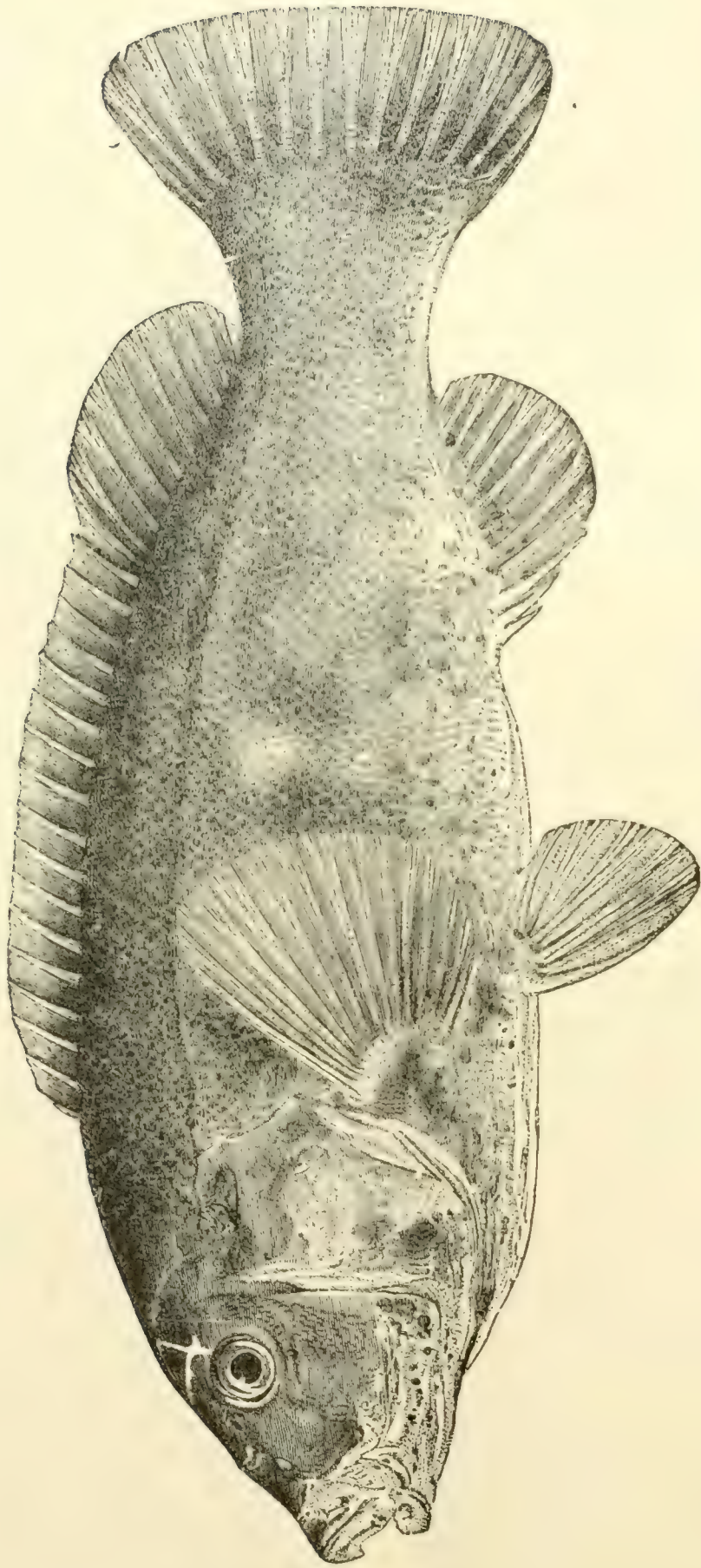
angling historian, or his score keeper, has not told us in detail about the tackle he uses when fishing for tautog. This knowledge would enable us to judge more leniently of his selection of this bottom, and not particularly game fish, as the objective of his fishing outings. If His Excellency has discarded the old bean pole, lager beer keg float, and half-pound sinkers, which the fishing gear of most salt water fisherman is usually, and not inaptly, described as being, and if he has adopted the light rod, say of eight or nine ounces, and has entirely discarded the float and the sinker, we will feel more disposed to forgive him for slighting the two greatest game fishes of our salt water bays—the striped bass and the tide-runner weakfish. We will also condone his angling lapse, if he has foresworn the "bitter water" practice of hand-over-hand haul, and the still more to be condemned habit of "yanking 'em out," and our condonation will be still more sincere, if he persistently uses a landing net, with which to boat his fish, and if, in the enthusiasm of thus boating them, he spares a moment to the study of their coloration by watching the beautiful tints as they fade or glow before they become set in death; and, if he devotes a few of his leisure hours to the study of their life-histories, either from his own experiences among them, or as described in the text-books. And this brings us to the objective of this communication, the subject of which is intended to be a description of the habits and mode of capture of the tautog or blackfish.

The name of tautog is of Indian

origin and first appears in Roger Williams' "Key to the American Language," printed in 1643, but this fish is known by many local names. In New England "tautog" prevails; on the New York coast it is called "blackfish;" in New Jersey, "black bass" and "smooth blackfish" and sometimes "chub." On the eastern shore of Virginia it is known as "moll" or "Will George;" at the mouth of the Chesapeake it is the "saltwater chub," and in North Carolina, the "oyster fish." The tautog is widely distributed along the Atlantic shores, extending as far south as South Carolina; it is a venerable fish, having been known to the anglers of Rhode Island for over two hundred and fifty years, and it is said that Daniel Webster took great delight in fishing for them half a century ago. Mitchell, one of the earliest and most observant of American ichthyologists, states that the Boston markets were full of them in 1814. From these facts, the tautog, with his centuries of experience, should be conversant with all the wiles of the fisherman, but he is a dull-witted fish and takes freely almost any bait offered; in fact his lack of intelligence and caution is on a par with the same deficiency in all of his salt water congeners—they feed hoggishly when hungry, the ratio of sport to be had out of any of them being graded solely by their fighting qualities, for which the tautog should be only moderately credited.

But little is known of the habits of the fishes of the salt water, and those of the tautog are, to a great extent, conjectural. That it spawns from April to September has been ascertained, but where, when and how it spawns is yet unknown. The young are of comparatively slow growth, a fact that has been ascertained by watching them in con-

finement where plenty of food was given them. Although these fishes thrive in cold water, they, like most of our coast fishes, appear to seek refuge from too low a temperature by retreating to the warmer and deeper water, it being the opinion of fish savants that the Gulf Stream along the Atlantic belt shelters, during winter, most of the species of our coast, those at least that are not migratory like the bluefish, mackerel and the herring, and possibly the Spanish mackerel. Certainly the sheepshead, weakfish, sea bass and striped bass do not roam far from our shores, and the latter is found in numbers, during the cold season, in the deep waters of the Hudson river near Sing Sing, where they are caught of large size in nets by the market fishermen, who call them "sow bass," from the fact that those taken are mostly female fish and are found full of spawn. One observant fisherman tells us that the tautog appears to enter into an actual state of hibernation during freezing weather, ceasing to feed, with the vital functions entirely suspended. This we can readily believe, as we saw in the Government's saltwater aquaria, at the World's Fair last year, a tautog that deliberately laid down flat upon its side on the bottom of the tank, and, although it did not snore or close its eyes, its condition was about as near a siesta as that of any other animal ever seen by us, either in or out of the water. This somniferous repose of the tautog occurred when the thermometer was high up in the eighties, and all nature was in full bloom. There was no hibernation in this case, the fish looked simply tired out or lazy, and wanted "a rest." It might be pardoned for a grosser sin, when we consider the hurly-burly rampant in the white and windy city at the time.



The Tautog or Blackfish.

There is an old saying among fishermen, that the tautog begin to run when the willows commence to turn green, and it seems verified, for the first of these fish are usually caught about the middle of April, and they continue their visits to our waters until late in October, those taken latest being of the finest flavor and of larger size. The best near-by localities for early blackfish are in Long Island Sound, adjacent to City Island; in Jamaica Bay, opposite the wreck of the Black Warrior, and later, on the Fishing Banks, but in fishing for them, take heed of the bergall. We read that the rhinoceros has a faithful companion who assists in keeping his thick hide in order; that the voracious pike has his surgeon—the slimy tench—always by his side, whose touch cures all fish ills; that the shark has his pilot fish, and it seems to be an assured fact that the bergall is the body attendant of the tautog, and so slyly and nimbly does this bergall, sometimes called the “cunner,” take the bait intended for his bigger brother, that he is anathemized by all good and patient anglers, not only for his roguish habits, but because of the sharp spines in his dorsal fin which inflict an ugly wound, if one is not careful in handling the fish.

The average weight of the tautog, when caught in the bays and estuaries of the New York coast, does not reach 2 lbs., but those taken off the Fishing Banks sometimes reach 15 lbs. In New England waters they grow still larger, and we do not doubt that President Cleveland has killed many noble fellows of 5 or 6 lbs., and we hope that he has boated a monster equal in size and avoirdupois to the largest one ever captured, it being 36½ in. long and weighing 22½ lbs. The tautog is blackish

in color, hence its name blackfish. It is, however, tinted with grey, and sometimes has distinct grey spots upon its body. It is a chunky fish, being very stout about the shoulders, and has a small mouth, with fleshy lips, well-filled with teeth, and there is a heavy coat of scales over the whole body, which are unusually hard to get off in dressing the fish. This difficulty can be partially done away with by dipping it into vinegar before scaling.

The baits for tautog are various, but the fiddler or “nobbler” crab is the one most in favor, as that ubiquitous follower of the tautog, the bergall, the greatest bait stealer of the “bitter waters,” cannot nibble the shell of this one-armed crab. The tautog will, however, take indiscriminately any kind of edible lure that is presented to it, and fishermen use white and blood salt water worms, crab meat and clams of all kinds, in addition to the fiddler crab. The common garden worm is also a killing bait for tautog.

The tackle to be used for taking the tautog should consist of a light rod, not over eight ounces in weight and about nine feet in length; a multiplying reel holding about two hundred feet of No. 9 Cuttyhunk line, and, if the fish are running under 3 lbs. in weight, a single six-foot black bass gut leader, to which should be attached a stout hook not larger than a No. 6 Sproat. If the fish average over 3 lbs., use a three-foot double leader, and if the tide is strong put on an ounce sinker. This will not take the bait plumb to the bottom, but by casting up-tide it will settle there or near it, and if you are compelled to work by casting frequently up tide, so much the more likely you are to get sport out of your fish, which is not handicapped by a heavy sinker hanging

from its jaws. At slack water, or if the tide is very gentle, take the sinker off; the weight of the hook and bait will make your line settle. To sum up:

Never go fishing for tautog or any other fish of fresh or salt water, if you

expect the maximum of sport therefrom, without reducing your rod and water tackle to the minimum of build and weight that will carry with it strength to hold your fish through the "yielding resistance" of your rod, and the "give and take" play of your reel.

MY FIRST TROUT.

Communicated.

I have tussled with tarpon;
I've battled with bass;
I know the run rush
Of the fierce mascalonge.
I have wrestled with salmon,
In many a pass
Where the mountain walls echo
The cataract's plunge.
But never the rapture,
The fisherman knows,
Found utterance glad
In so joyous a shout,
As that which in triumph
Exultingly rose
When I landed, unaided,
My first speckled trout—
That fisherman's darling
Of river and lin—
The bright-spotted beauty
I hooked with a pin.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Under this Department Heading queries relative to Angling, Ichthyology and Fish Culture will be answered.]

1895—The Angler's Duty.

As the New Year laps the old one, and the unknown days of 1895 come tumbling in upon us, we should naturally turn to the fruitful days gone by in the hope of getting an inkling of the mysteries or events of those to come. But so closely are the days linked together, that few of us are apt to stop and think over the lessons of yesterday or its neglected duties. In our mental excuses for such lapses, we are somewhat like the old darkey, who, when chided for yesterday's negligence of plantation work, exclaimed:

"Lord bless yer soul, massa ! If I hadn't dead gone asleep arter supper, I wouldn't hab known to-day warn't yesserday, and I'se gwine to pitch in right now and do dat work."

If, as anglers, we have neglected yesterday's work in the great cause of fish protection, let us consider to-day as a blended part of yesterday, and "pitch right in" and not go to sleep over it.

The field is wide and may be made fruitful, and every man who handles a fishing rod can do great work in making the soil productive. There is not a hamlet, town or city in which material to work with cannot be found. In a village, where Tom knows Dick, and both know everybody, social influences may be brought to bear in protecting the fish and improving the methods of fishing. In such a community, if the pot fisher, the willful breaker of the fish laws, cannot be reached legally, he should be socially ostracised; the effect would be, doubtless, potential. If he happens to be beyond, or below, such an influence, then boycott him. He well deserves it, for he is taking, thief-like and unlawfully, what does not belong to him; it is the property of the people, and he has no right to more than his individual share; hence, boycott him and follow with your influence the boycott beyond the village limits to the equally criminal fishmonger, who buys the unlawful goods. The latter is simply "a

fence" of respectable (?) standing in the community.

In the towns or cities, form angling and protective clubs, and in doing so make your annual dues as light as possible. Then buttonhole every man in your town, and thrust into him the argument that it is his *public* duty to join the club; that every dollar expended for the protection and propagation of fish puts ten dollar's worth of food, or the like amount of pleasure, within reach of every member of your community. In the large cities do likewise. Let every election precinct have its angler's club, and every ward its club house where members of the craft can meet and consult as to the work before them, and talk over the pleasures of their past outings. In addition, every man who has a personal acquaintance with a legislator, either state or national, should use such influence in behalf of protection and propagation. Have no scruples in urging upon this public man his public duty; if he cannot realize that fruitful water, as well as land, adds to the wealth of the country, vote against him and get others to do likewise, for he is not mentally fit to represent the people's interest.

Appeals to a man's private duty in a public cause, generally fall flat; his time is too much occupied with his business; he has none for the public, and it is because of such excuses that corruption stalks abroad in municipal, state and national affairs. "I have no time" is the base of it all. If you tell a man to "take time," as we did to a friend who said the other day that he had not time to go a-fishing, the reply invariably comes in this shape: "What would become of my business?" We answered: "What will become of your body and brain if you continue to tie yourself to the desk?" He admitted "they will play out, but the fact is, I can't find time, and there's an end of it." Now, brother angler, take time for the good work of fish protection; it will produce the most happy effects upon you, morally

and physically, for a conscience well served is better than a body well built.

A Happy New Year to anglers all!—ED.

A Reminiscence of "Nessmuk."

On June 22, 1882 (THE AMERICAN ANGLER was just then doffing its swaddling clothes), woodsman Nessmuk wrote us a characteristic letter, which will be of interest to all who admired his sturdy character and felt the subtle charm of his writing. The letter shows him in undress uniform:

"WELLSBORO, Pa., 6, 22, '82.

"FRIEND HARRIS:—The rod came to hand yesterday p. m. It is fine and sensible, a good general fishing rod. Many thanks. It will last longer than I shall, and a little lad, with sturdy limbs, straight back and doe's eyes, who calls me 'Gram'-pa,' shall inherit the rod.

"Now, an' the fire of grace be not of me, shall the sharkey pickerel and the ravening bass be moved; neither shall my hand be stayed on the lovely trout, though he hark under the ice-cold rocks a half pint journey in in the forest, afar from the haunts of sordid worldings. This is a week to be marked with a white bean. Yesterday the rod, the day before check for ninety dollars from another editor—

"My name is Simon Peter.

"I want to go to Oregon Hill trouting. I want to cruise from the head of the Lamoque waters down, down to where the Susquehanna broadens and sweeps from Harrisburg to the ocean.

"I want to cruise five hundred miles or more, alone, in the Adirondacks, in a canoe weighing less than fourteen pounds. I want to find out just how light a canoe can be made and be sufficient for a light-weight canoeist. I tried one at eighteen pounds in '80; one of sixteen pounds last summer, and I know I can go from two to four pounds better.

"I am not afraid of being called.

"The lightest canoe I met in the wilderness last season was a thirty-five pound Rushton, and she cruised no farther than 'Dead Man's Camp,' on Fourth Lake.

"I took notice that the average tourist wasn't sp'iling to play it alone in the North woods. He was usually hankering for a guide.

"If I live till next October, I will creep up he literary trouser legs, and nestle among the high-toned bangs of the fellows who keep

howling about the 'hog bass,' 'snake eating bass,' etc., etc. If I don't make old man Dent's big trout eat six small snakes in the presence of good witnesses, I will eat them myself. (The trout, mind; not the snakes.)

"So, hoping and believing that the ANGLER has come to stay, I am,

Yours fraternally,

GEO. W. SEARS."

A Neglected Courtesy.

Through an inadvertence we failed to credit the passenger department of the Missouri Pacific R. R. for our use of the very handsome half-tone illustrations, shown in our December issue, in Wm. Southworth's article, "An Outing on the Texan Coast." The Missouri Pacific is the direct route from the West to Texan coast waters, and the provision made for the comfort and safety of southern bound travel by this road is, and we write from personal knowledge, unsurpassed by any road in the country.

The New York Fish Commission.

In the whirligig of politics the Fish Commission of the State of New York will probably be upturned and reorganized, and we hear that scores of applicants are seeking the influence of friends and the ear of the Governor-elect. Among them there is one who has always a comrade's voucher on file in this office for ability to fill the position of Fish Commissioner. It is Albert Nelson Cheney, of Glens Falls, N. Y., well known to the readers of THE AMERICAN ANGLER as a correspondent of former years. He has drifted away from our columns; but we are not ungrateful, nor can we forget his earnest, helpful work in the baby days of our journal.

Mr. Cheney is mentally and physically well organized for the position of Fish Commissioner. He has made the subject of fish hatching and fish catching a close study for years, particularly the introduction of salmon into the Hudson river, and; while we cannot share his enthusiasm over the success of the experiment, we can vouch for the energy and skill with which it has been prosecuted. He is a lover and student of outdoor life; he has a thorough and practical knowledge of the fishes of our state, and he is an angler. This latter quality is most essential to good work in the Commission, when it is combined with an ex-

tensive knowledge of the habits of our fishes, and a full appreciation of the value of protection and propagation, and how best to promote them for the public good, not forgetting the needs and the modest demands of the "Patient Craft," of which Mr. Cheney is so prominent a member.

If the Fish Commission of New York is to be thrown into the whirl of the political mill wheel, and we cannot help regretting that it seems likely to be, there is no man in the state better equipped for the position of Commissioner than A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls, N.Y.

About the Cusk.

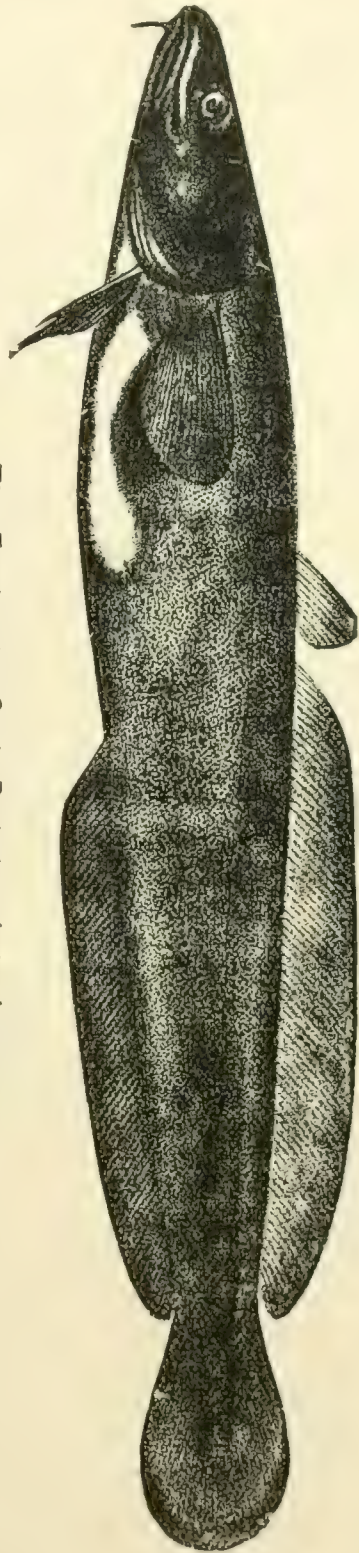
When you have a few moments to spare will you tell me in THE ANGLER about the "Cusk."
H. S. B.

The saltwater cusk (*Brosmius brosme*) is purely a commercial fish, and as such is not abundant. It is of the cod family, but can be readily distinguished from its congeners by the dorsal fin, which is single and continuous along the back until it joins the caudal. In appearance it resembles very much the old freshwater "What is it?" of Nessmuk, who took his singular looking fish in a trout stream, pronouncing it, jocularly, to be a cross between an eel and a trout. We give a portrait of Nessmuk's fish, which was found to be the freshwater burbot or cusk (*Lota maculosa*), of which more anon. The saltwater cusk is fond of the rocky ledges of deep water. It is exclusively a northern fish, not being found south of Cape Cod; it may be called a local fish, as it rarely changes from one locality to another. Professor Goode says it is a very excellent fish, especially for boiling, but there is a very limited demand for it, and most of those taken are salted.

But it is of the freshwater species of cusk that our correspondent is, doubtless, most desirous to acquire acquaintance. This fish is fairly buried under a load of popular nomenclature. In Alaska it is known as "losh;" it is the "eel-pout" of Vermont; the "dogfish" of Lake Erie; the "chub-eel" of the Mohawk river (N. Y.); the "ling" of Lake Ontario; the "lawyer" of Lake Michigan, and the "lake-cusk" and "fresh-water cod" of Lake Winnipiseogee. Professor Bean winds up the list with the name "burbot," given to it in the state of New York by DeKay, and Dr. David S. Jordan puts on the capping of "mother of

eels," so called in the Upper Great Lake region. We do not wonder at woodsman Nessmuk's naive conjecture that it was a cross between the eel and the trout, when its local

The Freshwater Cusk, Burbot or Lake Lawyer.



nomenclature suggest such great contrasts in the popular conceptions of its origin and habits.

The burbot, by which name this fish should be known, for reasons tersely and forcibly given by Dr. Bean, is seldom found in the

most eastern streams of the Atlantic slope, and then of a weight not above a pound or thereabouts. Nessmuk's fish was taken in a small trout stream of middle Pennsylvania, and evidently was not more than a pound in weight. In the St. Lawrence river it has been caught weighing $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; in the Hudson Bay region up to 8 lb. and in Alaska waters it is said to grow to a length of five feet and of 60 lb. weight. The burbot have never been known to go into brackish water, and are found principally in deep water and on mud, except during the spawning season, which occurs in March, when they run on rock or hard bottom, according to the observations of Wm. W. Ainsworth, who studied the habits of this fish in Lake Ontario. This is rather adverse to the fact that Nessmuk's "What is it?" was caught in a dashing, turbulent mountain stream with a rocky bottom. The burbot is a voracious fish, feeding principally at night, when it will take almost any lure that is offered. It has one good quality, at least the foreign species has, of being a great enemy of the pike family, which it easily conquers, and swallows whole, having a wonderfully distensible stomach, in which a stone weighing a pound has been found. The liver of the burbot by many is considered a rare delicacy, but the flesh is pronounced savorless by many who have eaten it. An exception must be made, in this respect, as to the burbot caught through the ice in Lake Winnepiseogee, where it is pronounced equal to the whitefish. No doubt the summer fish, when taken from cold mountain streams, are equally palatable to those of Lake Winnepiseogee. Charles Lanman said of the burbot: "The flesh of the fresh-water cusk is firm, white and of good flavor. The liver and the roe are considered delicacies; when well bruised and mixed with a little flour, the roe can be baked into very good biscuits, which are used in the fur countries as tea-bread."

The United States Fish Commission is very desirous of reports on this fish, more particularly as to its habits and habitat; the temperature and depth of water in which it is captured; its capture in salt water; mode and time of spawning; the appearance of the young; its food; how caught, etc. Specimens of this fish in alcohol or in a fresh state will, also, be welcomed by the commission. Our portrait of the burbot will enable any one to readily identify the fish wanted in Washington.

A Florida Query.

Please let me know if it is best for me to go to the east coast of Florida, or the west or Gulf coast. I am off for an angling trip solely. Should I take a fly-rod with me? J. C. W.

Would advise you to go to the Gulf coast first, say in March, and then make your way to Indian river, on the east coast, in the latter part of April, if you can stay in Florida for that period. You will find excellent fishing in March at Homosassa and at Fort Myers. At the former every variety of gulf fishes, including an occasional tarpon, and at the latter tarpon in plenty with all the other varieties. The best months for fishing on the Gulf coast are September, October, November, March, April and May, and the last two for the east coast, although there the fishing is very fine all through the summer months. By all means take a fly-rod with you. Let it be about ten ounces. You will find plenty of use for it and great sport on the incoming tide, when the fish run up the creeks to feed.

Fishing at Pacette's, Ponce Park, Fla.

Mr. Jasper Owen, of this city, in a private letter, writes us:

"Last Monday I took my ten-ounce rod and went up Spruce creek to troll for saltwater trout, using an artificial minnow. I killed one baby tarpon of three feet, ten trout and six channel bass; the tarpon was a beauty.

"On Tuesday, in the same water, I killed eleven channel bass and four trout. Some of the bass weighed as much as twelve pounds, and it was great sport killing them on my ten-ounce rod."

To the Retail Fishing Tackle Dealers.—We beg to announce that we have withdrawn the sale of our Automatic Reel from the lists of the jobbing trade, and that for the season of 1895 we shall deal with the retailers direct. We have been compelled to take this action on account of the "cut prices" quoted on our reels by most of the jobbers, who, in consequence, created an unprofitable competition among the retailers. In order to remedy this condition of affairs, we shall sell direct to the retailer, but under no circumstances will we fill an order unless we have the retailer's assurance that our goods will be sold at strictly *list prices*. We feel that we, as manufacturers, have the right to prevent the demoralization of prices on our product, and we hope to receive the retail trade's approbation of our protest against trade demoralization. We remain, with the season's compliments,

Yours very truly,

YAWMAN & ERBE.

Our Western Branch.

At 415-417 Dearborn street, Chicago, will be found the Western branch of the Harris Publishing Co. It will be under the exclusive management of Mr. John F. Waite, who, for a decade of years, has successfully carried on a publishing business in the West. Anglers and lovers of angling literature will find in the Chicago house all our publications kept in stock, and those who desire to examine my book, "The Fishes of North America," will find there all the parts that have been issued, and future ones as fast as published.

I can warmly commend Mr. Waite to my angling friends in the West; they will get from him genial and courteous treatment, and promptness in all business matters.

WM. C. HARRIS.

Notes From the Yellowstone.

I again come to time, to let you know that I am still on earth. I am stopping this summer on Trail creek, about eight miles from Fridley, toward Livingston, and at an old ranch owned by Mrs. Thompson, where she has lived since 1865, being one of the first settlers in the valley of the Yellowstone. The ranch is about three miles from the river, and near the junction of traveling road, where it branches off the Livingston road, and is on the road to Bozeman, which is twenty-five miles from here.

I have been putting in good time in the fishing line, and have had some of the finest kind of sport, and have never struck any small stream so fine for trout in this country. Trail creek heads about eight miles up in the mountains, and runs and wiggles along through the open fields for about the same distance from here before mixing in the waters of the river. The trout run nice size and will average near half a pound each, but I have got hold of several that would go over two pounds each. I have been out most every day and never came in with less than ten pounds for half a day's fishing. A greater part of the stream is covered on both sides with alders and willows, which make it bad for the patent leather gentry to fish in. I have never yet been over two miles up above the house, but I shall try the water farther up in a few days.

I went down to the river a few days ago to try the Yellowstone fish. A friend took a team and lumber wagon, and we had grub, except

meat, which, of course, we were to get out of the river. Arrived on fishing ground and made camp at 8 A. M. by picketing the horses, then started to fish the river, which was muddy. The fish did not take hold in the old way. At noon we had about forty pounds, which we dressed and salted down in a keg, after taking out enough for dinner. The catch was more than half whitefish, which are full as game as the trout, but are not considered quite equal for eating purposes. The greatest drawback we met with was the water, not the quantity but the quality, as the river was full of it, and one terrible oversight I made when starting out was in not bringing anything along to mix with it.

After dinner and after smoking my cob pipe, and resting an hour or so, we started in again, and at night we had about the same score as in the forenoon. We ate our supper, drank some more Yellowstone, smoked and then "clum" into bed, and that was fine; plenty of new mown hay and blankets in the wagon box. After getting in position I tried to count and make out the number of stars in our covering, but gave up, as it had been so long since I looked over my astronomy that I even forgot where to look for the handle of the big dipper. Only one mosquito came around, and when he saw who it was, left to join some of my other fine day friends.

We awoke in good shape to enjoy fish, biscuit, new butter and strawberries. Fished till noon, then, after salting down our fish, started for home. I only got one trout of any size, which I think would weigh about $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb. I am satisfied now for a spell to fish Trail creek. I can go out and in one hour get enough for a meal for five of us any day. I was surprised at the trout here being so large. Of course they run up from the river in spawning time, which is in May and June here.

On the 15th of next month comes the legal time to begin on the grouse, and here I am right in the midst of them. Wild berries of several kinds are abundant, and here where I am stopping we have eaten about a quart or more of garden strawberries every day for the last month. A week longer and we will have to commence on the currants and gooseberries, choke cherries, red raspberries, sarvice berries and such like. I have been here about a month and only once or twice failed to have trout for breakfast, and of my own catching. I think spots are beginning to come out on me now, re

sembling the spots on trout and the old time strawberry mark. But my health is good, so I don't worry.

B. P. VAN HORNE.

FRIDLEY, Montana, July 20.

Fishing and Shooting "Longbows."

As the subject of "unveracity" of anglers is attracting much attention, the annexed notes of H. R. Francis, in the English *Fishing Gazette*, are amusing and interesting:

It is startling, and by no means satisfactory, to an old fly fisher strongly imbued with the *esprit de corps* which ought to mark the brotherhood of the angle, to note the frequency and strength of the charges of mendacity publicly advanced against anglers as a body. Exaggerations of the weight and number of fish captured are quoted and dwelt on as if true reports were not ten times commoner than false ones. A cry of ridicule is raised when some curious fishing adventure is recounted, as if every experienced angler had not witnessed a score of odd accidents which he would *a priori* have pronounced most improbable. Nay, this imputation of "enormous lying" finds such ready currency, that stories are continually written for our sporting press of which the whole fun lies in inventing some monstrous absurdity and printing it as a specimen of piscatory fiction. It may, I think, be worth while to inquire what solid ground exists for the sweeping charge of "unveracity" leveled against the brethren of the angle, and to what causes such a charge is traceable.

There is a cynical proverb which declares that "there is no smoke without fire." As applied to imputations on individuals, the acceptance of this adage would be a charter for libel; but in the cases of large classes, fairly open to observation and criticism, we cannot deny it some weight, and the question is, how much fire accounts for the smoke in a particular instance? or, dropping metaphor, how far is the class imputation warranted? Arguing first from what Paley calls "the nature of the case," we may fairly assume that on questions of mere sport most men feel themselves less bound to strict veracity than on those of important fact or serious business. They are under no legal or professional obligation to accuracy, and, without any "intent to deceive," often make loose and exaggerated statements. But I cannot admit that Piscator is a greater sinner in this way than Venator or Auceps. Mem-

bers of the same hunt, meeting after a good run, will exchange their narratives with perfect truthfulness, but he would be a bold man who would vouch for the account of a "fast thing" in the shires given in some remote county by a chance sharer in the honors of the field. As for shooting, sportsmen who are either self-conceited or pretentious, may, and constantly do, swell their nominal bag by claiming to have killed birds, which they certainly fired at, but as certainly missed.

Mr. Richard Penn—a good shot as well as a skillful fly-fisher, "in the merry days when I was young"—tells of a day's partridge shooting with two friends, at the close of which they respectively claimed to have killed thirty-one and thirty-three brace. Mr. Penn waited for the numbering of the slain—sixty-three brace all told—and then quietly remarked that his own share in the bag seemed to have amounted to the *missing* brace. I have myself witnessed cases when the claims were hardly less exaggerated. Then as to distances. Shade of General Longbow! what a hyperbolical fiend seems to possess the men who glory in their "long shots!" Comparing their estimate by guess with the actual results as given by measurements, which I have often done, my conclusion has been that eighty yards for sixty, and sixty for forty-five, are but moderate expansions of the fact. "Judging distances" is a special accomplishment, and the shooter, especially if a novice, and therefore "on his trial," gives himself the full benefit of the doubt he may fairly entertain! I do not believe that anglers are less veracious than other sportsmen, and I have found the more skillful of the brotherhood trustworthy even to the minutest particular. Still we must admit that a good many fibs, and not a few downright lies, are told as to success in fishing. Your professed angler of the Winkle type is a grievous offender, though mostly in the way of vague generalities. I remember once being asked to escort a foreign nobleman who wished for a day's pike fishing on the Thames. He was a very agreeable companion, though he seemed to "protest too much" as to the *bons brochets* he had slaughtered, and I gladly made all the arrangements for giving him a fair chance. It was rather early in the season, and I soon found out that his best hope lay in working the dead gorge—rather weary work, but requiring more patience than skill if the water were well chosen and fished pretty closely.

My task was at first a hard one, for Baron de P.'s *modus operandi* was very ineffective, but after a good deal of coaching and actual manual guidance I had at length the satisfaction of seeing that he had a run. His agitation was extreme; but I persuaded him to give his fish time to pouch, and in due time he was fast. My sporting friend's excitement now became ludicrous; the pulling of the fish was evidently a novel sensation to him. His first exclamation was, "Mais, que faut-il donc faire?" We were on the edge of the strong bed of weeds opposite Bisham Abbey, so I urged him to hold his rod up, keep a tight hand, and reel in when he could. This made the jack show fight, whereat the Baron ejaculated (much in the style of Dominie Sampson's "Prodigious"), "Mais—mais il *tire*! mais c'est incroyable!" However, the fish, which weighed but 4 lb., was at length landed, and I easily induced his captor, who was in his glory with an entirely new experience, to land with me at the Abbey, where it was just luncheon time. The way in which he fought that battle over again was a caution, and had we not both been pretty well known, I must have passed for the novice, and he for the master of the craft who had been giving me a lesson.

Worse than the Winkle style, because more definitely mendacious, is that of a class of men who do catch fish occasionally, but wish to pass for being generally successful. The worst specimen of this class that I ever met with was one Captain P. (so at least he called himself, though I believe it was as a non-commissioned officer that he had gained some distinction), who was lodging at a farmhouse near Bettws-y-Coed, when I was at Cross Keys with my tutor in 1832. I disliked the man, who was bumptious and ill-bred, but did my best to keep on civil terms with a soldier who had really seen some fighting. I even listened to his tales of captured trout, though, strangely enough, often as I met him with his rod, I never saw any of the contents of his basket. But a London barrister, Mr. K., who lodged at Cross Keys with us and often shared our mess, was less complaisant. He was a thorough fly-fisher, and being himself strictly accurate in all details of sport, conceived a vehement aversion for the boastful captain. He styled P. "Captain Braggadocio"; came more than once to high words with him, and on one occasion replied to a threat of violence by levelling the spike of his fishing rod at his enemy's

paunch. One morning K. and I were strolling down to the river, when we met the captain returning, rod in hand, from a ford I knew well. K. would have gone on, but I thought it civil to inquire after P's sport, not, I confess, without some hope of amusement from his answer. He replied, as I hoped, with a tale of impossible dozens; but capped it by stating that in returning over the stepping-stones his foot had slipped, his creel gone over his head, and all his trout had floated down the Conwy. Ere he was well out of hearing, K. burst out with "The lying old scoundrel! He hasn't wet his foot, and hasn't killed a trout to-day!"

I must venture a digression here to relate the sequel, though I fear the quantities of it will evaporate in the telling. That night I was sitting up late over some mathematics, when K., who had been dining out, burst in with "Whom do you think I've just been seeing home, with Jack Jones to help me?—why that lying old Capain Braggadocio! He had fallen drunk from his pony, and I found him lying senseless on a heap of stones, with seven contused wounds on his head! I couldn't leave him there, could I?" I assured him that I admired his active charity, and when, after breakfast next morning, he spoke of calling to inquire after the battered warrior, I praised his purpose with all my heart. But he returned within an hour, boiling over with wrath. "Well, sir," he said, "I went in to see the old scoundrel, whom I left last night at M's farm dead drunk, with seven contused wounds on his head! And what do you think I saw, sir, when I entered his room? Why, he was sitting up in bed, with his head wrapped in a wet towel, drinking gin and water out of a slop basin?" I shall never forget the solemn indignation of K's tone in speaking of the "seven contused wounds." Had the seven deadly sins been in question he could hardly have used a graver emphasis. I believe he felt himself personally wronged by the mendacity of a brother angler, and agreed by anticipation with the hero of the "Morte Arthur"—

"This is a shameful thing, for men to lie!"

A Tyro With the Feathers.

In 1881 I located in Aurora, Illinois, on the Fox river, which empties into the Illinois at Ottawa, and having been, since my age would admit of it, an inveterate disciple of Isaak

Walton, the prospects for fishing interested me not a little.

Arriving in the dead of winter, I was given a grand opportunity of controlling my impatience (at which I am not a success) until the fishing season opened, which is generally about the first of May. So I had to satisfy myself with the barber shop yarns and reminiscences furnished by the oldest inhabitants and genuine good fellows, of which no city can boast of more than the one above named.

I had never seen any fly fishing, and as this was the only method of fishing for black bass recognized in this locality, I made up my mind to become a student of the art, as they termed it, a title which I soon found was well chosen, and the only proper name for a sport of which I have since become an ardent and enthusiastic follower. So I listened earnestly to the talk of "how I caught that three pounder in the big riffles," and how "I took nineteen of as fine bass as you ever saw in one afternoon," and heard why they used larger flies on a cloudy day and smaller ones on a clear day, with the general discussion over the merits of the professor, red ibis, brown hackle, grizzly king, etc., as killers, and the best make of leaders, split bamboo, eight-ounce rods, etc., all of which was Greek to me, and so the time passed and the ice left the river.

As I had always considered myself a bass fisherman, using chubs or shiners for bait, and owned the usual first-class outfit for taking the gamest fish in the world, not barring even the fish of histrionic fame—the trout—I naturally felt piqued at being handicapped by beginning, as I must needs do, at the bottom again. But with "one of the finest" I drove eight miles down the river, having, in the meantime, secured a fly rod and the necessary water tackle, *a la* old timer, and was shown the *modus operandi* as practiced by the fly fisherman resident.

My outfit consisted of a split bamboo rod, a click reel, forty yards of braided linen line of the regulation size, a six foot single gut leader, with a yellow professor as tail fly, and an ordi-

nary brown hackle as "trimmer," and a pair of light wading boots.

The river at this point was broken by rocks into numberless riffles, and the bass lay in the deep shaded pools below.

I was duly initiated by my companion into the mysteries of the back cast, whipping, drawing, signs, and several other Grecian accomplishments. Soon my companion hooked and killed a small bass, and I became much interested in his handling of this fish, as I saw an opportunity of learning something new. And I can honestly say that, when a few moments later I had the good luck to get a "strike" and succeeded in landing, though not in quite *au fait* style, a bass weighing possibly a pound and a half, that I was "heap proud" of my first fish with a fly, and that I was more determined than ever to master the fine points of the sport.

We kept on down the river for perhaps half a mile, getting no more rises, and concluded to go back around the riffles and try the fish as they worked up in the shallows, as they invariably do just before night. Here we had some fine sport, taking probably twenty bass with the two rods before darkness called a halt.

By dint of perseverance, and the replacing of more than one broken tip during the summer that followed, I became fairly adept, though with much to learn, and I began the next fishing season with renewed interest in this grand sport. I have since used my flies in all kinds of streams and lakes where black bass are found, and have yet to see a place where the flies would not discount the minnow, but I shall always have a tender regard for the crystal waters of the beautiful Fox, where I threw my first fly. During the five years of my stay in this country of magnificent distances, I have many times taken my rod and flies out of their cases and sadly replaced them, as the black bass is not a resident of South Dakota, a state which, in my estimation, lacks nothing else to make it a sportsmen's paradise.

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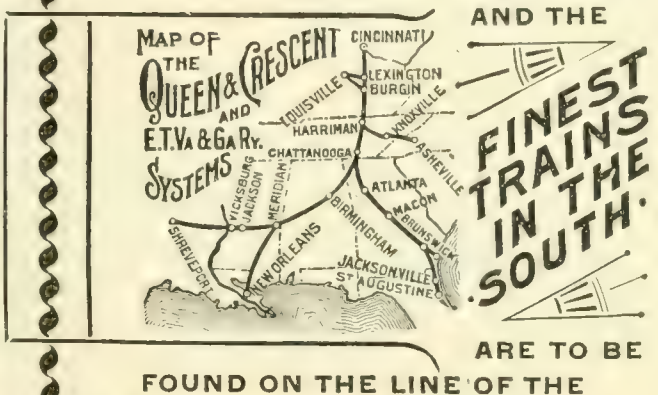
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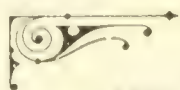
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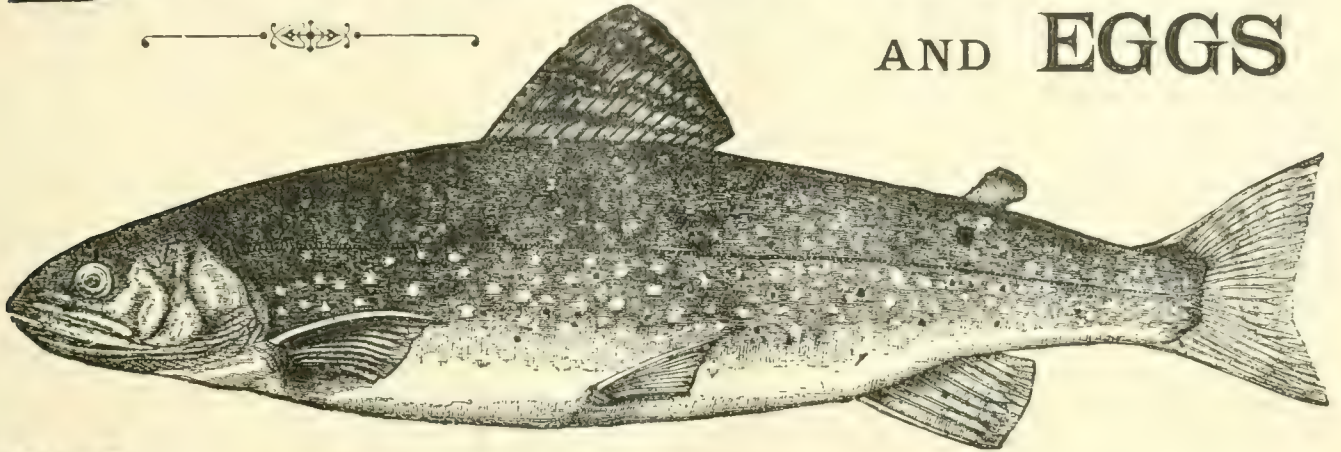
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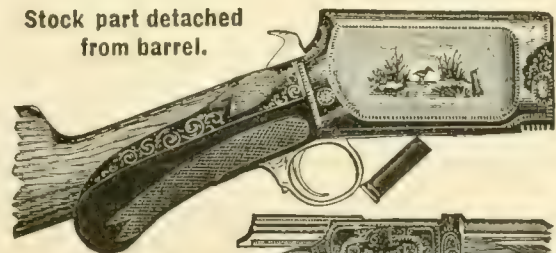
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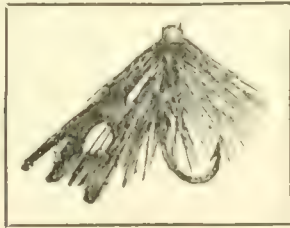
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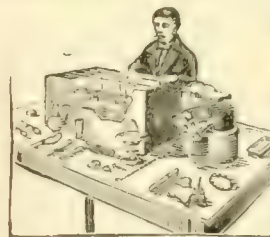
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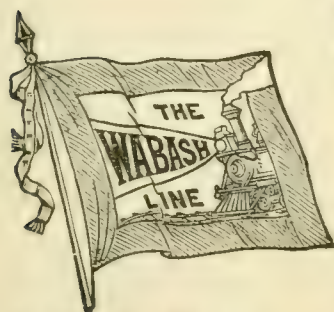
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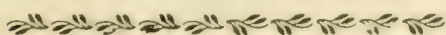
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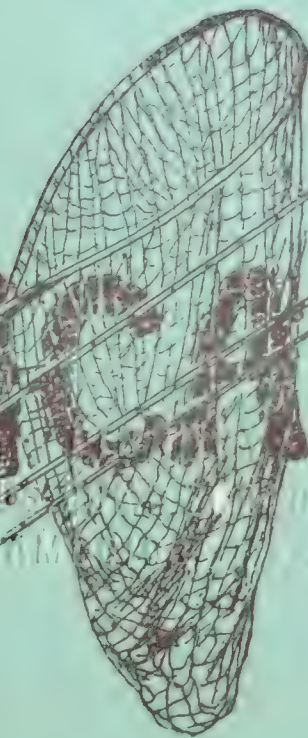
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OF

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WM. C. HARRIS, Editor.

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AMERICAN ANGLER

WILLIAM C. HARRIS, Editor.

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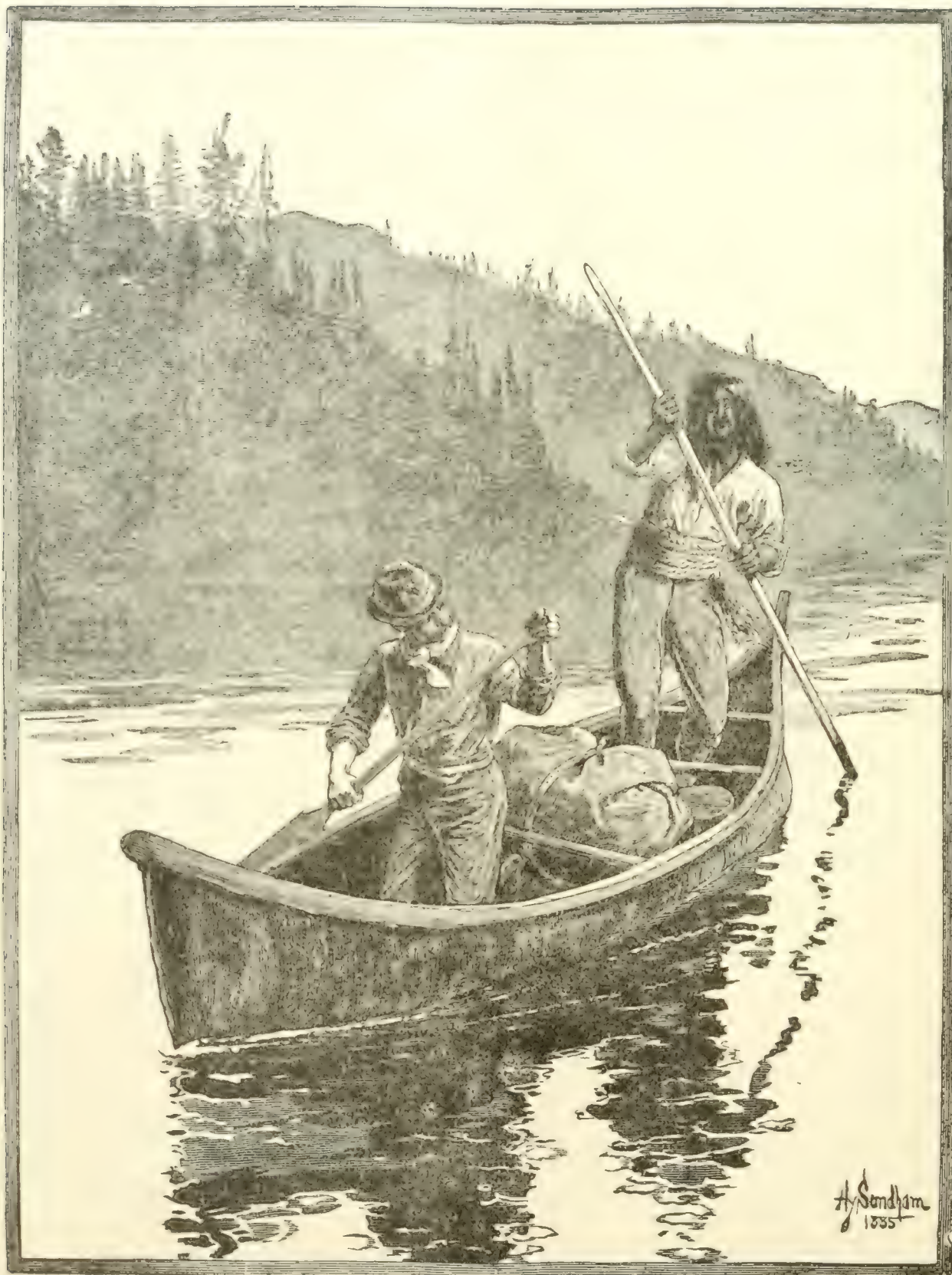


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Through Lake Monroe to the Cabin.

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No. 2.

BLACK BASS FISHING IN THE TIPPECANOE—AN OFF SEASON.

BY G. W. GRIFFIN.

During the month of September, 1894, all things seemed coming my way. My annual outing, scheduled to begin October 10, promised to be the most enjoyable and successful one of many years. The weather was perfect, with every prospect of its continuing to remain on its good behavior for the next month or six weeks. Friends with whom I had crossed lines on the clear waters of the beautiful Tippecanoe, in the years gone by, had promised to come and renew old friendships, and once more drink their fill of the sport and pleasures of eight and ten years ago. Other friends were pleasantly employed putting their tackle in shape to measure their skill and cunning with the bronzebackers of these, to them, untried waters; "a thing of beauty," in the shape of a new six-foot red cedar rod, with agate guide and tip, the creation of my leisure moments of the past summer, lay snugly in its case, waiting to display its graceful curves and strong backbone in the battle with a five-pounder, and but one more trip of two weeks stood between me and the sport to be gotten out of a three weeks' outing in quest of the wary small-mouth bass of the historical Tippecanoe

river of middle and northern Indiana.

During this trip of two weeks, business took me to Atlanta, Ga., where I met "Young-Man-Afraid-of-the-Water," my companion in the outing for trout in the Blue Ridge mountains the previous June, in company with whom, and three other gentlemen, I rode out to one of Atlanta's fashionable driving parks. Arriving at the park we arranged ourselves about a table on the verandah of the club-house, preliminary to a lunch and a social chat.

I do not know what it is, whether the law of the land, the custom handed down from father to son, or whether due to some occult ingredient in the atmosphere pervading this country, but this much I do know: we had no sooner surrounded the table, than there appeared an attaché of the club-house in the person of an obsequious negro, who looked as though he had been standing there for ages in anticipation of our arrival, with a broad grin covering his black features, which plainly said, "Gemmen, I is yours to command and to tip, but whatever else you may omit, do not forget my tip," and "Young-Man-Afraid-of-the-Water" straightway commanded a liquid preparation of rye,

used quite generally in that section, with some kind of fancy-named imported water on the side, and, being in Rome, the rest of us did as the Romans do.

During the evening's conversation the subject of fish and fishing came up, and, while this subject was under discussion, some one asked the difference between a fisherman and an angler. The ideas expressed, were not in harmony with the views of one of our party, hailing from New Orleans, who has killed untold millions of mosquitoes, but whose education in the science of angling is of such a questionable character as to make it extremely doubtful if he can tell a bass from a Mississippi mud cat, a rod from a pole, or a silk line from a tow string, advanced the following as the difference:

"A fisherman is a man who catches fish, an angler is a man who *says* he catches fish."

While the distinction he makes is as faulty and incorrect as language can make it, I was so well pleased with it at the time as to make a note of it, little dreaming that my three weeks' fishing, so soon to commence, would result in bringing me so unpleasantly near his definition of an angler.

My score of former years, both in number and size of fish, was sadly reduced, and the reputation I have been building and guarding with jealous care for the past fifteen years in this stream, as one of the most successful anglers fishing its pools, came out of the three weeks' fight "all tattered and torn."

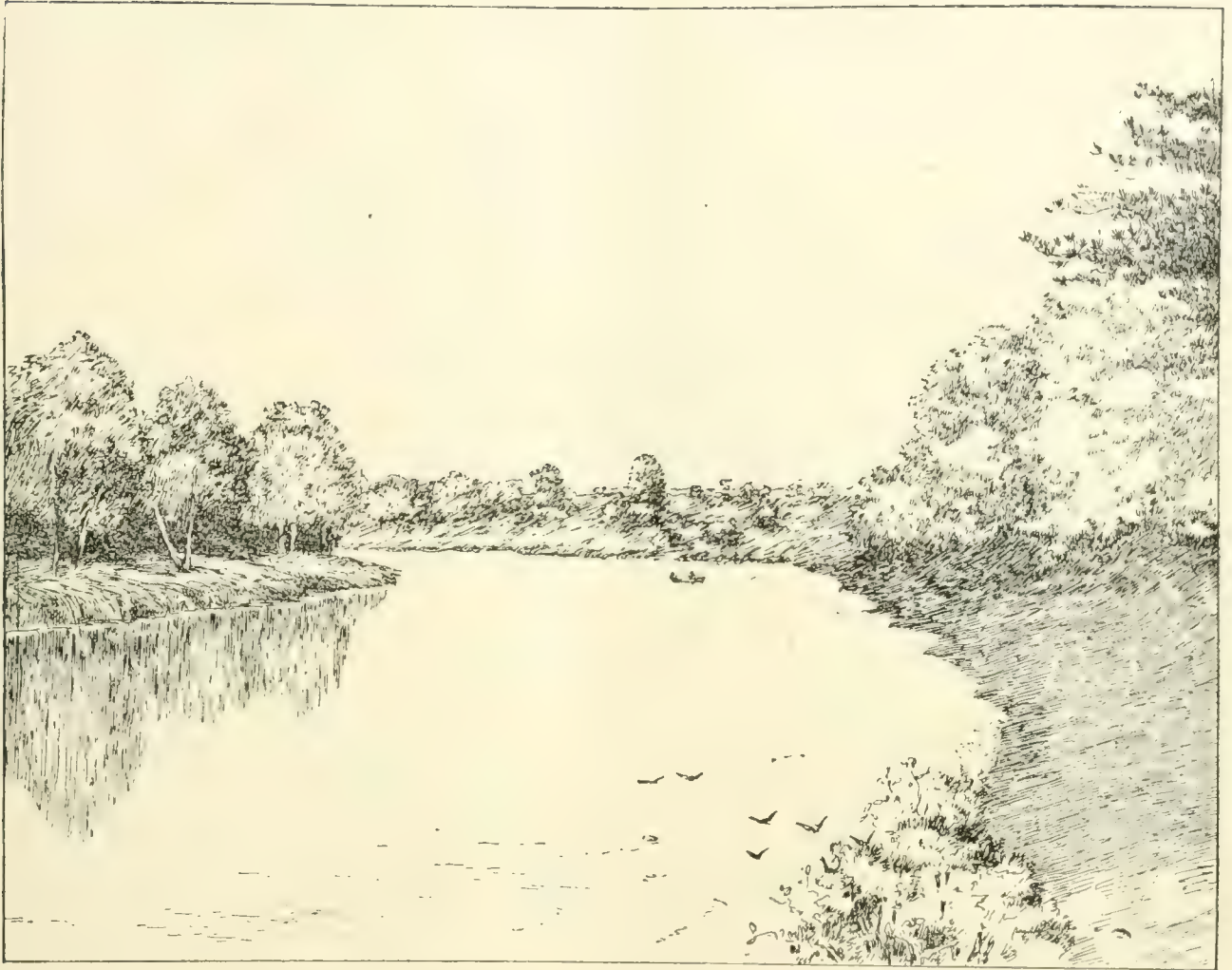
It was only by the most constant and laborious fishing, and the bringing into play all I knew of the habits, habitat and the secret hiding places of this wary fish, that I was not forced to return to the bosom of my family and

to my friends, and say I caught fish. Such a story might have satisfied my friends, but it would not have made my peace with my good wife. She is somewhat of a lawyer, and adheres to that well-established rule of evidence which says every case must be proven by the best evidence obtainable under the circumstances, and as the best evidence of the fact I had caught fish, was the fish themselves, the fish had to be introduced, or have judgment go against me.

I arrived at the fishing grounds October 10, at 4 o'clock, P. M., and was immediately informed, in no uncertain language, by Mr. Lowry and my Bro. F. O., that the minnows were out, that they were going after bait the next day, and that I was going with them. No cordial or brotherly invitation to join them in the trip for bait, but the cold-unfeeling assertion, "You will go with us, too." Thus appeared the first dark cloud in the otherwise clear sky; later on, letters began to arrive from the friends I had expected to join me, saying they would not be able to come this year, and once more I took a solemn oath that in the years to come the plans for my outings would include self and self only.

We found minnows so scarce that in the three weeks I put in three-and-a-half days of slavish work seining for bait, and was then forced to fish with minnows I had in former years refused to give a place to in my bucket. The first ten days the fishing was a grade or two better than indifferent and, our live-box becoming uncomfortably crowded, we expressed between eighty and ninety bass to distant friends, this number cleaning out the box.

Then began the fight in the interest of home and home friends. And, about this time, it came to pass that cold,



The Tippecanoe River—Up Stream From Camp Ewin

raw winds came up out of the north and northeast, and the fishing immediately fell several points below inferior. Whatever may be the effect of such winds on the fishing in other waters, they most certainly prevent anything like a good score on this stream; a soft, gentle wind from the south or southwest are the "trade winds" on the Tippecanoe.

Another condition that made against good fishing this season was the grass; it was grass to the rear of you, grass to the front of you, grass to the right of you, grass to the left of you, grass in the pools, grass in the channel, grass everywhere, and unless ice gorges are formed this winter, or high water prevails next spring to plough up and

carry out this pest, it will have taken full and complete possession of the stream by next season. Apropos to this grass subject is the following:

My brother, F. O., who has been fishing these waters for the past three years, this season, by and with the aid and free use of my commissary stores, built up quite a reputation and made a host of friends among the citizens of the village where we boarded, and the adjacent country. Among the latter was a farmer by the name of Uncle Billy Yeager. Now Uncle Billy is a generous, convivial countryman of Kaiser William, and knows a good thing when he sees, or has sampled it once or twice, as the case may be. Meeting F. O. the evening he quit fishing, and

having renewed his acquaintance with my seven-year old commissary stores, the following conversation took place between them:

"How long you stay mit us on the river, Mr. G?"

"I am going home in the morning, Uncle Billy."

"Vell, now dot is too bad; I wish you stay so longer as fifteen year; you come back mit us next year?"

"No, your old river is so full of grass there is no longer any fishing in it, and I will go to some other stream next year."

"Vell, I is sorry to hear you spoke those language. I tell you vot I do; I shoost take all tem grasses out mit dot river, and I shoost scharge you no more as schevi gallon of dot good snops."

"It is a trade, Uncle Billy; but I am curious to know how you are going to do it."

"Vell, I tells you. I shoost make von pig hole in dot tam, so gross"—making a circle with his arms large enough to embrace a flour barrel—"then I shoost let all tem waters go out mit dot pig hole, and shoost so soon as tem grasses go dry, I shoost set fire mit the whole tam shooten match."

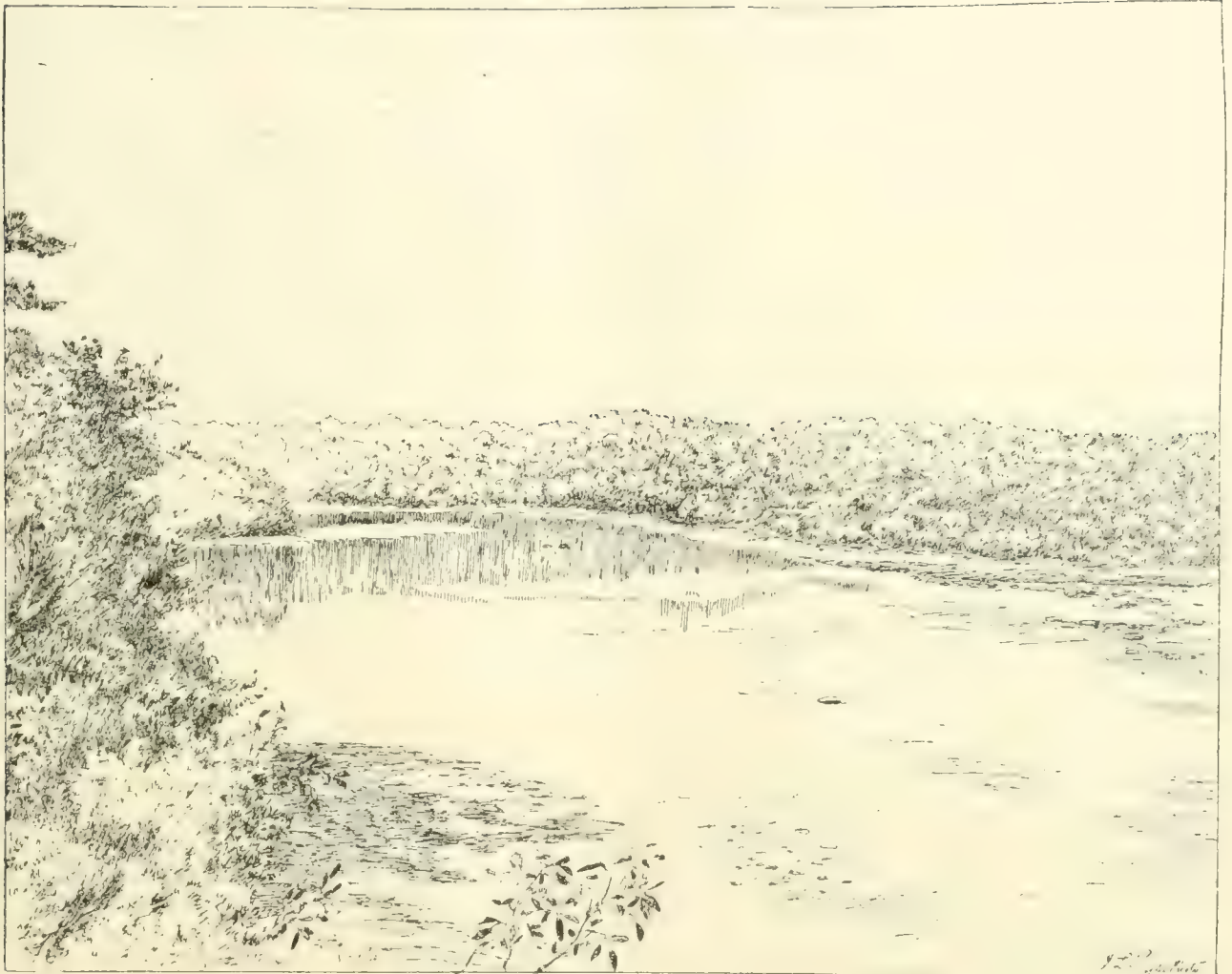
I had but one fish take the minnow on the surface, and he struck the minnow three or four times before taking it, seeming to be more on the play than on the feed, or as one hand-line fisherman expressed it: "Just like they do when on their spawning beds in the spring."

My catch foots up as follows: Twenty-eight fish of 1 lb. each; ten of $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb.; sixteen of $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; five of $1\frac{3}{4}$ lb.; four of 2 lb.; five of $2\frac{1}{4}$ lb.; four of $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; two of $2\frac{3}{4}$ lb., and

one of $4\frac{1}{4}$ lb., all small-mouths, save perhaps a half dozen big-mouths among the smaller fish. The big fish were not there; or, if there, not on the feed. In the three weeks I was there, I know of but four fish being caught that weighed over four pounds each.

The roots, sunken timbers, boulders and channels, which in former years gave the finest of sport, and from which one could safely wager he would work on to a fish of from three to five pounds the first or second cast, were faithfully and skillfully fished, time and again, and day after day, but without that responsive wish and strike that, like a flash, drives away all that tired feeling incident to hours of constant casting, and sends the hot blood rushing through the veins of the chilled and discouraged angler. A good fish seemed the child of accident, rather than of skillful and persistent casting.

My $4\frac{1}{4}$ lb. fish was taken from an inextricable network of roots projecting from the bank of an island, an ideal home for the king of that realm, not large in area, but a mountain in its intricacies and labyrinthian windings, a spot to make your hair stand on end and curdle your blood to even imagine you were hooked on to the occupant of the place. I had fished it so often this season, without the slightest reward for my trouble, until the day before, when I had a small strike, perchance from one of the sentinels guarding the gates to the palace, that I had lost all hope of finding the king at home, but on this particular day I was on my way up the river in quest of anything that might lend variety to the dull monotony, and infuse a little life into the worse than indifferent sport, when nearing the foot of this island a something reminded me that in getting bait out of the minnow



The Tippecanoe River—Down Stream From Camp Ewin.

tank that morning, I had put into my bucket a nice plump six-inch red-finned chub, and this same something decided me to put on this chub, and once more send in my card to his majesty. So quietly and carefully placing my boat fifty or sixty feet out from and a little above the roots. I sent the tempting chub on its mission, letting it gently strike the water a foot or eighteen inches up stream from the portals of the palace. A-ha! home at last; the weariness and disappointments of the other days I have recalled—did they run into months?—are gone to the four winds. A mighty swish, a heavy tug, an ominous grating of the line among the roots, and the fight is on. I was satisfied, from the manner in which he

took my minnow, that I could have hooked him the instant he struck, but knowing his home so well, I decided not to fight him in the roots, and began to coax him out into clear water. After considerable persuasion, gently applied, he came out on the run, and headed down and across the channel. I then sent the Pennel-eyed Limerick home, and then what a grand leap! a mighty shaking of the head, a mad rush for the cover of his home, but no! thou brave and haughty warrior, with thy regal beauty and thy armor of silver and gold sparkling in the eastern sun, thou wilt tread thy ancestral halls no more forever, thy throne and thy kingdom have departed; another, and we trust a greater than thou will occupy thy palace

the coming year, and may this same good right hand that won the victory over you, retain all its cunning next season and bring to the net thy successor.

Most of the few good fish caught this fall were taken by setting your rod on the shore, at an angle of forty-five degrees, with click of your reel set, and then getting into your boat and taking your minnow out from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty feet to a spot clear of grass, then pulling back to shore, there to sit and "feed thy soul with patience," until a bass happens that way and appropriates your bait, then *grab*—this gives the idea better than any other word I call to mind—your rod, remove the click, take to your boat and go after your fish, which, by the time he has turned your minnow, will have run three-fourths of your line under and in and out of the grass, and unless you extricate yourself from this muddle with the utmost care and delicacy, you will discover you have had all your trouble in vain; that Mr. Bass has smelled a mouse and concluded to take his meal where there is not so much of "a pull."

Fish of 1, $1\frac{1}{4}$ and $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. seemed fairly plenty, while those under a pound were so plentiful as to be quite a nuisance. In the absence of better sport, I put in two evenings catching these small fry in the pool below the dam and putting them in the back water above.

Thanks to an indifferent, or inefficient—perhaps both—State Fish Commissioner, the statute requiring owners of dams to construct and maintain fishways in their dams, is a dead letter in Indiana. It would be a surprise if the conditions were other than they are. What does the average layman know or care about such things?

One of my fish, a beautiful clipper-built, $2\frac{3}{4}$ lb. small-mouth, a fighter from Tigerville, was to me a *rara avis*, being handsomely ornamented with six jet black spots, three on the belly, one each on the right pectoral and ventral fins, and one on the under half of the tail; those on the belly being round, in form of the size of a dime and larger; those on the fins and tail oblong; that on the right pectoral $\frac{3}{4}$ inch long; that on the right ventral 1 inch and, that on the under half of the tail $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch. Whether a freak of nature—an every day bass in mourning—or the advance guard of a new variety of the bass family, I never saw its like before.

Another peculiarity of my catch was the fact that a much larger per cent. contained spawn than those taken in former years out of the same waters, and about the same time; of the seven or eight fish brought to my house, all but one contained spawn, and the same conditions prevailed in the fish sent to friends, so far as I have been able to get the facts. In some the eggs were apparently much nearer the stage of fecundity than in others. The observation of the best informed anglers who have fished the streams of Indiana for the past fifteen and twenty years, is to the effect that the bass are done spawning by the last of June. For years I have taken an occasional fish as late as October and November, containing spawn, but why they should predominate this fall is a question I have not been able to satisfactorily determine. It does not help matters any to say this result was brought about by the fact that I took more females than males; that is self-evident, but what were the conditions making this result possible? What are the causes producing these conditions, and why did these causes



The Tippecanoe River at Fort Lowry—Looking Up Stream.

exist and work to this end this season, and not heretofore? Had these fish remained uncaught, would these eggs have been retained until next spring, or would they have been expelled and another set grown for next spring's spawning purposes?

My friend and fishing companion, Mr. Lowry, who has lived on this stream for forty years, and who has fished its waters for twenty years, says there must be rain in September sufficient to raise the river from fifteen to twenty-four inches to insure good fishing. His theory is, that the high water carries out more or less of the grass, but more especially causes the bass, up in the head waters of the stream, to move down into this stretch of deep back

water, where they remain until time to seek their spawning grounds the following spring. He goes a step further and contends that Lake Maxinkuckee, with which the Tippecanoe river is connected by the lake's outlet, some fifty miles northeast of our fishing grounds, is the main supply station for the river, and that the September rise brings the bass down from the lake as well.

Fifteen and twenty years ago the waters of Maxinkuckee furnished fine bass, both small and big-mouth, walled-eyed pike, locally called salmon, and crappie fishing, the latter fish running as large as $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb., but for years the lake has been quite a summer resort, and the fishing is said to have become

very indifferent, not so much, I imagine, on account of the absence of these fish in its waters, as to the fact that the steam launches and numerous other small craft frighten the fish into their secret hiding places, and to the additional fact that the average frequenter of summer resorts is more thoroughly educated down to pot-fishing than he is up to legitimate, artistic angling. If this comes to the ears of any of my numerous pole-fishing friends who have summer homes on the shores of Maxinkuckee, I am liable to be shot down on the street like a common "yaller cur," and my bereaved family forced to turn to you and all true anglers for sympathy. My friend Lowry had several things this fall to back up and strengthen his theory. To begin with, the fishing was, by large odds, the worst I have had in the fifteen years I have fished these waters; secondly, there was no rise in the river during September, and lastly, the Vandalia Railroad Company, which is interested in building up Maxinkuckee as a summer resort, has put a dam, or sliding gate, at the outlet of the lake,

and this gate is "wide open" while the fish are moving up stream, but at all other times it is "fast down." If Mr. Lowry's theory is correct, the Tippecanoe is annually depleting its own waters to enrich those of Maxinkuckee, without the remotest show of reciprocity, and with the dams at Monticello, Norway and Pulaski, spanning its rapid current four times between its mouth and our fishing grounds, necessitating from ten to twelve feet of high water to bring the fish up, the future prospect for good sport on the upper waters of this famous old stream are not of the brightest.

Dear old picturesque Tippecanoe, "With all thy faults I love thee still." Thy rocky riffles, thy deep, eddying pools, thy bouldered channels, are the battle fields of many a grand and glorious fight; whether of victory or sore defeat, the sport was the same, and I bear thee no grudge. What thou hast been I know full well. What thou may'st be in the years to come, I pray for life and strength to help make and know as well.

FLOOD TIDE.

BY ARTHUR W. EATON.

The tide came up and the sun went down,
And the river was full to its very brim,
And a little boat crept up to the town,
On the muddy wave in the morning dim.

But the little boat, with its reed-like oar,
Brought news to town that made it weep,
And the people were never so gay as before,
And they never slept so sound a sleep.

News of a wreck that the boatman had seen
Off in the bay, in a fierce, wild gale;
Crimson enough such things, I ween,
Yet the women cried and the men were pale.

IN THE MASTIGOUCHE COUNTRY.

BY C. H. GERE.

Late on an August night we reached the little town of St. Gabriel de Brandon, the end of the Joliette branch of the Canadian Pacific railroad, about eight miles north of Montreal. It was an exclusively French town, in an exclusively French country, and in the six carloads of people on our train out, we did not hear one word of English except from the conductor. We spent the night at a French hotel, and started early with a French driver of a French buckboard for the lakes at the head of the Mastigouche river, sixteen miles northwards. The lakes were in the Laurentian mountains, which we saw in the northern sky.

We rode twelve miles through fertile farms, and prodigiously fertile families, where ten, twelve and more children were the rule. The government gives 160 acres of land to every head of a family raising twelve children, and it seemed a wild race to see which should score first, for the children seemed to be as near of an age as nature lets one mother make them. When man and nature contend for mastery, fecundity is everywhere the rule, and this was a new country, where man is just wresting from nature a soil free of trees and swamps.

Hay, oats, potatoes and horses were the only crops; a meagre agriculture, with absolutely no shops or manufactures, save a rare sawmill and a blacksmith shop at the village. All in the same industry. All with crops to sell, and no one to buy. Hay six dollars a ton, and no one wanting it. Wages one dollar a day, and every one doing his own work. Wants mostly filled by bar-

ter, because there is no cash to exchange commodities. In short, the condition of every country on the face of the earth which depends on others for its manufactured goods, for which it exchanges natural products.

As we proceeded the hills grew higher, the river bottoms were pinched between jutting hills, the water tumbled over rocks, the farms vanished altogether, and soon the shade of pines and spruces fell over the rocky way—we were in the great north woods, with man behind and nature ahead to the pole. The black river was close beside, issuing from an unknown country. The pools, deep and black, bore frequent rising trout, which whetted an appetite born of four hundred miles of travel and three years of waiting.

We toiled up the mountains; we rested at mossy springs; we gazed at giant spruces, tall and straight; we wondered at mighty black birches and marveled that a horse could play goat over the great rocks in the road and at the same time drag a heavy buckboard. A mighty ascent scaled, we tumbled down the northern side, and, with a rattle and bang and a twist in the road, we came to Copeland's, our goal.

Did you ever hear of Copeland's? Well, other great men have, for I saw on its register names of well-known men from nearly all the great cities of the United States, for it is mostly Americans who go there.

No inconsequential man ever put such an establishment in the north woods. Here, amid primeval forests—itself the last habitation northwards—with trout in their natural supply right off the door-

step, is a great home where men and women of culture and taste and means do yearly congregate. A great log-house of three stories, and accommodating sixty people, stands in a ten-acre clearing. One of the one hundred lakes leased by the proprietor—E. M. Copeland—is just in front of the house. Sixty boats, including thirty birch-bark canoes, are ready for guests. A house for the guides, one for house servants, ice house and barns—all of spruce logs—are near. The main house has one grand, towering feature, which must leave its imprint deep in the memory of every one who goes there; a room forty feet long, and thirty wide, with a tremendous stone fireplace at the north end, and tables and hammocks scattered about generally. To come in after a hard day with the trout on distant mountain lake, and sit before this cavernous fireplace, with its great pile of blazing birch logs, was worth the journey.

I have sat in many a fishing camp, but I know of none which so perfectly suits my notion of the fisherman's paradise as that grand old smoking room and fireplace at Copeland's.

With springing step and buoyant hope the fisherman takes to the canoes each morning, and each night returns to the great log house and his old seat by the fireplace. Within easy reach are thirty or forty lakes, to which the guides paddle and carry and return each night. Breakfast and supper are taken at the house, and dinner is taken out every day and cooked by the lake which is selected for the day's fishing. One may, and we generally did, visit three, four or six lakes in a day. Some days we went seven and eight miles from the camp, making three or four carries each way. The lakes are close together, with hardly a carry of over a mile and

a-half; in fact, it is said, one may go from the Nepigon, north of Lake Superior, to the Atlantic, and the longest carry is three miles.

I need not dwell on the scenery of Copeland's. It is all mountains, with lakes from twenty to a quarter of a mile across lying between them—perhaps more accurately upon them, for the lakes seem to get just as near the tops as possible. The forests are everywhere, from water's edge to mountain's crest, of spruce, pine, birch, maple, poplar, ash, cedar.

Drouth cuts little figure here, with woods omnipresent, and deep moss covering the soil. The waters are dark from the moss stains; and the trout have that deep pink, with the bright spots and red fins which such waters everywhere give. There are no other fish, and the trout run as high as five and a-half pounds.

We met at Copeland's several gentlemen and ladies from Montreal, the proprietor's wife and accomplished daughter, a great steamship agent and wife from New York, two gentlemen from Syracuse, a party of six from Williamsport, Pa., one man from Scranton, Pa., and just missed a Boston party.

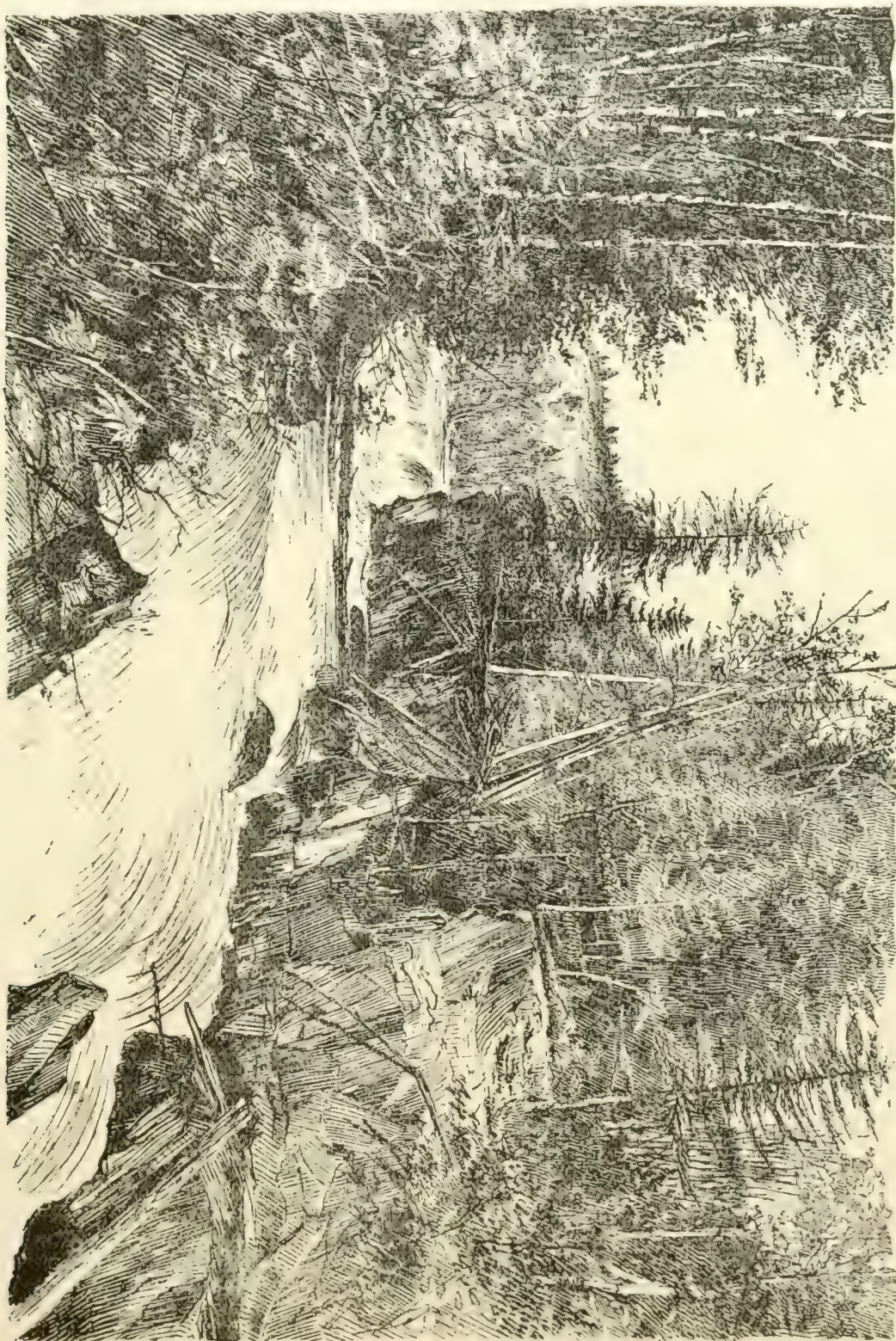
Our first day at the lakes was at Lake No. 2, a four-mile paddle for the guide, while we sat in the canoe trailing our flies for trout. Dinner was cooked at a brook's mouth, where great trout jumped eagerly for the fly. And such dinners, or was it the appetites? Where else do salt pork and coffee, bread and potatoes taste so good as around a camp-fire in the woods? And at night the long ride home, with the ladies, as is their daily custom, coming down to the landing to see the trout laid out on the grass, each boat-load laying its envious string beside, with proud fishermen declaring

that he didn't fish for count, or if he hadn't lost that big one his string would have been the best.

caribou tracks in the mud, the leaping trout, and then back to the old fireplace.

The third day to Lake Little William,

Scene at the Four Falls.



The second day to Lak au Cap, high up on the mountain top, and yet higher mountains towering above. Here a long sleep at midday in an old bark camp, the ample meal, the ampler smoke, the

with a half-dozen lakes between, a glorious ride, and still more glorious noon-time camping-place. Here we delighted to come twice afterwards, for the grand dinner spot—an island with a soft fir-

needle covered spot beneath great trees, with vistas of lake and mountains on every side, and the finest fishing close at hand. Here, as at every lake, the guides had built tables and seats of split cedar, and here, as always, they spread great sheets of white birch-bark for table cloth, and smaller pieces of the same for plates. Here we sat waiting for dinner, with great trout leaping at our very feet, we eager for the potatoes to boil, and to be at 'em once more.

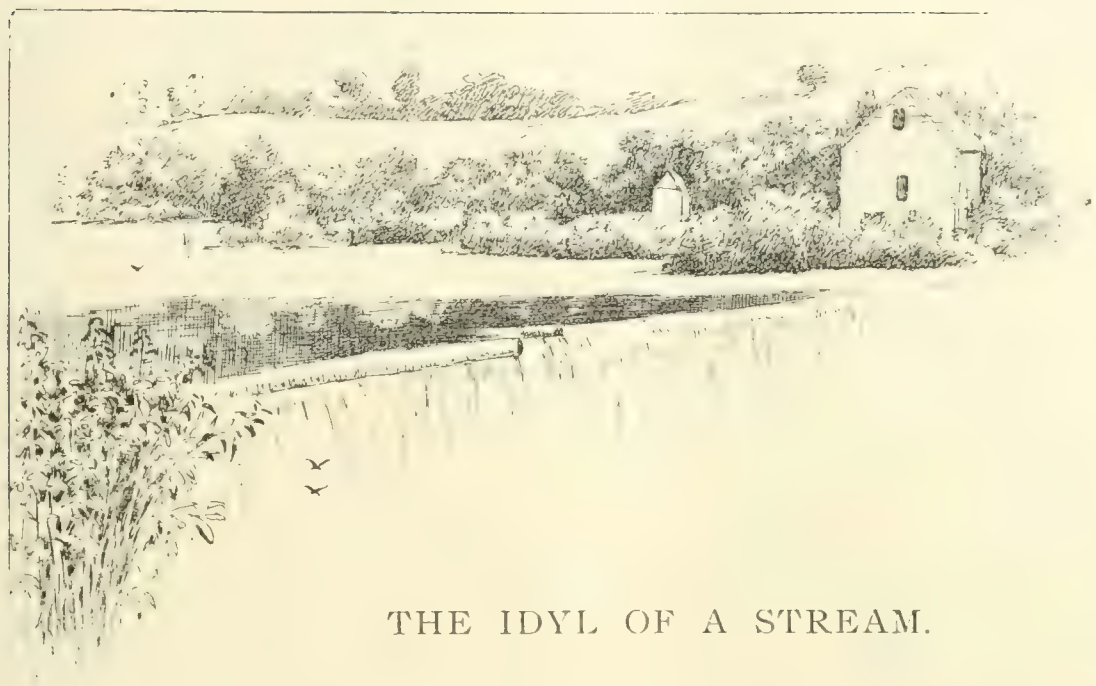
To Lake No. 4, to Lake Smith, Lake Joe, Lost lake, Sand lake and endless lakes we went, and lastly a two days' trip, where we spent the night at a little log cabin by beautiful Lake Munroe, home of the five pounders. With food enough for a regiment, and tackle for whales, our two canoes set out. First a mile paddle, then pick up the canoes and carry a mile to Rock lake, then carry to Cross lake, then carry a mile and a half to Munroe, and at midday the canoes are dropped on the famous sheet of water owned by the thirty Americans styling themselves the Mastigouche Fishing Club. By courtesy we had the keys to their cabin, the only dwelling for very many miles, tenantless, save as the wandering fisherman comes in the brief days of the northern summer. Here we found ample blankets, wire spring beds, balsam-filled mattresses, stove, abundant dishes and silver, with the club name deeply cut thereon, ice, tools, boats, tables, chairs, nets—everything for the fisherman. On the walls of the cabin were outlines of monster trout caught by our predecessors.

We did not disfigure the building in that way. We took half-pounders, that was all. We cooked and ate three enormous meals in the club-house, we built a roaring fire, and with guides played cards till well into the night, and

paddled next day across the lake by a long way home. We shall never forget Lake Munroe. Dark islands of spruce sat like gems on its shining surface, wooded mountains sprang from its shores, maples tinged with red and ash, wearing a deep hue of coming fall, flecked the mountains sides, as we took a last look at this beauty spot of the Laurentian mountains, and regretfully entered the forests on the homeward trail.

I must dwell briefly on the guides, faithful men, who patiently paddle you wherever the leaping trout allure, and seem part of the woods, whose lessons they have better learned than the fisherman has the complexer needs of the shop and office; on the birch canoe, frail, swift, cranky, which you would fain take back to civilization, only to find it as much out of place as the spruce of the forests on a city lawn; on the pathless woods, the crying loon, the lonely lakes, which have become part of your life, and whose memory lives long amid the hum of cities, to which carry the murmur of the water falls and the splash of the leaping trout.

And now briefer yet of the last days; of Little William once more, with its glorious fishing and more glorious camping-spot; of the eighty half-pound trout in an hour, at Lake No. 4; of the climb down the river with the ladies to see the four great falls, where the river drops fifteen hundred feet in two miles; of the partridges seen on a Sunday and no gun; of the giant pines counting the centuries; of the start home with the ladies, riding a half mile out for a last parting with my bachelor companion; of the delights of Montreal, and the ride home, beguiled by equally alluring company, the American ladies returning from their summer outings at Quebec and Montreal.



THE IDYL OF A STREAM.

BY H. E. HAYDOCK.

One day, in the early part of summer, I donned my fishing rig, and sallied forth to spend the afternoon among the cool shadows and the seclusion of some trout stream. Ere long, quite unexpectedly, I came upon such a one. It was a stranger to me, but it was as beautiful a stream as heart could wish, now winding over ledges of rock, under the tall trees that kept it in a perpetual twilight, then out into some natural clearing and the sunny day.

I fished for a time with pretty fair luck, but for some reason I was not as keenly alive to the sport of catching the brook beauties as usual. The solitude of the forest through which I had been passing impressed me. There is a difference in wading a stream through the woods and having it running about you, than in merely traversing the forest; the stream seems to be alive as it constantly ripples past you; in its ceaseless murmur it tries to be a companion, and yet is not one; it pulses with a life you know nothing of, and, in

so doing, drowns familiar sounds or distorts them. It stimulates the imagination, and as I pass down it slowly, I glance on either side, almost expecting to see some fairy or water sprite.

Directly before me there is a huge pile of rock, around which the water boils, then ripples out over the dark expanse of the still pool beyond. As I look I feel sure that something is lurking there, but, upon near approach, my elf fades to only a shadow; yet, under that shadow, the real deity of the stream lies.

As I cast in my line on the fall, and it pays out into the eddy, I feel a sudden jerk, and out of the water, as darkly colored as the pool and the shadow that lies above it, save for the flecks of crimson on its sides, comes the form of the trout. For a moment, in landing and securing him, I feel the fisherman's love of gain, and the surroundings are forgotten.

A little way beyond the stream breaks from the confines of the forest

into the sunlight. It moves gaily over its bed as it washes the feet of the grasses along the bank. The trout I catch have light suits, as if in unison with their surroundings.

Though it has passed from the shadow and mystery of the wood, the stream still holds its romance and its beauty. Even now, as if in appreciation of the charm, the hermit thrush pours forth his clear silvery song. Mellowed by the sound of the flowing waters it comes to me as the melody of the wilderness. Such places as these he loves. Dwelling apart from man, with no companion save his mate, and where his voice is alone in its clear, pulsing song, he is content:

O singer serene, secure,
From thy throat of silver and dew,
What transport, lovely and pure,
Unchanged, endlessly new;
An unremembrance of mirth
And a contemplation of tears,
As if the nursing of earth
Communed with the dreams of the years.

On either side of the stream the mountains rise tall and majestic, guarding it from intrusion. As I follow its leading, and turn a bend, I think I am about to realize a dream of mythology.

Almost directly before me, in front of a mass of riven rock, made more pure by its dark, rugged setting—clear, white and distinct—stands the form of a young girl. The waters of the azure

pool at her feet, as if longing to embrace her, ebb back and forth on the beach on which she stands, while beyond it settles down into a large clear pool.

Is this maiden the goddess of the stream? What will happen if she sees me? Will I be turned to a tree, a shrub, a bush, for thus intruding on her privacy. I am seen. Quick as a flash the pool receives her in its waters; I see the white gleam of her form as she swims for the opposite shore where the forest receives her in its sheltering shadows.

Having left the secluded confines of that enchanted pool some little way behind me, a rude, half house, half cabin, such as are built by first settlers, comes to view. Hanging from the porch by one string a sun-bonnet swings lazily in the breeze. Can it belong to the goddess of the stream?

Just beyond the stream plunges once more over a bed of rock, but I let it go on unaccompanied; the sun has almost reached its journey's end and my basket is pretty well filled.

I cross the clearing in the direction of the old dilapidated fence that marks the apology of a road, and with the view of that azure pool still before me, and with the song of the hermit thrush as an accompaniment, I start on my homeward walk.

THE TARPON OR SILVER KING.*

BY WILLIAM C. HARRIS.

On Thursday, April 18, 1885, an epoch occurred in the history of the art of angling fully as eventful and important as when the Atlantic salmon was found, some fifty years ago, to take an artificial fly. On the day named, William H. Wood, of this city, captured the first tarpon ever taken on rod and reel with natural bait and by scientific methods. It is true that several fish of this species have been captured by the hand or trolling line, but these were accidental occurrences, and several years had intervened between the dates of capture.

The silver king, grand ecaille, savanilla, tarpum, or tarpon, as he is severally and locally named, was for many years as much dreaded on the hook as the shark, and its capture more despaired of by the angler who chanced to become fast to one of them. Its enormous and frequent leaps from the water and the muscular energy with which it shook the hook from its mouth, rendered its capture beyond the reach of the most experienced angler. It is now as easily brought within reach of the gaff as a thirty-pound striped bass.

That old Nestor of angling and fish culture, Seth Green, was accustomed to tell his disciples that if they would use a little more common sense and think less of diameter of rods, angles of draughts in hooks, etc., they would be

more successful when on their angling outings. William H. Wood was a worthy exponent of this doctrine. He thought out the subject of tarpon catching before he stepped aboard the steamer bound for the South. He had heard that the tarpon on the hook invariably shook the steel from its jaws; hence—here the common sense comes in—when the fish took the bait and moved off with it, slack line should be given, as anglers of the North do when pike or pickerel, and, under certain conditions, black bass, take the natural bait. He determined to “pay out” line when the tarpon drew away with the bait, before he struck the hook into the fish. This done, the steel would be sunken into the gullet of the fish, and the wild shake of his head and the desperate leaps and surges would be powerless to free it. It was on these lines that Mr. Wood captured his first tarpon, and the rules he laid down in this city nine years ago, and more than a thousand miles from his ultimate quarry, are still followed by all successful tarpon anglers.

This great game fish is the highest development of the herring variety of fishes, although not strictly one of that species. It is grouped by ichthyologists under the family name of “big-eyed herrings,” of which only two species are said to exist, one in the Indo-Pacific waters and the other native to the seas of semi-tropical America; but it is probable that these two species will be merged into one, as the best of our American ichthyologists are becoming more conservative, and are restraining their younger brethren in their un-

* We go to Florida this month in hopes to have an extended experience among the silver kings, and this sojourn among them will doubtless add much to our previous knowledge. In the meantime, this article was written at the request of the *New York Times*, and published therein, and it is now repeated with the hope that it will interest and, to some extent, enlighten the angler who has never fought one of these lordly fishes.—W. C. H.

scientific craze for multiplication of species.

The young angler who essays for the first time this lordly fish, will know him at once by his overcoat of molten silver and the long filamentous ray of the dorsal fin, which at times may be seen protruding from the water when the fish is on the shallows or swimming near the surface. When he leaps from the water, the veriest tyro cannot mistake the fish; it looks like a streak of light, the sun's rays strike the scales, and the fish seems to sparkle and blaze. Of its habits but little is known. It appears to wander along the coast of Florida from June to October, reaching the St. Johns river, on the east coast, about the first part of the former month, and going southward and westward in the fall. But, true to the purer instincts of the nobler species of game fishes, it delights in the sparkling spring waters whence many of the rivers of Florida take their sources, and it is said that the fish remains in these springs during the entire winter. It occasionally straggles north as far as the New England coast, and several specimens have been taken by nets in Long Island sound and from the ocean piers at Coney Island.

The tarpon has a habit of coming to the surface and "blowing," as the natives call it. This occurs, however, at irregular intervals. It seems to require more air than other gill fishes, hence it comes to the top of the water and takes in a mouthful, which it evidently passes through the gills to increase the oxidization of the blood, and, when in this act, has been known to make distinct sounds of blowing out and drawing in air, exactly as is done by the porpoise. Traces of lung forma-

tion exist which go far to substantiate the claim that the tarpon is less cold-blooded than its congeners of the southern seas. Certainly its aerial leaps and intelligent method of freeing itself when hooked indicate a higher grade of development than exists in many other fish, particularly those of salt water.

The tarpon is said to spawn in the latter part of May, and to continue to do so until June 15, but we have no definite knowledge of its habit in this respect. Baby tarpon of one and a half pounds have been taken with the artificial fly, but their age when of this size is only conjectural. At certain seasons it is more resplendent in coloration than at others, which analogically would indicate the approach of the spawning season, were it not that the tarpon, when "fresh run" from the Gulf of Mexico, like the salmon in more northern seas, has a brilliancy of color tints which is said to fade when the fish reaches the shallow of the bays and the fresh water of the spring-fed rivers. In June they sometimes gather in great shoals, often numbering two to three hundred, and at such times they may be seen sculling leisurely around and around, with their high topgallant dorsal fins sticking out of the water. When thus acting they present every appearance of a shoal of fishes in the act of spawning.

Fishing for tarpon may be termed composite angling, for a tarpon rodster should be master not only of the methods of handling salmon, but also those employed in killing a striped bass on the rod—the salmon and the tarpon are leapers—the striped bass and the tarpon are deep-water surgeons. From these conditions arise the tyro's diffi-

culty in handling and bringing the tarpon successfully to the gaff.

The rod should be a stiff one, from six to seven feet long, with enough "give and take" quality about it to respond promptly to the action of the fish. It can be made of any approved wood, but one made of strong natural bamboo, in one piece, with enlarged handle or butt, and fitted with guides and a tip ring, is to be preferred. The reel should be at least ten inches from the butt end of the rod. The line used is the ordinary standard Cuttyhunk linen line of Nos. 15 to 21, which should stand a breaking test of at least thirty pounds. A good striped bass reel should be used—one known as 3-0 or 4-0, holding five to six hundred feet of line. Have a leather guard sewed to one of the bars of the reel.

Soft linen or cotton snells about the diameter of an ordinary lead pencil, and about three feet in length, are effective, as they are seldom cut by the plates of a tarpon's mouth, and when severed by a shark, sawfish, or jewfish, the loss is small and much time is saved in getting rid of foul fish so easily and cheaply. Take plenty of snoods with you. The hooks should be the 10-0 O'Shaughnessy, either knobbed or ring-eyed. The size and construction of the gaff is important; it should be made of a semi-circle not less than five inches in diameter, of the best steel, and then attached to a handle of ash, hickory, or other tough wood of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, with a hole bored in the hand end, through which a lanyard may be riven if desired. Provide yourself with heavy thumbpieces, and always test your tackle before using it.

With such an outfit, and with that inseparable factor of angling success—a marvelous patience—you may chance to kill a tarpon every day, or, more likely, one in a week's fishing, but your score will depend much upon the month in which you seek them—the later the better. April is a good month, but May a more fruitful one. Fishing for tarpon has been aptly likened unto sitting all day in a Turkish bath watching a string, and that is often enough just what it amounts to. Your luck



will be of the most spasmodic character. Days upon days will pass by in waiting for "the draw" that comes not; but your time will not be altogether spiritless, for the shark, the jewfish, and the sawfish will enliven and discomfort your soul by inroads upon your tackle and your amiability.

Upon anchoring, your first act will be to make a two-handed cast from the reel of fifty to seventy-five feet (or more if you wish or can) of line. The least distance named is required to place the boat out of sight or hearing

of the fish, and to avoid its first leaps, which are often furious and wild. After making the cast, place your rod across the thwarts of the boat, and, still holding the reel end of the line, coil at least twenty-five feet of it upon the deck-board, or seat, which should be entirely free from obstructions. The line should then be overhauled, so that it will run off freest toward the hook. After this is done, wait, wait, wait; it may be one minute or it may be a week of minutes before you feel a tarpon "draw." To relieve the monotony you may divert yourself by a little "chumming," if you chance to see evidences of tarpon coming in toward their feeding grounds, on the edge of which your boat is presumably anchored. This chumming is not like what is done in the North for bluefish and large weakfish. The mullet you use will not create "a slick," as this fish in the spring or late winter months is not sufficiently fat or oily to do so, and if it was, it would be no attraction to the tarpon, which is a bottom feeder; hence all the chumming that is required is simply to cut the waste portions of your mullet into small bits and throw them as far as possible from the boat, and in the direction from which the fish are thought likely to come.

After waiting an indefinite time, you may see the coil of your line running out swiftly but evenly, and you then know that the bait has been lifted from the bottom and a large fish is going away with it, possibly a tarpon, or it may be a shark. Be it either, you will take things calmly, see that all is clear for the line, and soak your thumbstall

over the side of the boat. A moment more, when the line is entirely out, you will spring the steel into the fish, and presto! all doubts are solved. It is the Silver King, high-vaulting monarch of the magnolia seas. You know him by his shield of hammered silver, and by the wavy sheen of sunlit pearl on its back. Up with the anchor!

Now comes the tug of war. Steady as you go. Let him earn every inch of line. Keep, if you can, a five-pound pressure on him, for the steel is imbedded in his throat, and that ferocious, rabid shake of the head cannot free it from the flesh. Mark! Now he is again in the air, six feet to a minimeter! Can your rod and line stand it? If so, give him the butt with both hands, not too fiercely, but with all your strength, just at the moment he is at the maximum height of his aerial flight, and you will bring him flat upon his side. If this is well done, and just at the right moment, with proper force, you will take the breath out of the giant, and render him helpless at your command. Failing to make this movement effective, the lordly fish will take "the bit in its mouth," and you are subject to an hour or more of long, powerful, sullen surges before you can bring him to gaff. The highest reach of angling skill is to kill your tarpon, not in the water, but in the air. Finally, let your fish tow the boat; never row against him; hold your rod well up in playing your fish; do not fear "holding too hard"; do not let your boatman gaff the fish until it shows exhaustion; gaff the fish in the gills or throat latch.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Under this Department Heading queries relative to Angling, Ichthyology and Fish Culture will be answered.]

Stream Trout Fishing.

Will you please advise me, at your convenience, as to how I can obtain a thorough knowledge of stream trout fishing, through publications on the subject.

I have been enjoying the sport for two seasons on our trout stream, Prairie river, which you have undoubtedly heard of, and have developed into a very enthusiastic trout fisherman. I realize that there is very much to learn, and would, therefore, like to spend the winter evenings perusing literature (not too expensive) which will be beneficial to me.

I doubt not that the rudimentary knowledge would be of great help to me, as I have simply had the assistance of friends who, I fear, are far from being experts at "chucking bugs." Your suggestions and assistance in this will greatly oblige
RAY F. H.

MERRILL, Wis., Jan. 5.

It is to be regretted that no modern work has been published in America on the subject named by our correspondent, and the information he wishes is to be had only by wading through a number of books, and, even then, the result will not be entirely satisfactory. Perhaps the most complete lessons (outside of the mere manual of fly-casting) can be learned from our American Walton—Thaddeus Norris—who wrote and published a work on fishing about thirty years ago. "Uncle 'Thad," as he was familiarly called by his angling chums, was more thoroughly imbued with the spirit and love of the art of angling than any other man America has produced, and he wrote knowingly and earnestly of the art he had grown to love so well. He was a thorough mechanic in the manufacture of angling gear, but, unlike some modern authors, did not allow skill at the work-bench to take precedence over skill and enthusiasm on the stream. His book, "The American Angler's Book," will cost you \$5.50. Two other books, "Scott's Fishing in American Waters," \$2.50; the "Practical Angler," by Kit Clark, \$1.00, and THE AMERICAN ANGLER (bound), Vol. XXI, \$3.00, about make up the total of really useful American books on

the subject; and those published in England, which number scores of hundreds, would be apt to mislead the novice, owing to the different methods and terms used on English waters. We can furnish all of the books referred to, but you should, after carefully reading them, depend upon practice and stream-study for perfection in the art of trout fishing. It takes years of experience to make an ideal trout angler—a real mossback of the lins and lakes.

Can Black Bass See at Night?

I send you a clipping from one of your contemporaries wherein the question of black bass ranging at night is discussed, and, in the discussion, Dr. Alfred Herde, of this city, states that he has examined, microscopically, the eye of this fish, and does not believe that it has the power of sight after nightfall. Will you please give us your opinion on the subject.

CHICAGO, Jan. 23.

THOMAS DOYLE.

We have caught hundreds of black bass after nightfall, from 9 o'clock until midnight. We have taken them on an artificial fly, trailing it in shallow water, as in trout fishing, and have seen the gleam of the wake, five or six feet in length, of the bass, made by the rush of the fish for the fly. Again we have seen, quite late at night, a black bass when feeding on a shallow bar, where the water did not entirely cover its back, elbowing, shouldering or bellying its way over the flat after the frightened minnows, which were jumping and scurrying in every direction. We know it was a black bass, for our black and grey palmer hackle, thrown a foot ahead of the spot where the fish was making a racket, brought him safely to our landing net. As further evidence that black bass appear to see clearly and strongly at night, we instance the fact that when fishing for them on the Schuylkill river during the dark hours, we found that they took a darkish fly in preference to the white miller. This curious trait we accounted for by observing that, during the day, the fish were feeding

on the black crickets, which, in this particular stretch of the stream, were constantly hopping into the water from the bushes, which thickly lined the bank.

Dissecting a fish's eye, ear or organ of smell, and reasoning from structural analogy and the quality of the senses of land animals, will not, we think, yield us any information as to the senses of fish. Every species of animal, from man to the microscopic creature, is gifted with qualities or powers adapted to its necessities and environment. Fish live in the water, their organs are constructed to be used therein, and until we can take upon ourselves the nature and all the physiological traits of a fish, we are all adrift as to the scope and character of their senses, as we are now entirely ignorant of their emotional nature. And this reminds us: Some years ago an angler, in the ardency of investigation, got into his bath tub filled with water and instructed a companion to "cast thereon flies of divers colors," opened his eyes and gazed upon the feathers, and from that day he thought he knew that his future outings would be iron-clad with success. They certainly will be if the fish are hungry and he manipulates the feathers with the life-like motions of a struggling insect.

The Secret of Catching "Catties,"

Do you know the secret of success in catching catfish? One man here caught them by wagon-loads, while every one else failed. If you know the secret, write me what it is, and the price.

J. B. G.

COLUMBUS, Texas.

Dear brother hand-liner, there is no secret about catching catties, and there would be no price attached to it if it existed. Just find out where they are, put a gob of wums on your hook and haul 'em in. If that other fellow gets them and you can't, he is smarter than you are, and has studied pretty thoroughly the ways and means by which the catties get a living. Hunt up their haunts, their hours and habits of feeding, their choice of tid-bits, if they have any, and go for 'em. True, you might catch them more readily, as we did forty years ago, with a bait of Limburger cheese, made tough by mixing with common cotton batting, but—keep out of society the day you go-a-fishing.—[ED.]

Reminiscences of "Nessmuk."

[Continued from our January issue.]

The annexed personal letter was received from "Nessmuk" on July 15, 1882:

"The three 'ashies' duly received. You are right. None of them are new to me. Also, I shall count them as bass flies. Likewise I shall tie to them on the deep water, below dams, on Big Pine creek, when three or four of us are out all night, with a full moon shining overhead—for *Salmo fortinalis* of one or two pounds. * * * * *

"Now it is warmer; the rain just comes down day and night, the streams are turgid and swollen, and, if I can't write as much nonsense as I please, what's the use of turning out mornings to make fires with wet kindling, cook, eat, and turn in again—to dream of impossible trout, positive tramps, and very probable camps, with a diabolical certainty of mosquitoes and an unknown quantity of persistent punkies?

"I have been young and now I am old. Yet have I never seen the angler forsaken, or his seed begging—anything more important than a little plug tobacco or whiskey—as it were.—*Scriptural*.

"Yes, I am on the pious lay this morning. Casting about for something novel this dull weather, I ran on to an old bible, and at once began to hunt for fish stories. I found several that will compare favorably with the toughest yarns of to-day; notably, the 'miraculous draught,' and the Jonah business. Walking on the water rather staggered me at first—until I remembered doing the same thing myself—when the water was frozen. On reading carefully, I see reason for thinking they had a fish-warden about the Sea of Galilee, and that he had been cutting nets for Simon Peter, which would account very satisfactorily for Simon Peter giving up the business in disgust.

"As to the Jonah affair, when you come to reflect that there are millions of reading, thinking men, who swallow that yarn without question or doubt, the only wonder seems to be that Jonah didn't swallow the whale.

"But I will not dilate. When you want something new in the way of fish-stories, you just get a bible—you can borrow one most anywhere—and look up the fishing yarns.

"Yours fraternally,

"NESSMUK."

Fishing on the Upper Miramichi.

I did not feel willing to leave the river without trying the upper waters above the Burnt Hill pools, and, with the approval of Dr. Steeves and Attorney General Blair, I decided to try my luck alone farther up, leaving them both on the fishing ground at our camp. So on Thursday morning, with my two guides, I packed tent, provisions and camp equipage on one canoe, and started on a bright and lovely July day, armed with a letter from Mr. Blair to the wardens on the upper stations.

The first pool above Burnt Hill is about one-half a mile, called "Spider Rock," which I whipped without a "rise."

Leaving it, I ran one mile farther up, to a fine pool called "The New Hole," where I had rare sport, killing a fine grilse that gave me splendid play and an exciting chase.

I did not stop, however, here, but pushed up to a nice ground just above it, called "Butternut Brook pond," which I fished thoroughly without a "rise."

Disappointed, I started for "Little Burnt Hill," half a mile farther on, where I had fine sport. I killed two grilse here, one a large one, which gave me lovely sport and fought his way to an exciting finish. I left Little Burnt Hill with regret, as it is a lovely water, and a fair rival for the lower and more famous Burnt Hill pools, where our permanent camp was. Half a mile farther up is a splendid pool and water, called "Two Mile-and-a-Half pond."

I had no luck here, although I did my best to tempt the beauties, and I struck out for "Sand Hole," a lovely piece of water, with every chance of fine fishing, but my fly was undisturbed, though I tried the "Brown Fairy," the "Dusty Miller," the "Silver Doctor," and the "Jack Scot."

Opposite "Sand Hole pool" is a splendid bit of ground, called "Calamus pool," which I tried with no better success.

In running up the rapids from "Little Burnt Hill" to "Two-and-a-Half-Mile pond," I had the only bit of hard luck that I experienced on the cruise.

I hooked, played and lost a fine grilse, and in a few minutes had a splendid strike and fine sport and a long play with a fine fish, and lost him also. During my whole stay on the river, these were the only fish I lost that bit well.

I consoled myself with the reflection, which

Tom Munn, my best man, was polite enough to endorse, that they were not well hooked. I used the double-hooked fly, two hooks back together, which I bought at St. John.

This brought us to the great bridge, which here crosses the river in the wilderness, built for the convenience of the lumbermen in the winter to get stores in and out to the camp. One-half of the cost is paid by the government and one-half by the lumbermen.

It is the first portage above the settlements where a team could cross the river. As we reached it, a heavy shower came up, and we went ashore and took shelter in the camp, which I examined.

It was arranged for twenty-five men, with stables for twelve horses, eight in one and four in the other. The buildings were made of logs, with low ceilings and not as good as they should be and could be made, with little trouble or extra expense. The camp has two rooms; the large one was the kitchen, dining room and mess room combined, and adjoining it, with door between, was the bunks for the men, one above the other.

I borrowed from this camp a fine kerosene oil lamp and a bottle of oil, which I hung in my tent at night, and which I returned when I came back down the river, with thanks to the lumbermen for the light in the wilderness.

A mile above this bridge is one of the most famous fishing pools in the upper waters. It rejoices in the euphonious name of "Push and be Damned," and I decided to pitch my tent at the foot of this quite famous pool. The rain had left the woods soaking wet, but as my heart was set on sleeping on boughs, my lads, when it cleared, were good enough to cut me a splendid lot, and I never slept better in my life.

As to the camp. It fronted on the river near the ashes of the fire and camp of the wardens, on the right hand side of the river as you look up stream.

Both my men go into the lumber woods in the fall and don't come out till spring, and they built and made a fire in front of the tent such as they used in the camps in the woods.

Long logs and a rousing fire. I covered the boughs with a rubber blanket and, while the nights were cold, the general warmth of the grand log fire close in front of the tent warmed it splendidly, and we were as comfortable as possible.

My companions were chary of eating their fish, as Dr. Steeves and Mr. Blair both wished to take as many home as they could, and as we had no ice, all the fish were salted at once. My idea was, that the best use to make of a salmon was to eat it, and so out of my catch I always gave the camp fire the first fruits. It was a proper sacrifice. No one ever gets a taste of salmon at all comparable to the one when he is cooked, either fried, broiled or boiled, as soon as taken. I boiled the salmon for this camp, and if I ever tasted better I don't recall it.

Taking an early start, we did not get a rise till we came to the upper pitch of "Push and be Damned," although it is all superb water.

There I hooked a fine fish after a beautiful play that sent my blood coursing, and, after he was killed, in less than three minutes I hooked a beauty, who gave me still finer sport than the first, and I landed him after a short contest.

I wanted to fish the famous "Slate Island pool," which is two miles above, and pushed on to it. It is one of the most lovely pools I saw on the river.

There is splendid water both above and below the island.

I whipped both thoroughly and well, and went ashore on the island, which is a bed of beautiful slate, from which it is named. I had no luck in either pool, and ran back to camp at 9 A. M. for breakfast.

At 9.30 the two sets of wardens met at our camp. George Scott, Ben Munn (Tom's brother), and Harry Green were on their way up to the forks of the Miramichi, and Silas Standish and Willie Green were from the county line, going down to Burnt Hill. Willie Green reported that he saw a fine moose, the night before, come down to the river to drink, and got a shot at him, but did not kill him.

I gave some good flies to the latter, and showed the letter of Premier Blair, and gave the whole crowd breakfast, the wardens also, using their camp fires, they taking their grub with us.

Taking them all in all, I regard the pools "Push and be Damned" as rather the finest on the river.

There are five pools here, all in easy reach. The finest three are small pools, and not remarkable for beauty, but the other two are somethingsplendid, and in appearance nothing I saw on the whole river excels them.

The wardens told me these pools belong to Dean Sage, of Albany, and his friends. After breakfast we broke camp and ran down to our old Burnt Hill camp.

I had good luck at "Two-and-a-Half-Mile pond," killing a fine fellow after a lively skirmish, making my string for the morning, three. I surprised Dr. Steeves, who did not expect me till next morning, and who had fished my pools at Burnt Hill, but who was glad to welcome us. Mr. Blair had left before I got back, summoned home by government duties.

CLARK BELL.

The Buck-Tail Fly in Foreign Parts.

Brother Butler, and all other anglers of the buck-tail ilk, will enjoy the annexed incident related by the author of "Woodland, Moor and Stream," and will rejoice over the success of their favorite combination, when used on the waters of the British Isles. We believe that angler Butler uses, at times, the hairs from the tail of a calf in the make-up of his wondrous buck-tails; if he does not, perhaps he will get a wrinkle from this man of the "Crimear."

I once fished a bit of water well stocked with pike; in fact, the pond was full of them—and I did not get a run. As I was about to pack up, having got impatient over my ill luck, a man in the dress of a farm laborer sauntered up. "Have ye had any sport, master?" he asked. "Not a run." "I doan't wunner at it a bit; an' I reckens as ye wunt hev, if ye fishes for 'em in the fashion ye hev bin." "Look at the live baits. Is there anything the matter?" He looked at them, then said: "They there gudgeons is the biggest an most prankt 'uns as I've sin for many a day. They never cummed out o' any water round about here, I knows. They be too big fur these 'ere parts. Nuthin' wunt ketch them 'ere jacks but a calf-tailed fly." "A calf-tailed fly?" "Yes; I mean what I sez. Did ye never see one o' that 'ere sort?" I assured him I had never come across that rare insect. "A fly of that 'ere sort could soon be got—wery soon; an' ye can ketch as many jack with it as ever ye likes." "And where did you make acquaintance with that remarkable fly, my friend?" "In the Crimear, when I was a-sojerin'. There's lots o' fish out in them parts. I bin wounded; I ain't fit fur much now, an' I ain't got no pension. So I bides about like best way I ken; does odd jobs like if they ain't too heavy." "What would be the price of one of those rare insects?" "Half-a-crownd, an' ye ken have it in a couple o' days' time." I gave him the order and marched off home, rather out of temper at my want of success. At the time appointed I went to meet my entomological rustic, and he produced the

fly from his pocket. There was not the least pretence about it, for it was literally the tuft of hair off the end of a calf's tail, with two large green glass beads fixed as eyes, one on each side. One glance at the way the hook's flight was arranged told me he was a true brother of the gentle craft. To my astonishment, he declined the proffered half-crown, saying, "Doan't ye niver buy a pig in a poke—'taint healthy. Arter ye've tried 'un, ye ken pay 'un; I sha'n't be fur off. I ain't got no leave ter fish, so I'll jest clear out. Them there jacks lays 'twixt the runs in the weeds. Let 'em hev it." That rare fly was thrown into one of the runs, and gently drawn on the surface towards us. Splash—and jack number one was fixed and soon landed! Four times this process was repeated, with the result that four nice-sized fish were landed. On leaving the pond I was met by the rustic fly-maker. I smiled at him. "'Tis all right, I knows, master. That 'ere fly have jest done the trick clean." When he received his half-crown and a little over, he said, in the fullness of his heart, "When that 'ere fly gets the wuss fur wear, I'll jest mek ye another fur nuthin', dang my brass buttons ef ah doan't!"

A Fisherman in Town.

On the back of the business card of C. F. Orvis, the fishing-tackle dealer and manufacturer of Manchester, Vt., we find the annexed verses by Frank L. Stanton, the quaintness and jingle of which have touched our weak spot, and, although they may be old to many, they are new to us, and we print them along with the free advertisement they give to Bro. Orvis.

I jes' sat here a-dreamin'—
A-dreamin' every day,
Of the sunshine that's a-gleamin'—
On the rivers—fur away.

An' I kinder fall to wishin'
I was where the waters swish;
Fer if the Lord made fishin',
Why—a feller ought to fish!

While I'm studyin', or a-writin',
In the dusty, rusty town,
I kin feel the fish a-bitin'—
See the cork a-goin' down!

An' the sunshine seems a-tanglin'
Of the shadows cool an' sweet;
With the honeysuckles danglin',
An' the lilies at my feet.

So I nod, an' fall to wishin'
I was where the waters swish;
Fer if the Lord made fishin',
Why—a feller orter fish!

Fishing on the Texan Gulf.

We learn, through Mr. S. P. Panton, that the fishing at Aransas Pass has been excellent. Jewfish of great size are very numerous; in fact, there are plenty of fish of all kinds. Some fine catches of redfish (channel bass) and salt-water trout were caught here recently. Mr. Panton also writes in response to a query:

"There were plenty of tarpon here right after April 1st, last spring, and I believe from that on. I saw plenty of them in May, hence, I believe you are safe for finding good fishing after April 1, and it will improve the longer you stay. There was good fishing before that date last year, but a 'Norther' stopped the tarpon fishing in March. I am awfully rushed in getting the first issue out of my new paper, *The Herald*, the only one at Aransas Pass."

Another Sawfish Breaks His Blade.

Some of the largest and strongest fish to be found in semi-tropical waters are frequently encountered off the inlets which open from the Atlantic into the Indian river and Lake Worth on the east coast of Florida. The sloop yacht "Ramona" came last spring into Lake Worth from Biscayne bay, and one of her passengers gave the following experience:

"When about five miles off shore, opposite Boca Ratone, the yacht was struck violently by some marine creature, the shock causing a big commotion on board and arousing all hands. A minute or two later a second shock was felt, and this time the sharp blade of a sawfish came tearing through the planking on our side above the water line. The fish flopped about vigorously in the sea and had to exert all his strength in order to twist off his weapon so as to escape. The sword or blade was left sticking in the side of the yacht, fully eight inches of it appearing on the inside, after having pierced a plank $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches in thickness. Later on an examination showed that the first thrust from the savage monster had struck a solid timber, glancing off, but tearing out a big groove in the solid wood.

A Beautiful Calendar is the one we have just received from the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., being chaste, æsthetic and useful, for the home, the counting-house or the cabin in the woods. It is in keeping with the usual practical and ornamental yearly issues of this prominent cartridge manufacturing firm.

Care of Tackle in Winter.

Will you give me some information as to the best way to keep, during winter, enamelled fish lines and gut leaders?

Does cold or heat (ordinarily) affect them?

Should they be confined or exposed to the air?

Should they be kept particularly in a dry place, or will they stand a little dampness?

Will the ordinary heated air of a living room injure them?

In fact, any hints you may be pleased to give me whereby I can best keep my lines and leaders, when not in use, will be much appreciated by
W. A. W.

NEW YORK CITY, Jan. 5.

Keep all your fishing gear in a dry place, not too warm or cold. If in a living room, see that the tackle is well removed from the source of heat—stove, register, or fireplace. Simply wrap your leaders and fish-lines in paper, and put them away as above. We have kept artificial flies free from moth depredation by wrapping our fly book in a newspaper and putting it in a cigar box. Be sure, after the fishing season is over, and before putting them away for the winter, to overhaul your rods; a little varnish, new whippings, and, if necessary, changing the rings to the opposite side, will make a well-made fly rod nearly as good as new. Split-cane rods in particular require revarnishing every year, and, as the best varnish is very slow in drying, it is better to do it every fall before winter stowage of them, and when this is done lay them flat upon the floor, if practicable. Put your hooks in paper that has been thoroughly saturated with oil.

A Desirable Outing Locality.

Few, if any, of the American anglers are aware of the location of the spot called the "Grand Etang," situated on the Gaspi peninsula, 190 miles below Quebec, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, south shore. For their benefit I am writing the present article to impress on their minds the splendid advantages held out to them for angling and hunting in this wild and picturesque locality. Lofty and rugged mountains lie to the south, and at their base are two lakes, one a mile and a half in length by three-quarters of a mile in breadth; the second, half a mile in length by a quarter in breadth, both teeming with trout from one pound to fifteen in weight. To the north is the Gulf of St. Lawrence and on the shore of one of the lakes is the mansion of George Godfrey, Esq., proprietor of the Seignory of Grand

Etang, who, with the help of his good lady, has left nothing undone to procure for his guests every comfort. His house contains all that is necessary for the sportsman, tourist, and invalid, and the fishing, shooting and bathing cannot be surpassed in the Province of Quebec. Boats and skiffs, horses and vehicles are at the immediate disposal of the guests, as well as trustworthy guides, and the best of board and refreshments will be found at all times on the premises. Two steamers ply fortnightly between Quebec and Gaspi, one going down, and the other returning; both stop in passing Grand Etang. Let my American fellow anglers take a trip down in the beginning of next June, from Quebec, on board either the S. S. Miramachie or Str. Relief, and try their luck in getting "big fish" and a "good time."

DR. J. A. PIDGEM.

Traveling in Luxury.—Ever ready to provide everything for the accommodation of the patrons, the Southern Railway Company has added to their service a new train to the South known as the New York and Florida Short Line Limited, which is, beyond doubt, one of the finest trains in the world. The Dining and Sleeping Cars are all of the Pullman Company's most modern make, and are but a few weeks from the shops, the Southern Railway and the Pennsylvania Railway being the only lines who have as yet received any of the new Pullman Compartment Sleeping Cars. The New York and Florida Short Line Limited leaves the Pennsylvania depot daily at 3:20 P. M. It is a solid Pullman Vestibule train, and runs between New York and St. Augustine, carrying also through sleeper New York to Tampa and Augusta; the train is composed of dining cars, compartment, drawingroom and stateroom sleeping cars. The stateroom sleeping cars enable one to enjoy perfect seclusion, the same as the drawingroom, cost being little more than a section in ordinary sleeper, each stateroom being provided with two berths, wash basin, lavatory, etc. Passengers on this train go through to St. Augustine and Tampa without changes, dinner being served at Jacksonville at 7 o'clock, St. Augustine 8:15 P. M., on the evening of the day after leaving New York.

Henry C. Squires & Son, of 20 Cortlandt street, have issued their annual catalogue. It is a very extensive one, and from its completeness and practical value to the sportsman, we place it in the leading rank of this class of publications. There is nothing omitted that can possibly be of use to angler, shooter, canoeist, bicyclist or any other man who delights in outdoor life. Such publications have become almost necessities to an enjoyable life; without them, our ignorance of useful appliances for sport would lead to deprivation of its keenest enjoyment. With such a catalogue as the Squires have published, we can not only stock up with what we want, but we can get real good solid information about things we can't afford to want.

A Trip to St. Andrew's, N. B.

Where to go; the long hot summer of 1894 was drawing to a close (I had spent ten days of June in the Quebec country catching trout galore, "but that is another story"), and, weary with the heat of city streets, I was to take a trip my wife could share, and thought to get out somewhere into the wild woods; somewhere by quiet waters where the sunshine and the dew visited their friends the wild flowers. A letter to the *Outlook* brought rich returns, among the rest a pamphlet about St. Andrew's, N. B. Therein we read of a quaint old town by the sea, where one could fish on sea or shore, for cod or mackerel, trout or land-locked salmon; where there were "lakes, streams, blue sky and sunny gleams," walks, drives, boating of all sorts, and a land of rest.

That settled it, and one morning about the middle of August we left Boston at 8 o'clock by the limited express on the B. & M. R. R. for St. Andrew's, N. B. (fare for round trip, St. A. and return, \$14). It was just a little family trip for two. The run along the Massachusetts coast was pleasantly familiar, as we have been to Maine on many similar excursions before. The Maine country, like an old friend, greeted us in its woods and streams. It is a difficult country to describe, but a poet or angler feels constantly like stopping the train to wander about in the many picturesque nooks, to fish the many winding streams or to explore a little further the many charming scenes, that, now on this side, now on that, and then on both sides, keep one in constant motion to see it all and after all only to hear, "Oh, you ought to have seen that view; you missed it, and it was so lovely."

At Bangor, about 3 p. m., we had to change cars. The scenery grew wilder as we approached the state line, running much of the time through a wilderness. It was dark when we reached Vanceboro, and 10 o'clock at night, cold and rainy, when we reached St. Andrew's, which is a dreamy sort of a place, but we found a good hotel in Kennedy's. The streets are perfect for bicycling, being phenomenally free from mud or dust, owing to some peculiar quality of the soil, and we had many very delightful walks and drives. The wild flowers of the province are very beautiful, being larger and more thrifty than with us; why, I do not understand; lack of dust may have something

to do with it; but then again, chamomile, which with us looks like a weed, is there a very graceful plant, the leaves looking like seaweed freshly washed and the flower heads like the larger marguerites. The silvery cinquefoil showed brightly forth along the wayside, while the golden rods and asters were in great variety and profusion. The fields about were covered with the bright yellow heads of the August flower, and along the damp ditches we found the white turtle heads, sometimes mis-called white gentians; the bright monkey flower and the dull St. Johns wort were there in plenty, nor must we forget the Joe Pye weed that dyed the swamps in purple hue. The town is built on a peninsula, with river and bay nearly surrounding it, and the hills rise gently, sloping back from the shores to the partially wooded and bare Chamcook mountains, that arch their mural fronts along the northern limits of the town. The tides send their waters deep inland and cover the bays, or ebb away and leave long stretches of coast bare below high water mark, the rise and fall being twenty to thirty feet.

The Chamcook lakes are four to seven miles back from the town by rail, and are full of land-locked salmon from one to five pounds in weight. They are caught in quantities in May and June, but were not biting in August, yet one can take the train, or drive or ride bicycle to the lakes, and from their shores, or from boat, catch plenty of salmon with fly or bait; at least, such was the universal testimony. Trout are said to be very plentiful in the other lakes, of which there are a dozen within as many miles of town, but, contrary to my usual custom, I did not go fishing many times; when I did, I found the trout all right, of fair size and fine quality. The walks, drives and steamboat excursions; the wild flowers and the beautiful views from the hills out upon the grand highway of nations, are always full of interest. Excursions by boat up the river to Calais and St. Stephen, or to Eastport across the bay, or out to the Grand Menan, or again to St. John, all furnish variety of entertainment that it would be hard to equal.

To old salts the trip from Boston by steamer is said to be fine, but I am willing to take their word for it, though I have no doubt they are right. The Algonquin, of St. Andrew's, is a fine modern hotel, none better, and has a superb location, accommodates 400 guests; rates, \$4 per day; \$15 to \$25 per week. There are

two good stables in the place; teams, \$3 per day and upwards.

From St. Andrew's, we took steamer to Eastport, Me., and changed for boat to St. John, N. B., but darkness coming on prevented our seeing much of the provincial coast. At St. John we were tempted to sail the seventy miles across the Bay of Fundy, to Annapolis, Digby, and visit the Evangeline district, said to be a delightful trip, but after spending a few days seeing the sights, the forty foot tide, "the double reversible cataract," caused by the ebb and flow of the tide in the St. John river, one of the wonders of the world, we took a little steamer up the St. John river to Fredericton.

Fredericton is a very pleasant place for a summer sojourn, right in the midst of a good game and fish region; in fact, one could hardly escape trout bites in this province if he exposed himself in May or June. The fisherman has everything all right and good treatment; no trouble with the custom house, but I am informed that the gunner has to deposit the amount of duty on his gun; a \$100 gun being rated sometimes at \$300, and \$40 to \$60 deposit required; a senseless hardship. We left Fredericton one morning by train and reached Boston the same evening, via Bangor.

FRANK S. FAY.

Fish Protection and Culture in Pennsylvania.

Persons desiring to aid in the increase of edible fish in the waters of Pennsylvania, can, by applying to The Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association, 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia, obtain placards containing information as to close seasons of the different varieties of fish, and other information pertaining to the same; also blank applications for procuring trout fry, free, from the Pennsylvania Fish Commissioners, will be supplied by the association upon application.

H. O. WILBUR, President.

M. G. SELLERS, Secretary.

Protection in Indiana.

Mr. G. W. Griffin, in a private letter from Greencastle, Ind., writes us:

"I was in Indianapolis yesterday and saw Mr. Butler, who, with other Indianapolis anglers, were to appear yesterday afternoon before the Committee of the House having in charge the bills introduced for the protection of

fish. There seems to be quite a waking up on the part of the anglers in Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan to secure some good protective legislation this winter.

"In this state they are trying to do away with all spearing, the running into the stream of the refuse from paper mills and strawboard factories, and making a close season from the first of December to the twentieth of June or first of July, giving the state fish commissioner a salary of \$1,500 a year and allowing him \$5,000 a year for expenses.

"The paper mills and strawboard factories will make a big fight of course, and the general public do not seem to be educated up to the point to realize the importance of such laws."

The National Protective Association.

The National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association, organized during the Columbian Exposition, at a convention held September 21, 1893, in the Agricultural building, has steadily increased in membership and influence. At the beginning, the members were few in number, but at the second annual meeting, held January 9 and 10, in Chicago, the rolls gave evidence of a gratifying increase. Twelve state associations and clubs, with an aggregate of many thousand members, are recorded as having joined during the past year, and the individual membership has increased to nearly three hundred. The objects of the association, outlined in Article I of the constitution, are as follows:

"This association is formed for the purpose of securing co-operative work among state sportsmen's associations, game wardens, and individuals in protecting game and fish during the close season; to obtain harmonious legislation by and between the several states, territories and districts in their game laws; to discourage the reckless killing of any and all kinds of game for pleasure or for pecuniary profit, prevent the unnecessary destruction of forests and the killing of insectivorous and song birds; encourage a general adoption of the game warden system, extend the number of state and national parks by proper legislation; foster the introduction and protection of new species of game; ascertain, defend and protect the rights of sportsmen, and promote the affiliation of all members of the fraternity throughout the United States."

The New York Fish Commission.

The people of the Adirondack section of this state are astir in the matter of having a representative on the New York Fish Commission, which, it is said, will soon be overhauled and remodeled by the governor. Certainly, a man, properly equipped, and hailing from the North Woods, cannot fail to be of great usefulness and of practical force in the commission, positions on which, we think, should be at once made permanent and placed beyond the reach of partisan or politician. We named last month Mr. A. W. Cheney as a candidate for the presidency of the board, and the name of A. R. Fuller is now prominently placed by the North Woods people for a position in the commission. These two men would fill the bill exactly and to the brim, Mr. Fuller having run for years a hatchery of his own at Meacham lake, and has made the fishes of our state the study of his manhood. Neither, we understand, want, or do not care to accept, a position solely on political grounds. This is as it should be, and will render these gentlemen more acceptable to the public and more likely to fill with credit the positions when assigned to them. We do not know the political bias of either, but this we do know, that, under the present system of rotary political appointments, the State of New York will never reach the high position in fish culture, with its attendant public usefulness, that her vast water area should place at her command. A casual study of the system governing the Fish Commission of the State of Maine will at once show the errors of our own and the beneficial effects of a non-partisan Board of Fish Commissioners.

Later.—At the moment of going to press we learn that a full-blooded politician, hailing from Wayne County, has been appointed on the Commission. This is the first turn of the political wheel.

Thread For Fly Tying.

Can you tell me what thread the professional fly tyers use in tying flies? I use letter A sewing machine silk. Is this correct? It seems to me there should be a thread finer and stronger than that.

RED COACHMAN.

The qualities of silk thread used for fly tying depends on the size of hook used. For large-sized flies grade A, if the quality of machine silk be good, will answer; if the hook be

extra large size, double your silk; for medium and small sized flies, the tying thread should be grade oo and ooo best quality machine silk. This is the usage of professional fly tyers.

The Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association.

At the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association, the following named officers were elected: President, H. O. Wilbur; vice-presidents, Edwin Hagert, Dr. Bushrod W. James, Howard A. Chase; secretary, Marion G. Sellers; corresponding secretary, J. Penrose Collins; treasurer, William S. Hergesheimer; executive committee, Henry C. Ford, George T. Stokes, C. H. Fitzgerald, William P. Thompson, Colonel John Gay, Henry A. Ingram, F. W. Brown, Dr. W. W. McClure, George W. Reader; trustees, Collins W. Walton, Bernard L. Douredoure, R. M. Hartley.

The twelfth annual report, which was read at this meeting, was an extremely interesting and valuable one, showing great zeal on the part of the executive of the association and an increased interest all over the state in fish culture and protection. We have space only for a few salient paragraphs:

"With a more general observance of, and respect for, the laws bearing on the propagation and preservation of fish, the improved condition of the streams, and a membership growing in numbers and influence, your committee feels called upon to say that public sentiment has been largely and advantageously educated to the essential importance and beneficial results attending the well directed efforts of a movement which has for its general and specific object, the promotion of the public good.

* * * * *

"The commendable fact that the association has, from its inception, recognized the great evil and disastrous effects likely to accrue from the continued wholesale destruction of menhaden fish on the coast, is a matter of record by reason of its early, consistent and untiring efforts in urging legislation that would suppress or restrict the injurious methods pursued by the menhaden fishermen. The constantly growing scarcity of edible fish along the Atlantic coast line, together with the pernicious practices involving their certain extinction, are cogent facts, persistently forcing themselves into conspicuous notice, and giving additional impetus

to the conviction that something should be done.

* * * * *

"The greater extension of the beneficial objects and operations of the association, together with the continued wide distribution of notices and circulars relating to the laws and fishery interests, have had a stimulative effect upon public opinion by creating a more general respect for and observance of the protective laws. This is unmistakably assured from the perceptible yearly decrease of illegalities reported. In dealing with this important branch of its work, your committee desires to state that the annoyance and difficulty formerly existing in obtaining reliable information in regard to persons violating the laws regulating fishing, has considerably abated. This is gratifying to record, for in such instances it has adopted decisive steps for immediate correction, by the arrests and conviction of the offenders.

* * * * *

"With liberal restocking, enforcement of the code of interstate laws, and the total destruction of fish baskets, weirs and other illegal devices in the Delaware river, thereby giving unrestricted freedom to the shad to spawn and the young shad to migrate in their season, the Delaware river is to-day, without doubt, the best shad producing river along the Atlantic coast, if not in the country, as well as being prolific in many other varieties of food fishes.

* * * * *

"The difficulty heretofore existing in the proper enforcement of the laws for the protection of fish, on account of the apparant lack of intelligence of the community in regard to them, has been largely overcome by the wide distribution given an exhaustive digest of the statute laws of this commonwealth, relating to fish and fishing, undertaken and completed by the association at great expense, some years ago.

* * * * *

"In order to further enance the social features of the association, your committee, acting under its instructions, has undertaken the establishment of an anglers' permanent museum in the rooms, by making a collection of fishing paraphernalia, representing the evolution of tackle in the history of angling, from the earliest times to the present, together with such

aboriginal fishing relics and curious objects picked up on fishing trips, as can be secured.

* * * * *

"The association is, therefore, not only flourishing in regard to membership, but also in the important matter of effective work, and with the fullest assurance that the fishery interests are improving through this energetic perseverance, it encourages renewed and enlarged effort by the association, which has patiently and successfully toiled for the public good."

Jumping Salt Water Fishes.

C. W. H. is informed that the whip ray jumps in sport or fear. We saw one near Palma Sola, Fla., a few winters ago, leap at least three feet into the air. Sting rays will jump when pursued by sharks or other ferocious fishes, and the devil fish (not the long-armed octopus erroneously so-called) is sometimes seen in immense shoals, playfully leaping and sporting. It seems to be the habit of all surface feeding fishes to jump into the air when pursued by enemies, or when actuated by a spirit of fun, if the term may be so used in connection with a cold-blooded creature. But of all the small fishes the silver mullet of Florida, takes the palm for the length of its aerial flights, excepting the flying fish. We have seen a mullet, when the shoal has been chased by a porpoise, throw itself at least five feet horizontally along and above the water. Of course, such a leap pales before that of the tarpon king, of which Dr. Kenworthy reported that one, to his knowledge, jumped over the forward part of a river steamboat, covering at least twenty-five feet from rise to fall.

Successful Ducking.—Messrs. J. F. Bradner, George H. Decker, C. M. Totten, John Wilson, T. A. Weller, and William Millspaugh returned to this city from Currituck sound, North Carolina, Sunday night. They left this city Saturday, January 5, and had an agreeable ocean voyage (via Old Dominion line). The ride down the beach was made pleasantly and the party were at home in Brother White's domicile Sunday night.

They left there Saturday with lots of game, including three swan, twelve geese and about two hundred ducks. The return voyage was also pleasant, and the party came home greatly benefitted by the trip. The party has a story about a frisky mustang and the Northern riders, but they don't want it published.—*Middletown (N. Y.) Press*, January 14, 1895.

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Strip
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Perfect
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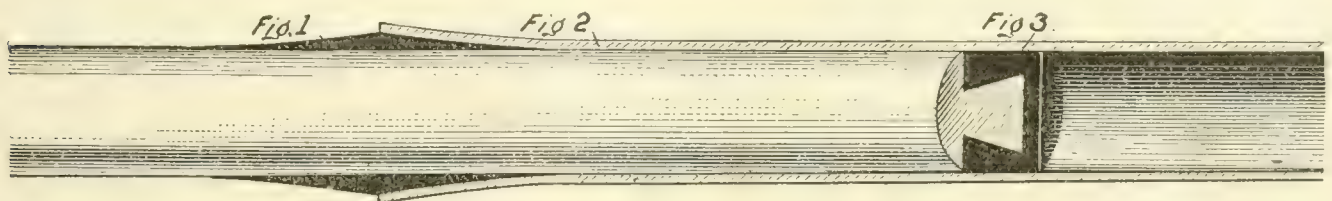


Fig. 1—Elastic Celluloid Band, re-inforcing the Bamboo. Fig. 2—German Silver Ferrule, Patented May 6, 1890. Fig. 3—Patent Waterproof Cap, excluding all moisture.



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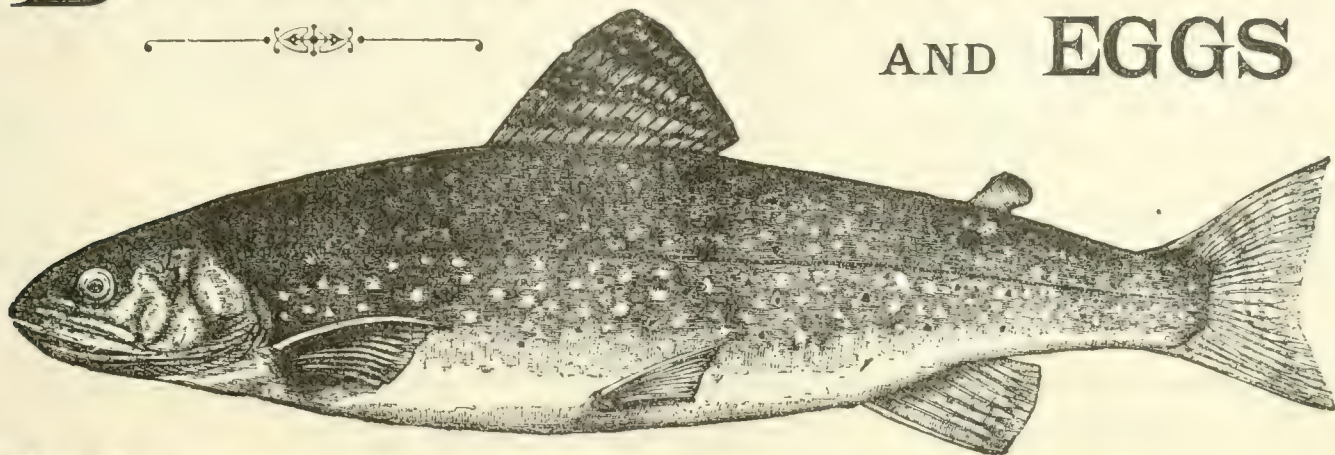
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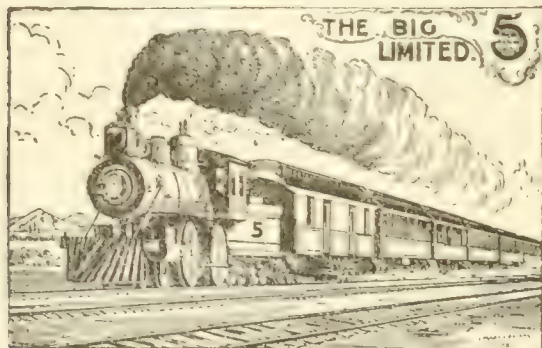
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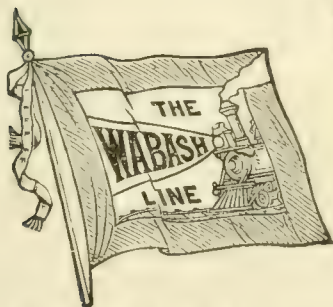
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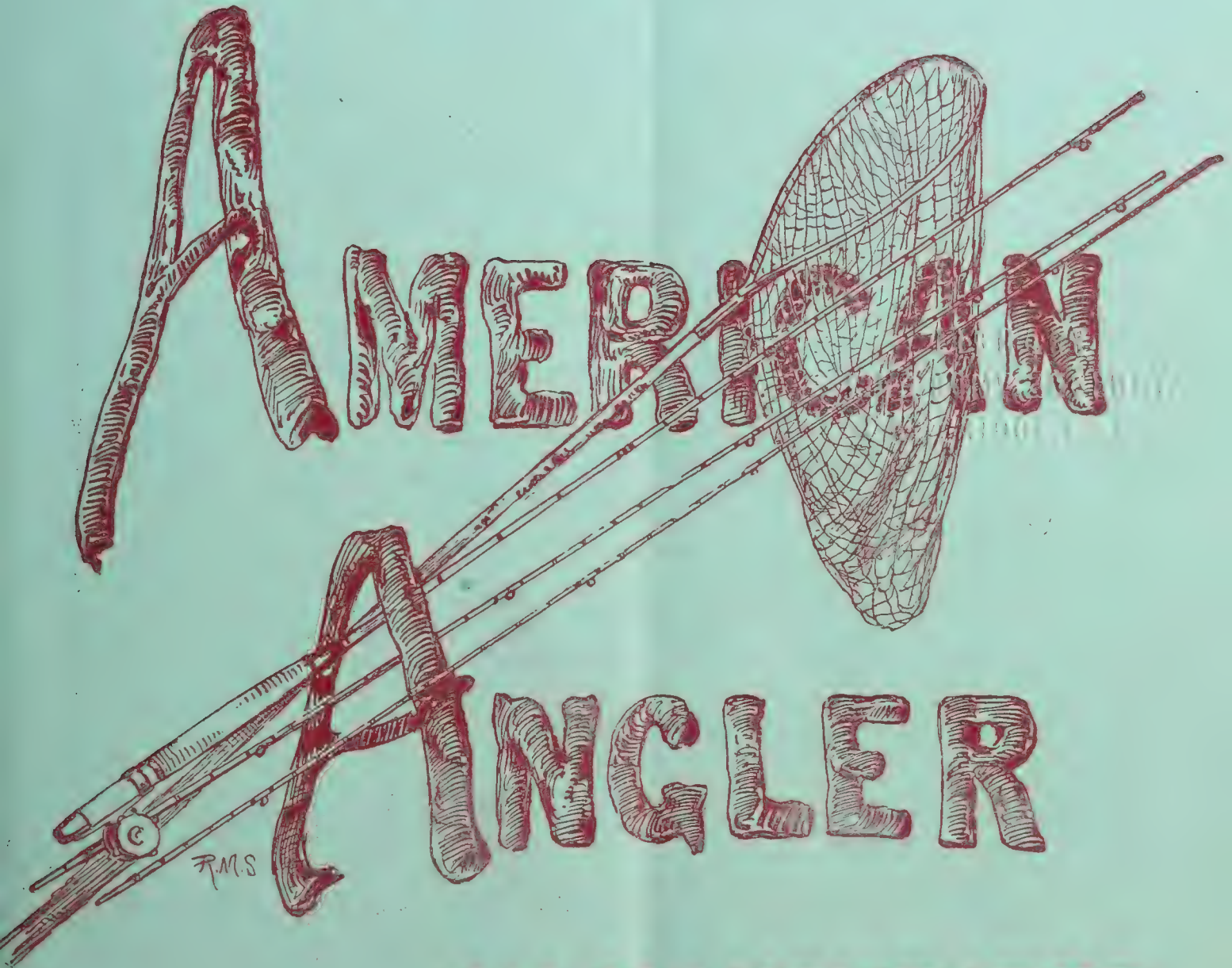
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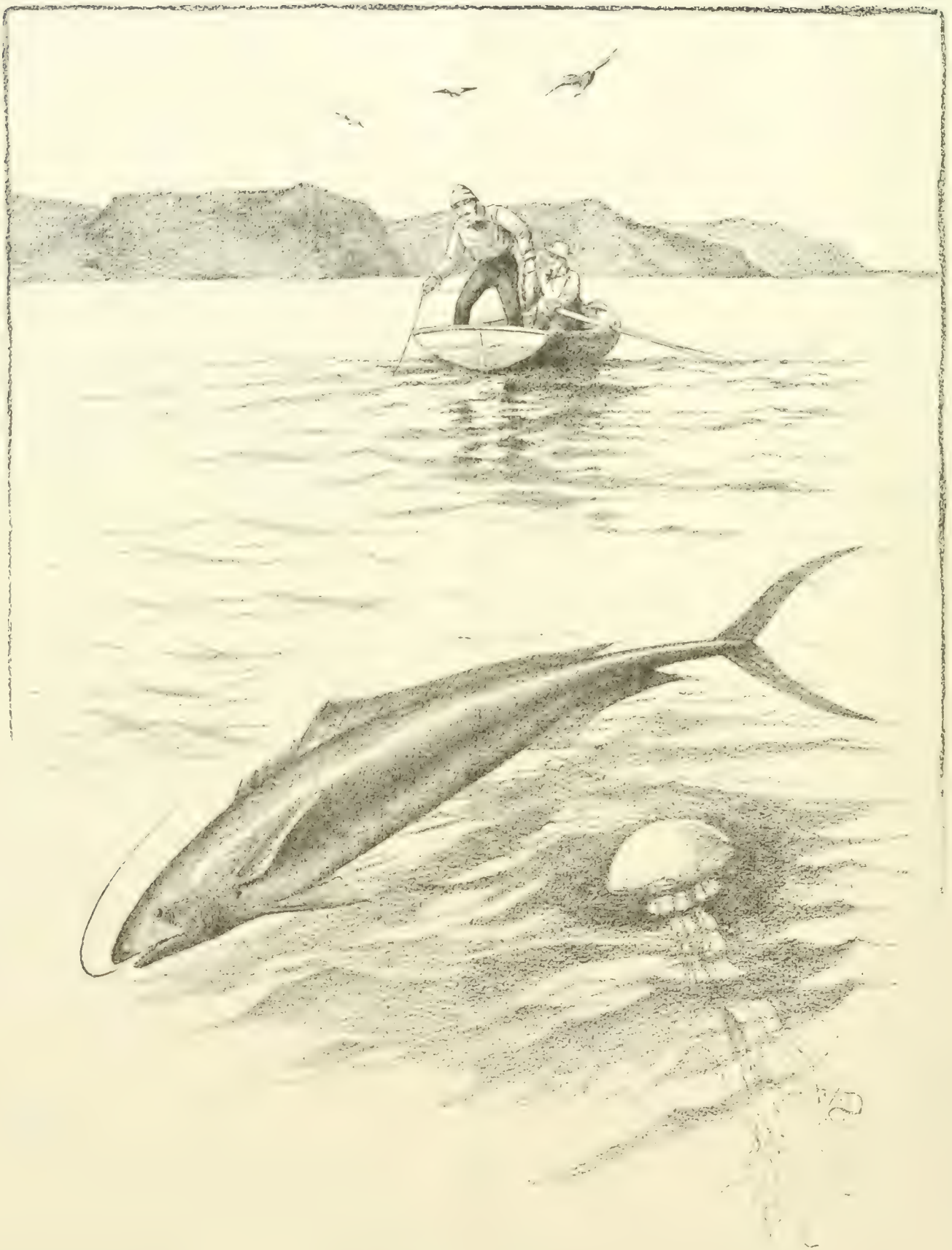
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Playing the Yellow Tail.

THE AMERICAN ANGLER.

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No. 3

THE YELLOW TAIL AND THE JEW FISH.*

CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

To the lover of rod and reel fishing of the East, whose experience is bounded by catches of black bass and trout alone, the game fishes of insular California come as a revelation. There is good fishing along the shore of the mainland, but owing to the rocky nature of Santa Catalina and San Clemente, and the smooth harbors found there, these islands have become known as the best fishing grounds in southern waters. Santa Catalina, the eastern reader knows, is within three hours and a half of Los Angeles, and reached by the boats of the Wilmington Transportation Company. Once on the ground, there are good boats and oarsmen; the rest, the wielding of the rod, is left for you. In the limited space allowed me, I can but refer to the game qualities of two fishes—the black sea bass, or jew fish (*Stereolepsis figas*), and the amber fish, or yellow tail (*Seriola dorealis*). The white sea bass, rock bass, barracuda and others also deserve the attention of lovers of good sport. Everybody knows the jew fish—a monster of the

bass tribe, from four to six or more feet in length, and weighing from seventy-five to seven hundred pounds, the latter being the largest I have heard of in these waters. During the recent summer H. Slotterbeck, of Los Angeles, presented my friend Major Charles Viele with a fourteen ounce split bamboo rod, a 400 foot No. 18 Cuttyhunk line and a reel, with the assurance that he could safely tackle a jew fish with such an outfit. The suggestion gave rise to so much discussion and banter at Avalon that the Major finally announced that he would put the matter to a test, and at the very end of the season did so. Being the Major's guest on this trip, I fortunately saw the catch, which will go down in Catalina history as a notable one. We started at 7 one morning, on the launch Mascot, the Major, the skipper and myself, and by 9 o'clock were anchored off Silver Canon. The Major, who was going to devote himself to the rod, took his place in the small boat, with a heavy leader to the line, ready to cast off. In less than twenty minutes he had a bite, whereupon the skipper jumped into the boat and cast off. The bite was repeated several times, the fish getting away

* We are indebted to the editor of *The Land of Sunshine*, Los Angeles, Cal., for the privilege of giving Mr. Holder's description of angling for the black sea bass and the yellow tail in Pacific coast waters.

by cutting the light line in some way. An hour passed, during which I hooked a 227 pound jew fish on the hand line, and wore myself out with it, my companion finally bringing it in. Shortly the Major had a good bite and hooked his fish, amid a loud screaming of the reel, during which the skipper took the oars and guided the boat as the jew fish towed them away and began one of the pluckiest fights I have ever seen. The oarsman managed the boat well, but in a few minutes the big fish had carried them five hundred feet away, and I could hear the ominous clicking of the Major's reel as it fairly screeched out the tuneful music; then I saw the rod bend and sometimes almost disappear in the water. The big fish made some fine runs out and down; and several times he rushed around the kelp, finally becoming entangled in it. There was a tin can buoy aboard, and this was now cast over with the rod lashed to it, and left floating while the fisherman returned to the launch, where I had in the meantime hooked three or four jew fish, some on the rod, caught a hundred-pounder on the hand line and lost all my tackle. Having rigged up a grapnel, they returned to the small boat, hooked the kelp and pulled it up. Then I heard the shriek of the Major's reel again as the big fish made a desperate run, taking 100 or 200 feet of line. Checked by skillful work, it began to sulk and laid like a rock on the bottom in fifty feet of water.

Inch by inch it was brought up, then would make desperate rushes and sulk again, the very prince of sulkers. For two hours and a-half the fight continued, the shrieking reel, the hissing of the line alone breaking the stillness; then the small boat moved toward me, and a shout announced that the deed was

done, and the big fish of 158 pounds had succumbed to a light rod and a veritable thread of a line in the hands of one of the most skillful wielders of the rod California has ever seen.

We hauled up anchor and steamed in with three fish: one of 100 pounds, one of 158, and one of 227 pounds. We had struck 'a school of jew fish, and had we been well equipped with bait and tackle, could have taken in many hundred pounds of black sea bass. Fishing for this fish is not likely to become popular, owing to the hard work entailed.

Taking the yellow tail is the sport *par excellence* in southern California waters. The fish ranges from 15 to 80 pounds, 25 being a good average; and on a light rod it affords much sport, fighting from first to last with all the energy of a bass, and only giving in when killed. Two or three catches of 20 or 25 pounders is work and enjoyment enough for one day, and one would satisfy the average fisherman.

The extent of the schools of yellow tail at Santa Catalina in summer is almost beyond belief. The fish color the water for acres, while the albicore and other big fish often beat the blue waters into foam for miles.

There are times when the yellow tail refuses any bait, however tempting it may be or scientifically handled. At such times one can often plainly see great shoals of them beneath the boat and almost touch them with the line, to no purpose. When, however, this game fish concludes to feed, they become quite ravenous, often chasing smaller fish upon the shore by their pursuit. At these times they can be taken with a throwline from the shore with often no other bait than a strip of white cloth.

In June and early July the waters



A 510-Pound Jew Fish.

about Santa Catalina Island and San Clemente abound in schools of barracuda that often tint the water a rich green, and when seen deep in the water from the boat present a singular appearance of myriads of heads and eyes. When the barracuda bites it does it in a whole-souled fashion that cannot be mistaken; and the lines are kept going and there is a constant flapping as the long rakish fish come piling into the boat. Usually this fish is taken on a hand line, and the object is to see how many can be caught, and often by following a school around a boat can be almost filled with the fish.

This past summer I tried them on a

light rod, and had no difficulty in taking 8 or 10 pound fish on an eight ounce split bamboo rod, and curiously enough some of the largest on an old oil silk trout line of the smallest size. The fish varied much in their game qualities; some were thorough fighters and gave a fine exhibition of strength and skill, and fought for twenty or thirty minutes before they were brought to the gaff, while others, and notably the largest fish running up to 12 pounds, simply sulked and came in like a dead weight. One of the best fighters I have taken on a rod in these waters is the oil shark, an active shark about five feet in length and running up to 70 pounds.

SYLVAN SOUNDS.

GUY HERNE.

Beneath the sylvan boughs I fish alone.
 No more the horrid rumble of the streets
 My tired ear with clangerous rattle greets,
 But sylvan vesper chants of different tone;
 The bullfrog in the marsh makes ceaseless moan;
 I hear the story in loud rhythmic beats
 Which of sweet Katy's peccadillos treats,
 The cricket's shrill metallic monotone,
 The lowing of the home returning herd,
 The surly watchdog's hoarse resounding bay,
 The twittering of some belated bird.
 But hark—no longer casting may I stay,
 For on mine ear in still small accents borne
 Sounds the alert mosquito's irritating horn!

WHALE FISHING ON THE COAST OF NORTH CAROLINA.*

I visited Beaufort with the purpose of securing photographs and information for an article on the "North Carolina Whale Fisheries," with especial reference to the whales recently captured near there. Information had been received that four whales had been caught within the four days previous to my leaving Raleigh, but on arrival at the coast I found the number to be but two. The first of these was rather small—about thirty feet in length—but even that had yielded 25 barrels of oil and 156½ pounds of whalebone, which brought at auction \$451.60. This had been cut up before my arrival and, being at the cape, some distance away, and having a much larger and more recent one available for notes, I did not visit it.

The second one was at Wade Shore, about half way between Beaufort inlet and Cape Lookout, on Shackleford's banks, and from the captors of this one I secured a great deal of valuable information regarding its capture, and also on the methods of whaling in vogue on the North Carolina coast.

The following is a full account of the hunt and capture:

Before sunrise on the morning of March 20, 1894, some of the crew of one of the whale boats belonging to this part

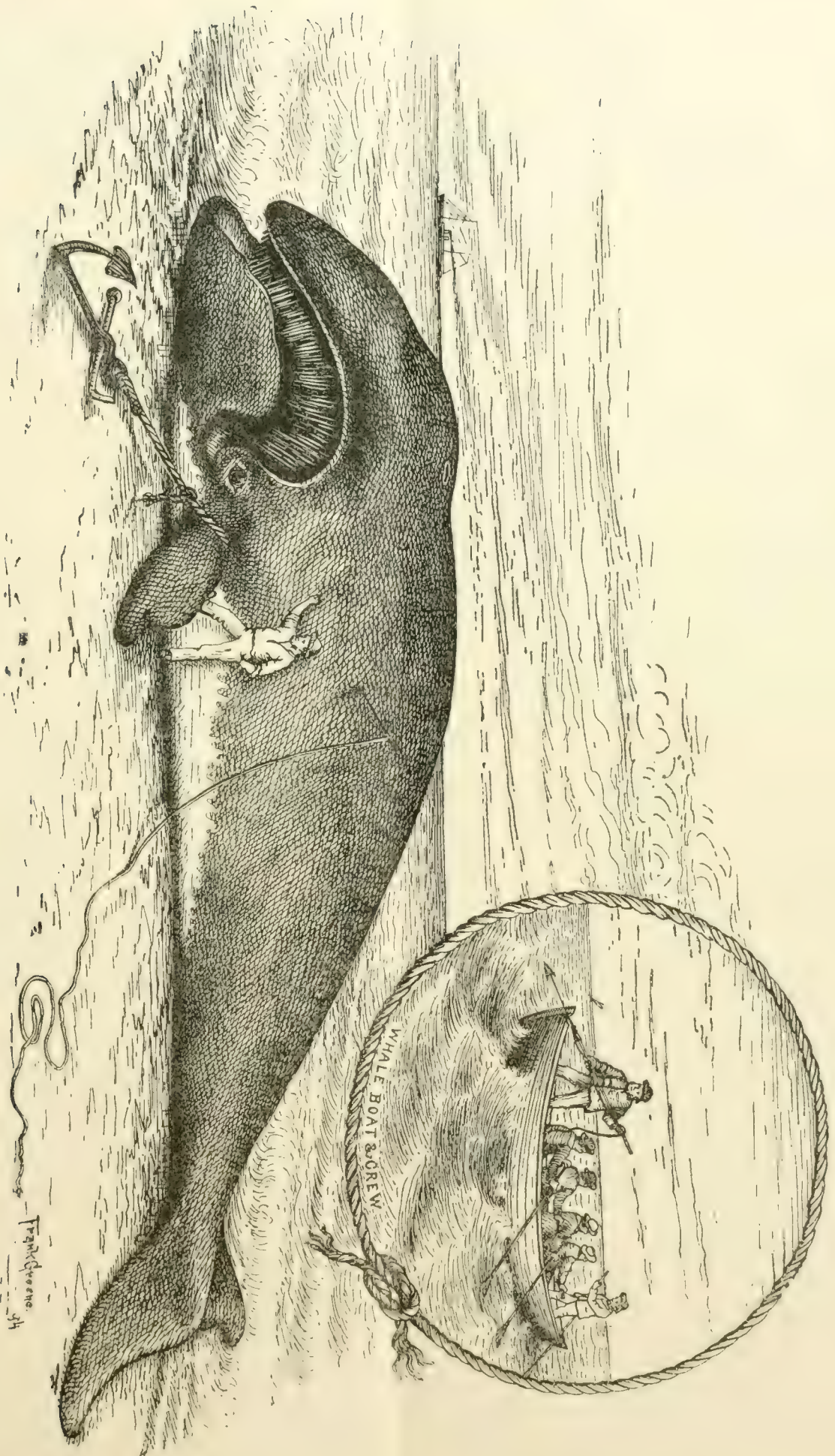
of the beach sighted three whales less than a mile from shore. They consisted of a bull, cow and yearling. In an incredibly short space of time, the news was conveyed to the members of the crews of the four boats lying up on the beach, and the men hurried down, ran their boats into the water, jumped aboard and put out in chase. The first boat off was in command of Joe Lewis, and about sunrise this boat worked carefully up to the nearest whale, the cow, until close enough for a harpoon to be thrown. The whale was seen to be a white bellied one of the largest size, and every precaution was taken to get the first harpoon in deep and fast. The monster rose to blow, the boat worked quietly and carefully up until within a few feet of its shining black body; Mart Guthrie lifted the harpoon and with a careful aim and a powerful swing of his strong right arm, he threw the iron in. The boat backed off; up went the flukes of the monster's powerful tail and down she went, the harpoon fast in her body, while behind it trailed the seven fathoms of one-inch line with a block of wood attached to the end as a drag. The boat followed on, endeavoring to be as near as possible to the whale when she should next rise to blow. After being down nearly thirty minutes, she rose, the boat not far away. Joe Lewis was now in the bow with the whale gun, and, as soon as the boat could be run in close enough, he raised the heavy gun and fired one of the long, bolt-like bombs into her body. Again she went down, while the gun was reloaded and the boat kept away

*We are indebted to the Honorable John Robinson, Commissioner of Fisheries of North Carolina, for this interesting and instructive report as made by H. H. Brimley, naturalist. Much of it is new to us, particularly the methods employed in catching, or rather killing, whales in the waters of North Carolina, and the number that are found on that coast in the spring of the year. Killing whales cannot be called fishing, but certainly it is the highest class of remunerative pot hunting.—[ED.]

after her. And so the fight kept on, the whale all the time working out seaward, while the boat kept in full chase, shooting at every available opportunity. Meanwhile the bull and yearling had got a whiff of the blood from the wounded cow, and they headed out to sea, fighting mad, and thrashing angrily around. The other three Wade Shore boats kept off after them, but their anxiety to escape was so great, that the powerful five-oared boats, although pulled by well trained rowers, lost ground all the time, and finally gave up the chase without getting a single opportunity to throw a harpoon or shoot a bomb. Something seemed to be wrong with the ammunition of the first boat, or else the bombs did not reach the vital spot—the lungs—as no less than five explosive bombs were put into the whale without causing her to spout blood or stop her seaward course. A boat from Morehead was seen coming out and the one in chase of the whale signaled the latter to join in, as they were known to have their gun aboard. The Morehead boat, with Mart Willis in the bow, now came up, and the two together kept up the fight unceasingly. The shore line was getting fainter and fainter and the whale getting weaker from loss of blood. She was keeping under about half an hour at a time, and nearly every time she rose to blow one or the other of the boats made its mark. Finally, at about noon, the end came. She rose, with both boats close up. Joe Lewis fired another bomb into her body, laid down the gun and picking up a harpoon drove the iron home. At the same time Mart Willis fired a bomb, and another harpoon and a lance were likewise put in. Then the boats, which were right up on the whale's back, backed off and lay

on their oars waiting for the end. It soon came. She was spouting thick streams of blood, showing that she was badly wounded in the lungs, the vital spot, and after a few flurries with her powerful tail she lay dead on the water, ten miles out at sea, with nothing to indicate the direction of the land, but the thin dark line of the tops of the cedars on the banks to the northward and the tapering tower of the Cape Lookout lighthouse to the northeast. The other three boats had come up previously, and all five joined in to tow the monster ashore. It was a long, hard pull, but she was safely beached that night at Wade Shore—a valuable prize and one of the largest whales ever caught on this coast.

When the whale was killed the boats were invisible from the beach and were estimated to be ten miles off shore. Altogether eight bombs and several harpoons and lances were put into this whale, a number of the bombs failing to explode. I saw one whole bomb, a piece of one that had exploded, and one harpoon taken out of the carcass, the shank of the latter being bent at a right angle by the struggles of the animal. On being towed ashore, the body grounded in twelve feet of water, and as there was then about two feet of the body above the surface its thickness must have been about fourteen feet. Some idea of the size of this whale may be had by reference to the following measurements, taken by the writer. It was impossible to get all of them absolutely correct, as the carcass had been very much mutilated when seen, the head and tail having been cut off and all the blubber removed from one side. The whalebone had been removed from the mouth and the head cut apart, and the weather being warm



Franklin

and the whale having been dead some days, the smell was fully in keeping with the size of the subject. Total length, fifty-three feet; circumference of body, about forty-five feet; length of lower jaw around curve, fourteen feet; from eye to tip of upper jaw, nearly twelve feet; length of head about thirteen and one-half feet; width across flukes of tail, seventeen feet; across one fluke, four feet two inches; diameter of eye-ball, about six inches; thickness of blubber—on back, eight inches; on breast eighteen inches; average all over, about twelve inches. The length of the longest whalebone was seven feet two inches, and its total weight 864 pounds. The amount of oil this whale yielded was thirty-six barrels, first quality; of which the tongue gave about six barrels. The scrappers also made three barrels from the refuse left by the owners after they were through. The whalebone has been sold at \$1.65 per pound, and the first quality oil at twenty-five cents per gallon, making the total amount shared by the captors \$1,873.50. The three barrels scrap oil is worth about sixteen cents per gallon, which will bring the total cash yield from this whale up to about \$1,900. The total weight of the animal, from carefully calculated measurements, must have been close to one hundred and twenty tons.

The whale fishery carried on around Beaufort Inlet has been in existence many years, and the whalers of that locality are second to none in their knowledge of the business of whaling, and in coolness and courage in carrying it out. On the spring migration northward the whales come inshore below Cape Lookout, and during this season the whale boats are always kept in readiness along the beach, above high-

water mark, ready to be run into the water as soon as a "fish" is sighted. The boats used are built specially for this purpose by the local boat builders. They are about twenty feet in length, sharp at both ends, clinker built, and each carries a crew of six men. The crew includes a steersman, four rowers, and a harpooner or gunner, who, while working up to a whale, pulls the fifth, or bow oar. The weapons and tackle used in each boat include a whale gun, several harpoons and lances, with short wraps, long wraps, drags, etc. The whale gun is a very heavy, short, single barreled shoulder piece, weighing in the neighborhood of fifty pounds. It is loaded with an explosive bomb nearly as long as the barrel, about eighteen inches, and one and one-half inches in diameter. This projectile is ground to sharp cutting edges at the point, while at the butt end it is narrowed to allow the rubber "feathers" to be wrapped around it to act as a gas check. When fired from the gun the "feathers" unfold and act in the same way as the feathers to an arrow in keeping the bomb "end on" and preventing wobbling. It contains one-quarter of a pound of powder and is exploded by a two-second fuse, the fuse being ignited by the discharge of the gun. Explosive bombs are displacing the older harpoon and lance to some extent, but are usually used in conjunction with them. The bombs cost about four dollars apiece. The harpoons are technically known as "irons," and are of two patterns, the two-flued and the toggle iron. Both of these have a line attached and are thrown into the whale to make it fast. The former is the older pattern and is not as good a weapon as the latter. It is really a spear with a broad triangular blade

with deep and wide barbs, so as to give the best possible hold when thrown into a whale. The blade of both this and the toggle iron is made of steel, ground very sharp, and the shank and socket of the very toughest and best quality of Swedish iron that can be procured, as it must be capable of withstanding the constant and sudden bending in any and all directions that it has to undergo when once fast in a whale. The toggle iron has a similar shank to the former, but instead of being fixed to the shank the head is hinged in such a way that when the backward pull of the line comes on the iron a projector catches in the wound, and the whole head turns crosswise to the shank, completely anchoring the iron in the flesh beyond any possibility of tearing out. Both these patterns have a long wooden handle fitting loosely into the socket of the iron, so that it comes out easily when the whale starts off. The line, or warp, is made fast around the shank, and is either a "short" warp of seven fathoms, with a block of wood for a drag at the other end, or else is a "long warp" of forty or fifty fathoms, which is handled from the boat and kept fast until it has to be cut away or cast off to prevent the boat being pulled under. This long warp also has a block of wood at the end, the line being run through a hole near one end of the block. The harpooner, as soon as the iron is thrown, throws all the warp overboard and then sticks the short end of the block under the head cap of the boat and holds on to the long end like grim death. Whenever it becomes necessary to cast off he just tips the block over forwards, and the boat is free without any danger of a member of the crew fouling the line being dragged over with it. The lance is elliptical-bladed,

with no barbs, and a much longer shank than the harpoon. It is used to kill the whale after it has been harpooned and chased until pretty well exhausted. Then the boat is run right up on its back, the harpooner picks up his lance and drives it deep down between the ribs into the lungs, jabbing it up and down with a stabbing motion until the movements of the whale warn him to withdraw it and back off.

The whale fishing on this coast is entirely co-operative, every man engaged in a hunt sharing equally after certain other charges are paid from the proceeds. Each gun draws two shares, one share goes to the owner of each boat, each full set of tackle (harpoons, lances, warps, etc.) draws two-thirds of a share, while the harpooner and steersman of each boat draw the other third of the tackle share. The men actually in the boat constitute the crew in sharing, whether regular members of that crew or not, and if any one of the regular crew is not on hand to take his place in the boat as it puts off his place is filled, and the substitute draws the share belonging to the position. Besides the above charges there is one of five gallons of oil to each kettle used in trying out. The proceeds, that is the oil and whalebone, are sold to the highest bidder, and the amount realized divided as above, the benefits of a valuable take being thus distributed throughout a whole neighborhood.

It is an unwritten law of the whalers that a "fish" belongs to the first boat that puts in an iron so long as it keeps fast to the whale, or until it calls in other boats to help. Then all share as above, no matter how much or how small a part any individual one takes in the capture. As a rule, the first boat lets in all local boats that are at hand,

and all turn in and assist not only in the killing, but in the cutting up and trying out.

The westward end of Shackleford's banks can muster four or five whale-boats and crews; one or more at the Cape and one or more at Morehead. The smaller whale mentioned in this article was killed by the Cape crews at the first shot.

So far this season, 1894, the run of whales has been earlier than usual. The one killed on March 20 was the second one captured and the sixth that had been chased. A peculiar feature of the business is that the right whales only appear on the coast during the spring migration to the northward, and are never seen on their return journey to the south in the fall.

After a whale is caught, then comes the very necessary and more unpleasant operation of cutting up and trying out. The carcass is hauled up as high as possible on the beach, lines fastened to anchors sunk in the sand are made fast and the tide allowed to wash it up as high as it will. The head is cut off and the whalebone cut out of the upper jaws in blocks and piled up like a shock of corn. The tongue is next cut out in pieces, being too large to handle whole. That belonging to the one examined must have weighed about two tons. The tools used in cutting up are known as spades. They are long and broad-bladed chisels, ground very sharp and fitted with a long wooden handle. The whole tool is some six or eight feet long, and the blade six or eight inches across. The blubber is cut in long strips with a pushing, jabbing motion of the spade, and then crosswise so as to get it off in square blocks small enough for two men to handle. A hole is cut near one edge, a pole run through

and it is then carried across to the try-kettles, which, in this case, were about one-fourth mile away. Besides the blubber and tongue, the lips and the flukes of the tail also go to the try-pots, and with them any fat they can get from the inside of the body cavity. The color of the blubber is a beautiful salmon pink, and it looks good enough to eat. After the blubber has all been cut away from the upper side, the whole of the carcass has to be spaded out in chunks and dragged a short distance away with hooks to enable the cutters to get at the under blubber. The skin is not removed, but is cut away and tried out with the blubber.

The try-kettles are large iron pots of about fifty gallons capacity, and in this case they had two in use set in brick-work over one fire. The blubber, as it is cut from the carcass, is piled up near the try-kettles. It is then "minced," either with a spade in a tub or on a bench with an old scythe blade, and is then thrown into the kettles. As the boiling is finished the oil is dipped out with a long handled copper ladle and poured into the strainer, which consists of a wide-flaring trough with holes in the bottom, the holes being plugged loosely with bullrushes. The strained oil runs into a long dug out trough with a partition across about the center, the partition also having auger holes plugged with bullrushes. This secondary straining renders the oil perfectly clear, and from the lower end of the big trough it runs through a hole in the side into a small movable trough which connects with the bung-hole of the barrel. The barrel lies on its side in a hole in the ground, and as soon as filled is lifted out and replaced by another. The crackling is dumped from the strainer in a pile and used as required,

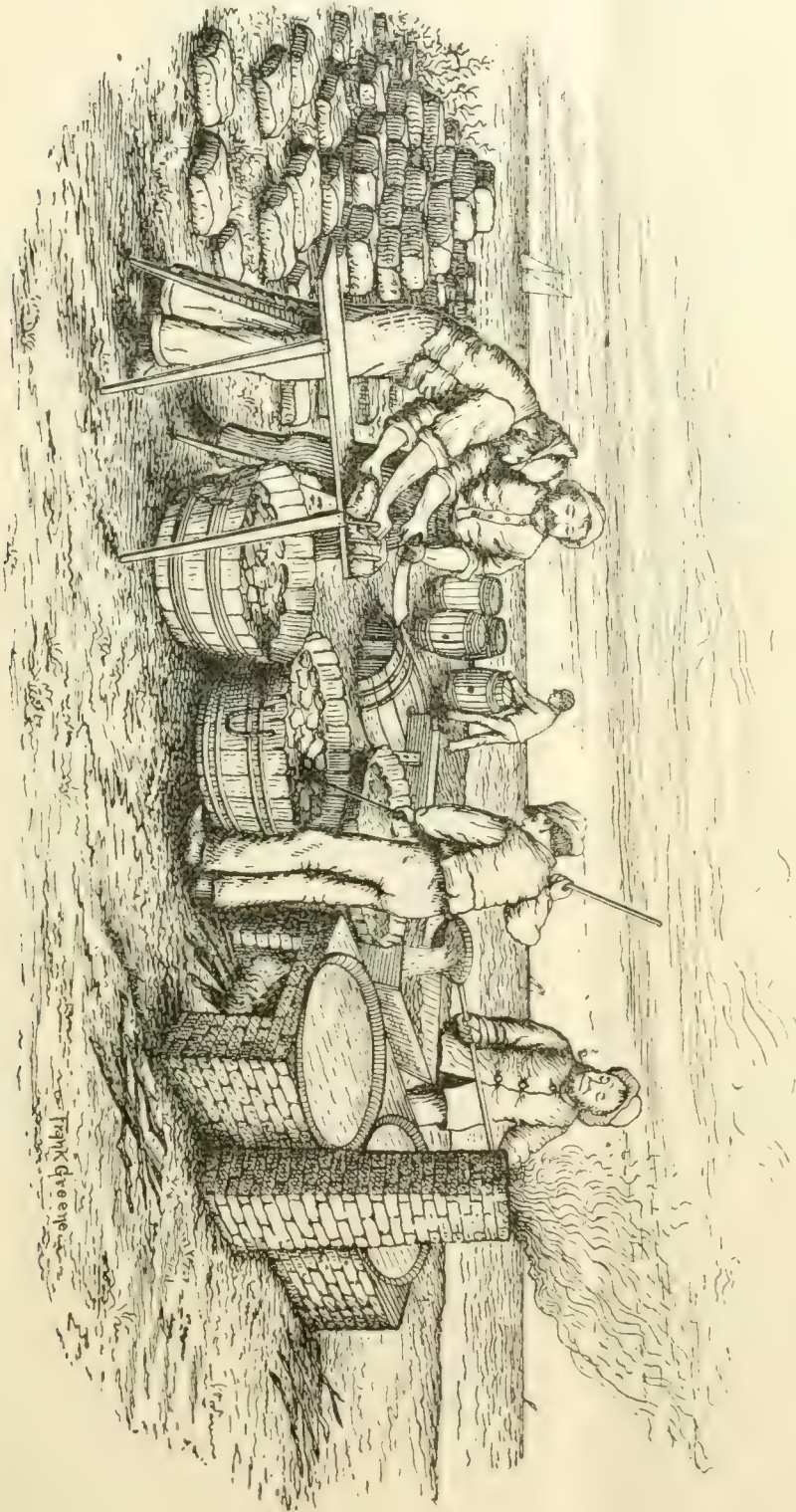
in conjunction with red cedar wood (the common growth on the banks), in keeping up the fire under the pots. On the leeward side of the kettles the

The right or black whale (*Balæna cisarctica*) is the species chiefly caught by the North Carolina whalers. While not yielding as much bone or oil as the

great Arctic bowhead, nor as high-priced oil as the sperm whale, yet, next to these, it is the most valuable of all the whales. Its color is a dense shining ivory black above, while below, the color and appearance is that of the purest polished white ivory, the white often extending some distance up the sides. Sometimes it is pied below and the amount of white is very variable, and sometimes, again, pure black specimens are killed, showing no white at all. The line between the colors is always sharply defined, although the dividing line is very irregular. There is no shading between the black and white and the color extends clear through the skin to the pink blubber below, whether the color be black or white. The white-bellied whales yield the most oil, and they usually have a patch of white on the tip of each fluke, so that if only the flukes are seen as the whale goes down, the fishermen can often tell whether or not it is a white-belly that they are pursuing.

steam from the boiling oil, combined with the thick smoke of the burning crackling, makes the smell one to be remembered.

The bull is about the same size as the cow, but is more slender and does not yield quite as much oil. The whalebone of commerce is a horny substance

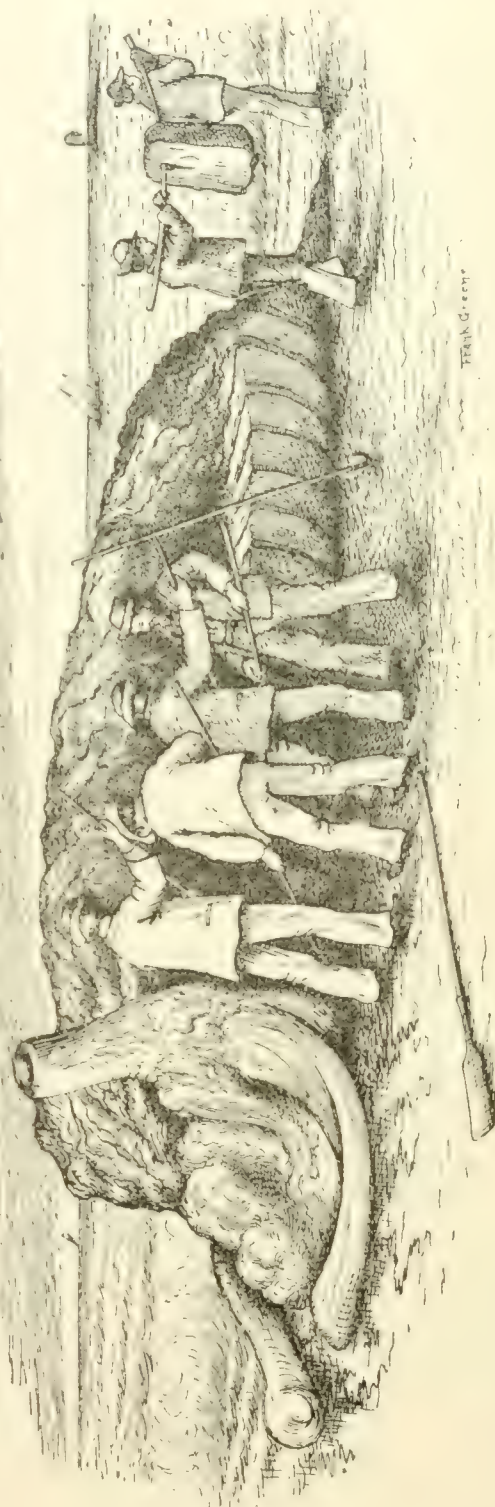


Trying Out Oil.

that grows from the narrow roof of the mouth in thin plates, downwards and outwards towards the lower jaws on each side. It is shredded out into fine hairs on the inner edge of the plates and they (the plates) number about 365. Their use in life is easily explained. The animal, when in search of food, opens its great mouth wide, and, swimming through dense schools of small mollusks and crustaceans, takes in tons of water as well, then closing its mouth, the water strains out through the hair-like inside of the whalebone and the solid matter left is promptly swallowed.

This species, as well as all the rest of the whalebone whales, is entirely destitute of teeth. The sperm whale has teeth in the lower jaw only, and most of the smaller members of the group, the killers, dolphins, blackfish, etc., are well provided with plenty of teeth in both jaws. The structure of all the whales is modified to suit their mode of life. The blow holes or openings to the nose are situated directly on the top of the head so as to enable the animal to breathe on just touching the surface. They are warm blooded and suckle their young after birth as do all land mammals. The fore limbs are developed as fins or flippers, while the hind ones are entirely wanting. The tail is broadly flattened until it resembles that of a fish, but is flattened horizontally instead of vertically, and is a very powerful propeller. The body is usually bulky and robust, but many members of the group are exceedingly quick and active in the water. The spouting or blowing is caused by the expulsion of air and vapor, mingled with some water, from the lungs as the animal comes up to breathe, and the spouting of blood is a sure sign that

the whale is mortally wounded and that the end of the chase is near. A striking feature of all the whale family



Cutting Blubber.

is the extreme oiliness of every part of them, even the half inch thick skin of a large right whale being of a loose, spongy texture, and its tissues fully saturated with oil. The tongue is not

much more than a huge mass of fat, and even the bones are saturated with grease. In the carcass of the Beaufort whale I noticed thin streams of oil trickling down all sides and soaking down into the sand, and the smell of the oil remained on my pocket knife for a week.

Whales are the largest of all animals that exist now or ever have existed, and no fossil remains, even, have been found of any other animals equaling them in size. The largest of all is said to be the great sulphur bottom (*Sibbaldius sulphureus*), which sometimes reaches a length of 100 feet.

The love of its offspring is a striking feature in the female whale. They are frequently seen on our coast attended by a very young sucking calf, and the mother manifests a very strong interest

in its young one's welfare. Instances have been seen of the mother lifting its wounded calf above the surface for it to breathe, even though she were wounded to death and spouting blood herself. She will stay close around the calf until she is sure of its death before thinking of leaving it to its fate, no matter how closely the boats are pressing and fighting her.

Other species found on this coast are the finback (*Sibbaldius trectirostris*), scrag whale (*Agaphelus gibbosus*), Humpback (*Magaptera longimana*), killer (*Orca orca*), blackfish (*Globicephalus melas*), and, occasionally, the sperm whale (*Physeter macrocephalus*); but the right whale is the only one systematically pursued by the local whalers, most of the others being harder to secure and less valuable when taken.

FISHING.

IZAAK WALTON.

Who hunts, doth oft in danger ride ;
 Who hawks, lures oft both far and wide ;
 Who uses games, shall often prove
 A loser, but who falls in love
 Is fettered in fond Cupid's snare—
 My angle breeds me no such care.

Of recreation there is none
 So free as fishing is alone ;
 All other pastimes do no less
 Than mind and body both possess,
 My hand alone my work can do,
 So I can fish and study too.

AMONG THE FISHES OF JAMAICA.

BY SHANDON.

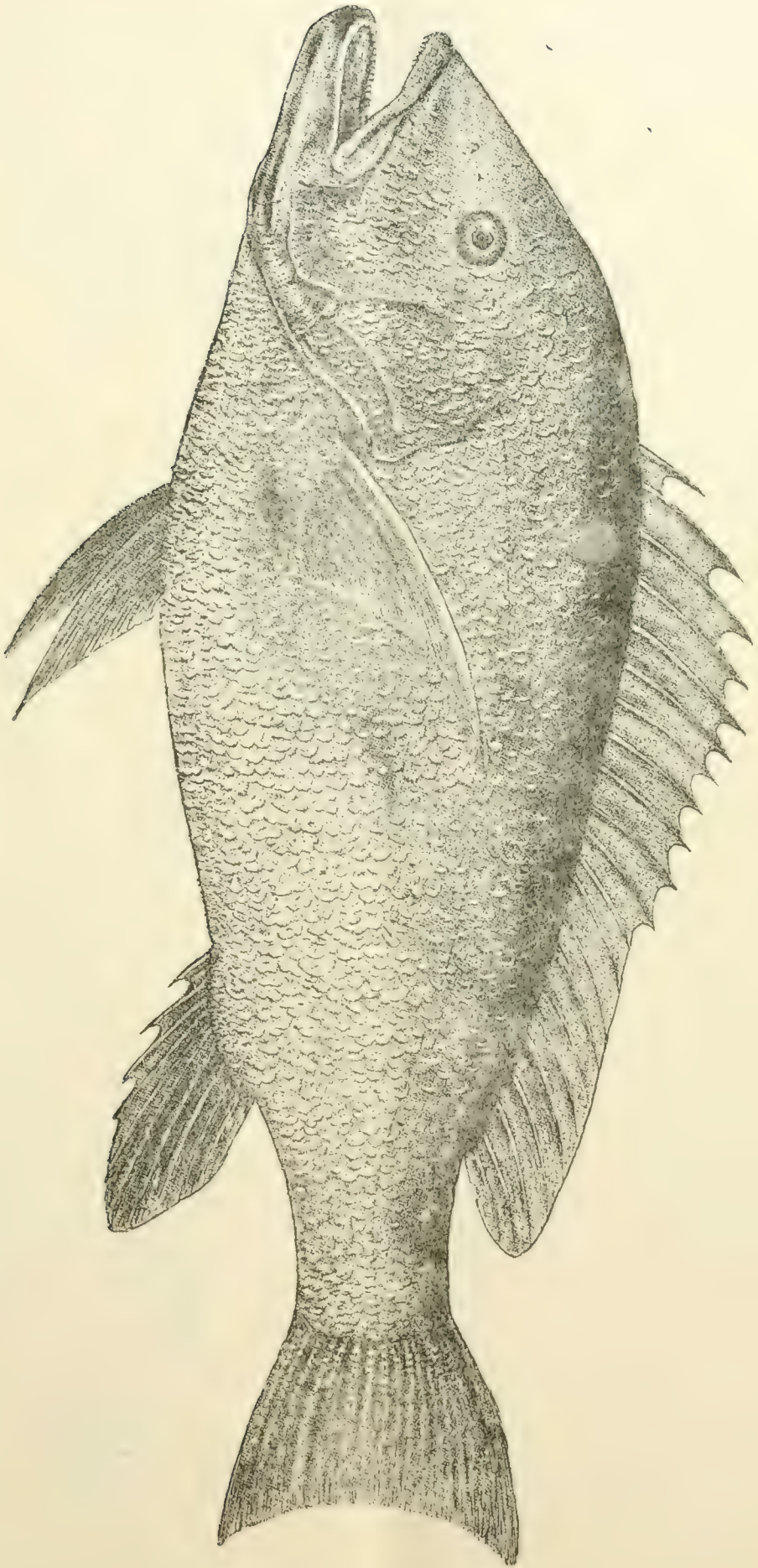
While THE ANGLER's friends and subscribers have been wrapped in fur-lined overcoats and gratefully accepting the genial warmth afforded by blazing stoves and steam generators, shaking hands with "Tom and Jerry," and clearing "stone fences," I have been basking under tropical skies, swayed to and fro in a grass hammock, suspended between two immense cocoa palms, by breezes impregnated with the aromatic odors which lime, nutmeg and cinnamon groves breathe, while old ocean, gently fretting against its coral bars with musical murmur, supplied a dreamy symphony.

The languor of tropical existence is delightful, and for awhile split bamboos and piscatorial lures are forgotten. Sufficeth it to live and have one's being, to watch the chameleon lizard as it runs along the boughs in search of insect prey, or the ruby-cruled hummingbird flitting like a mammoth bee from flower to flower, for "where the bee sucks there is he." To forget the city's turmoil, its rush and weary din, the endless progress of street cars, the rattle and crash of the elevated roads, together with the thousand and one inconveniences of mercantile turmoil, is to die the death of the righteous, but a resurrection in one of "the isles," surrounded by towering peaks and charmingly indented bays, with glorious vegetation reflected almost in the clear, blue water, is an elysian awakening to be experienced to be fully identified and enjoyed.

Here revels the kingfish in all his

glory, the wild, untamable barracouta, the deep set, broad backed grouper, whose azure blue and silver scales give him such a gorgeous appearance as to engender the fancy that he belongs to Arabianitish waters presided over by genii or conjured up in the imagination of some prehistoric Captain Cook. The number and variety of fish abounding in West Indian waters is so great as to almost defy description. Even the rivers or brooks, for they are no more than volcanic ravines, supplied for the most part by rain water, teem with a small gray mullet, and a fish common to most of the islands, called *Cro cro*.

The mullet rarely reach a pound in weight, but the *Cro cro* is killed as heavy as eight pounds. I yesterday saw one of six pounds nine ounces, which had run into a wooden sluice used for turning a sugar mill wheel, and been there captured by some of the mill hands. It is a handsomely shaped fish, not unlike the striped bass, but with a larger head and mouth than the mullet, gamey and giving an immensity of trouble. This is for the most part due to their great strength, the fine tackle which must be used to insure success, and the heavy tree fern and palm vegetation interlaced with pampas growth which at intervals forms an arcade over the pools where they lie *perdu*. Any small gay fly used for white trout will tempt them, but the death killer is a small grasshopper found on the bank, of which a quarter-developed nigger will procure a sufficiency to meet a morning's fishing for a



Red Snapper.

few pennies, if the darkey be not satiated with bread, fruit and sugar cane.

The only time to tempt the river's denizens is from 6:30 A. M. to 10 A. M., when a fair amount of sport may be obtained if there happens to be a little freshet. The mullet rush from the sea up the available brooks in schools, separating as they get into the aforementioned pools and reaches. They rise readily, but somehow play with the fly rather than make the determined heavy plunge indicative of free taking. When hooked, they dance about and jump, like charr, clear out of the water, creating quite a modest disturbance. Two dozen, averaging four ounces, with a stray *Cro cro*, is a very good morning's work and deserving of the orthodox ante-breakfast "swizzle," a recipe for which the colonial surgeon and chief swizzler of the Anglers' Club, of St. Vincent, will forward to any New York brother if in return he is supplied the *kræct cyard* for blending "an angler's' delight," which to me is the unknown quantity in some American piscatorial equation, which has evidently been resolved into components.

"Sea, sah!" Such is the pleasing reminder that it is 6 A. M., and if you wish to tempt the finny beauties, large and rare, you must not take another turn, but up at once and into a glorious bath, if you prefer not the open sea. In all West Indian houses bathing is the first consideration, and certainly a plunge into a cistern nine feet square, with four feet of water, is in such a climate a supreme luxury. Rods are fixed, lines and gearing overhauled, some slight refection packed away, and everything is ready for starting. By this time the sun is just beginning to bathe the topmost cones and ridges in carmine splendor and the sea slowly

assumes a deep purple-blue tinge, through which the boat, glancing on its way to the feeding banks, throws aside cerulean spray shimmering with silver and gold.

Grouper and red snapper frequent the same feeding haunts and take the same bait. They run large, especially the snapper, and, should a stiff bait rod be used with fairly light tackle, give good play. The grouper, though, is the fish *par excellence*, for it is fastidious and wary, and once hooked, it tries as many artifices to get loose as a boodle alderman under the district attorney's tender manipulation. The usual snooding for grouper tackle is about two feet of medium brass wire. I, however, found a foot line of double twisted salmon gut about three feet long, with a straight bent Limerick No. 3, sufficiently leaded to keep the line taut, a far more efficacious method of capture. The best bait is shrimp or a small crab found along the shore, but a scalp off any fresh fish, if not mauled in setting up, will, in all probability, tempt the variegated devils to give you their acquaintance. I have killed many fish in many waters, but never experienced the difficulty attendant on bringing a six pound grouper to gaff when using the tackle described.

If a grouper is hungry he means business, and quickly lets you know he does not understand restraint and that he will not calmly tolerate your indulgent humor, but brings at once tricks beyond your varied experience to bear so as to test your patience to the utmost; woe! if you are nervous. A savage run of twenty yards at such a rate that to attempt a check would mean crash! smash! and go home, followed by a sudden double in all probability under the boat and that so rapid

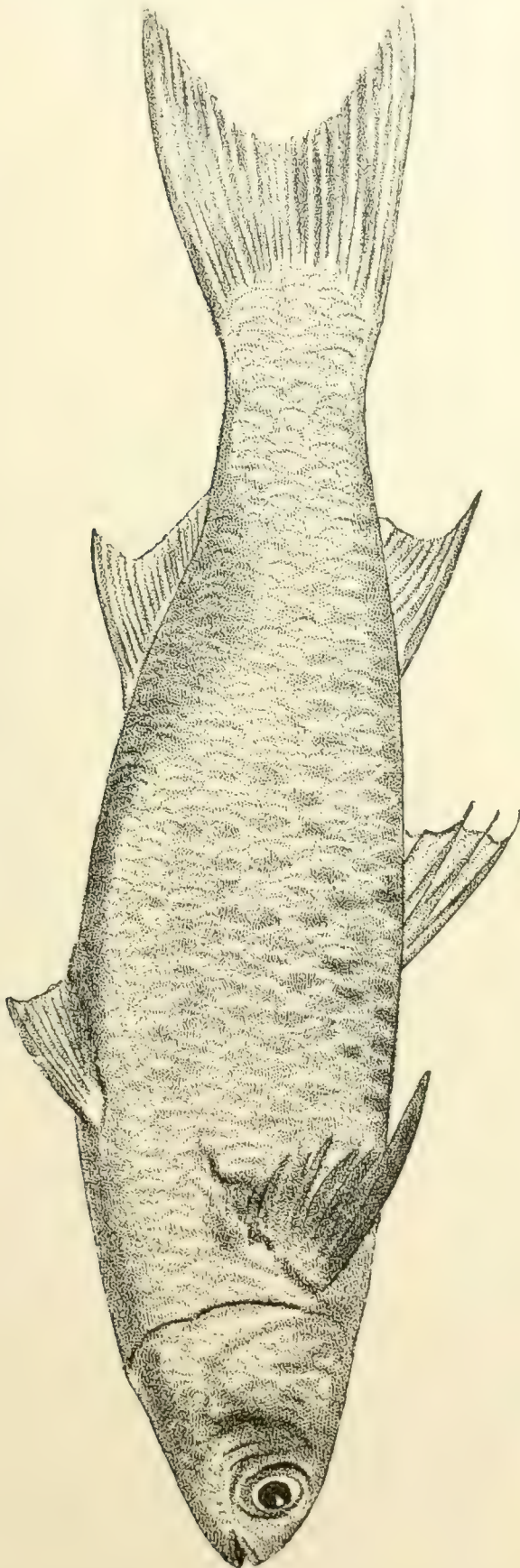
that no possible skill can wind in the slack. Several circus mule antics, dur-

not, all the time his splendid form stealing every shade and color from wave and sun, a veritable royal fish clothed in purple and gold. My first capture scaled thirteen pounds and seven ounces and took nearly half an hour to get him alongside. From this it may be surmised one must be satisfied with a few, as when the sun approaches meridian power the feeding banks are deserted for deep water.

Readers of THE ANGLER are too well acquainted with snapper fishing to wish for enlightenment, but this I will say: The most greedy of anglers all can fill the largest Fulton Market slab should the day be favorable.

Before I close this paper, I must not forget to mention the gar fish or ballahoo, which, to my mind, affords the most agreeable morning sport. Use a light ten foot split bamboo, with a casting line, accommodating three small white moths, and your hands are full, especially should you hook three together, which is not unusual, but impossible to land. The fish, which bears a strong similitude to the swordfish, needs no description further than that it runs from two ounces to eight ounces and rises readily, but is difficult of hooking, its mouth being small, tender and peculiarly situated. When brought to the cook they are acceptable, forming, when curried, a very desirable breakfast dish, far more delicate than the far-famed barbadian flying fish. They can be caught quite readily from any pier or jetty, or, for that matter, from the beach itself.

In my next I will describe a day with the kingfish and barracouta, with, as a "*bonne bouche*," a run after a whale, should the fates prove propitious in the interim.



White or Silver Mullet.

ing which you cannot determine whether the hook is true to its barb or

THE SHEEPSHEAD AND GROUPER IN FLORIDA WATERS.

BY L. D. BARNABY.

Since my arrival in Florida I have caught thirteen species of fishes, and this within a space of five weeks. Of these thirteen new species, to me, I will favor the reader short descriptions, after I have become better acquainted with them, but for the present the only ones with which I am familiar is the sheepshead and the grouper. The sheepshead, both north and south, is abundant in St. Sebastian bay, on the Indian river, and on account of its high rank as a table delicacy is eagerly sought for by all, as well as by the scientific angler for the pleasure derived from its capture.

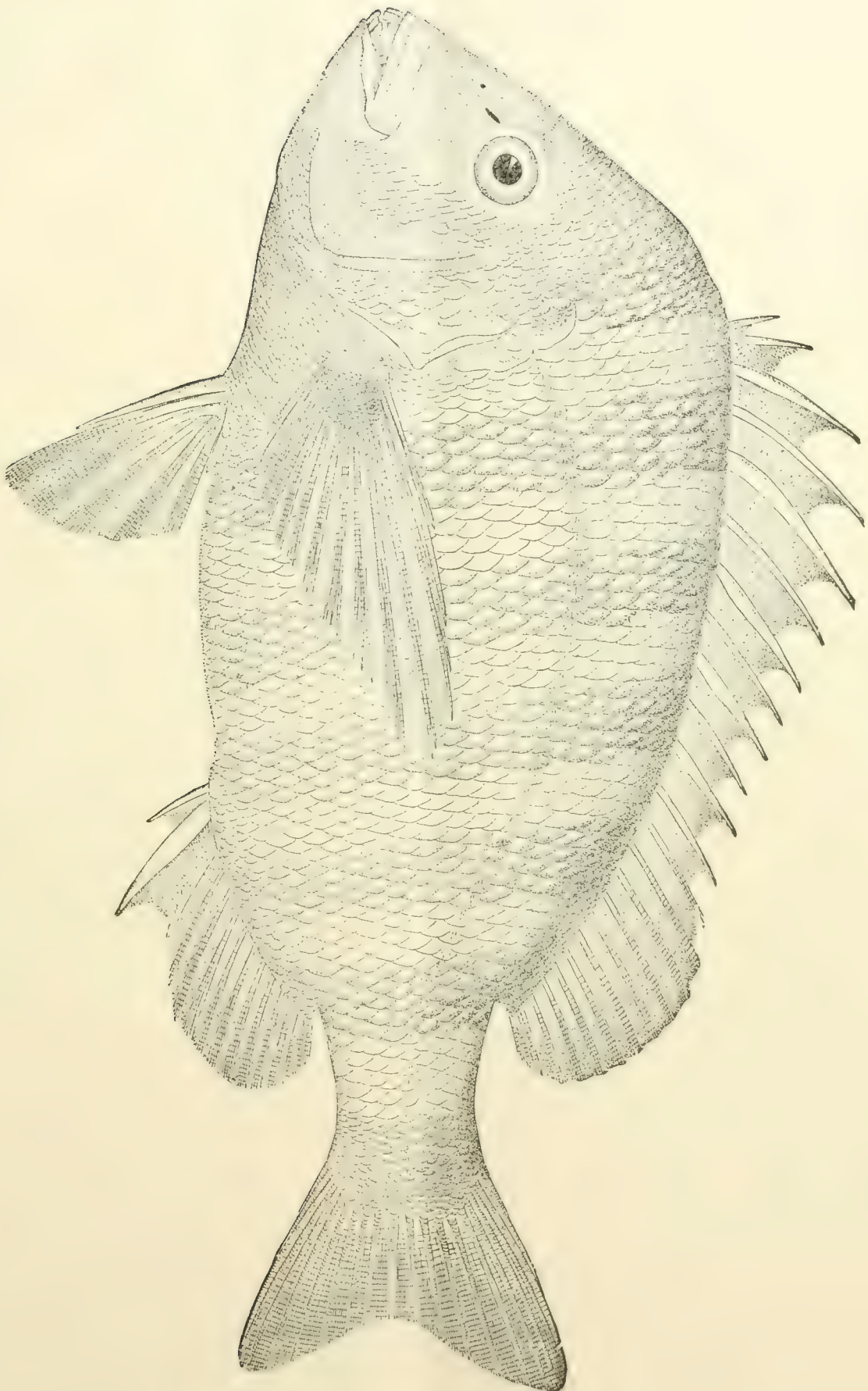
The first sample of sheepshead that were brought onto the table, fried crisp and brown, were sufficient in excellence to cause an investigation as to their method of capture. I learned they were taken, along with channel bass, mullet, seacats and others in a gillnet, set over night for the purpose, but that they could be taken with hook and line from the little wharf in front of the house. In short order a number of enthusiastic anglers could be seen comfortably seated in chairs at the wharf attempting to lure the barred fish, while others, more venturesome, were trying their luck from boats. The luck from boat and wharf was about equal, as to numbers, but the boats well out from shore were favored with larger fish.

Those of the fishers who used oysters, cut up for bait, made the largest scores; the almost universally successful mullet bait being but slightly attractive in

comparison with the bivalves. Small crabs, especially what is called the fiddler, were also used as a successful bait.

The sheepshead is very partial to the neighborhood of old wharves or where old timbers are lying in the water, and to which barnacles are adhering. The roots of mangroves are favorite resorts for this species, and all along Indian river, where mangroves border the shores, this fish may be found in varying numbers and of different sizes. Here, where barnacles swarm, and oysters hang in festoons from the roots and pendant branches, the sheepshead may be seen passing in and out of the labyrinth of passages. The species is provided with a set of powerful teeth, which, though not of the savage kind, with which the sharks are armed, are sufficient for purposes required, namely, for breaking into the shells of the mollusks, lobsters, etc. It is said that the sheepshead has sufficient power to open an oyster, and it is not to be doubted that a good-sized one could accomplish this. From analysis of the contents of stomachs it is easy to satisfy yourself that large and strong-shelled animals, both mollusks and articulates, are fed upon.

Thus far we have only caught comparatively small specimens, four pounds and under, but they are taken here, I am informed, weighing as high as eight pounds. The majority of the catch are under a pound, and much resemble in size, shape and even in their actions, the common strawberry bass or calico



The Sheepshead.

bass of the North. A sheepshead of a pound or two gives considerable sport, but the smaller ones are much inclined to take off that bait. So skillful are they at this business that not infrequently a hook has to be baited a dozen times before one is hooked. Owing to the small size of the mouth the hook must be small as well as very strong. It did not take long to convince us that the Aberdeen hooks were not durable enough for this kind of sport.

It is claimed that Florida sheepshead are smaller in size than those further north, and that those of Indian river are smaller than in other parts of the state. This species is found as far north as Cape Cod, but not in any numbers beyond New Jersey; it is also claimed that in many cases the fish is now scarce where it was abundant fifty years ago. It is evident to the observer here, as well as repeatedly noticed at the North, that the sheepshead is not constant at certain localities—being abundant at times and again very scarce for a long time.

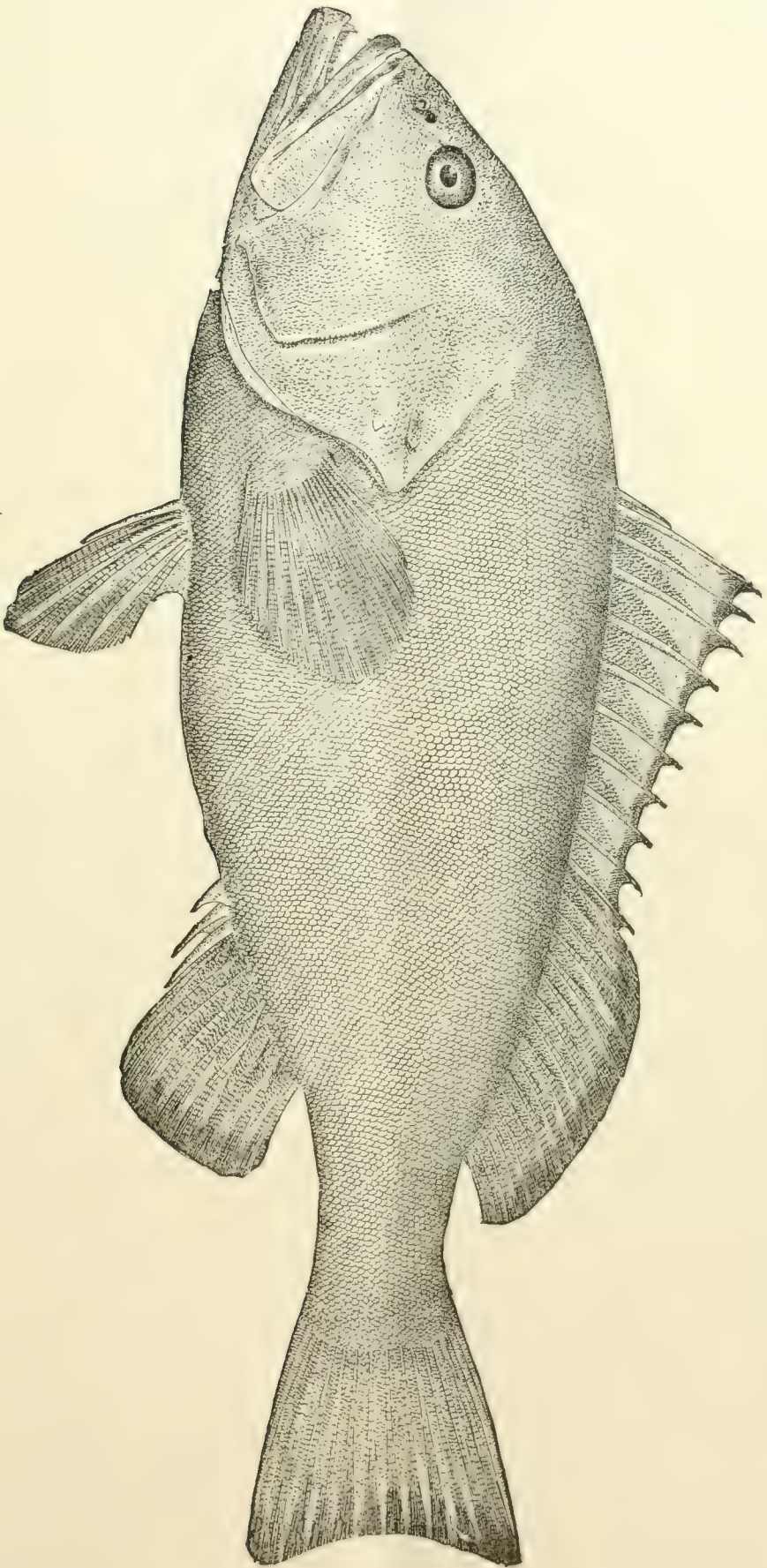
The spawning season here is in April and May, and, in fact, the large number of fish now found in the smaller lagoons along the Indian river are said to indicate the approach of the spawning time.

In fishing for sheepshead only one point is necessary in reference to tackle, and that is that strong double hooks are to be used. There is a hook here, called the sheepshead hook, which seems to have been manufactured for the purpose. I never saw anything like it at the North. The advantage of a strong hook may be known when a look is taken at the jaws and teeth. It is well, if large fish are being caught, to have a long shank, or, better still, a twisted wire snell, else the line may be

parted by the sharp teeth. Thus far I have found a Sproat hook all sufficient on a gimp snell, and have caught some on single gut, but it is risky. Of course, as large a line may be used as desired, and the tendency to the use of large lines is quite noticeable in this region, where small fish as well as sharks are all taken on the same line. The natives look with suspicion and a smile on my tackle, but as yet my line has not broken, although my stock of tips is getting low from the pulls of heavy channel bass.

When a sheepshead starts on a tour of inspection about one's hook, he first nibbles very slightly and rarely engulfs the bait at once. The fisherman, if he is alert to his interest, readily detects the nibble and jerks suddenly, a method not by any means satisfactory as a rule, particularly if the bait is a crab, for the fish quite frequently appropriates several legs and claws before finally charging the body and hook. When we found that oyster bait was desirable, but so easily disintegrated as to be readily pulled off, we looked about for a tougher substitute. We found it in the animal or mollusk of the pinna shell, which proved very attractive as well as tenacious in substance.

Perhaps it is well to describe this fish for the benefit of those fishers outside of the habitat of the sheepshead. It is entirely unlike the sheepshead of fresh water, known also as fresh water drum, and belongs to the family *Sparidae*. The peculiar name given to it from the arrangement of its teeth, I am informed. This, however, is a poor reason for naming the fish, and the man who gave the name had little knowledge of the arrangement of teeth in the front of the jaws in all ruminants, and sheep in particular. The sheep has no incisor



The Red Grouper.

or front teeth in its upper jaw, while the fish is amply provided. The seven dark bands running from dorsal fin across sides to belly is the best and most characteristic marking of the species, and one by which it can always be told both in the young and old.

Those of your fortunate readers who visit Florida this winter will be introduced to a rare and interesting variety of fish—the red grouper. It is reckoned next in importance to the sea bass as a commercial fish, and specimens are sometimes caught which attain a weight of forty to fifty pounds. This is a heavy fish to hang to a line, especially if there is life in him. Dead weight is weighty enough when your tackle is light. But Florida tackle should not be light, as a rule, but quite the reverse. Mr. Sam C. Clark, whose experience is worth regarding, says:

“Fish of most kinds being most abundant near the shore where the bottom is covered with snags and roots of the mangrove, the hooks often get fast and are lost. In many places the bottom is paved with oyster shells, which cut off a fine line. Therefore silkworm gut is not suited for this fishing, nor is it necessary for these bold biting fish. Sharks cut off many lines, and rays break them, so that a line of one hundred yards long is generally used up in one season.

We lose five or six hooks daily, on an average, and some sinkers. For red bass, salt water trout, groupers, snappers, and cavalli, I use New York bass hooks, Nos. 1 and 2.

A Cuttyhunk linen line, fifteen thread, three hundred feet long, will hold and kill most of the fish encountered on this coast. Of course a five hundred pound jewfish, a tarpon six feet long, or a ray six feet across, will get away

with the tackle. Reel, a multiplier, of brass or German silver, to hold one hundred yards, provided with a drag to increase resistance. Thumb stalls of heavy knitted yarn are necessary, to save cut and bruised fingers in a fight with a runaway fish.

A bamboo rod eight and a half to nine feet long, in three, or better in two pieces, will stand the hard work of three or four winters in Florida; it is light and handy, costs only four or five dollars, and will last as long and kill as many and as big fish, as a rod costing twenty-five dollars. Other necessary tools are a landing net for sheepshead and small bass, and a large gaff hook with a handle four or five feet long. A pocket revolver, for shooting sharks and big rays, I have seen used in a boat.

As most of the fishing is done from a boat in shallow water, a light flat-bottomed skiff ten or twelve feet long, and from two and one-half to three feet wide is most convenient.

For rod fishing, one angler is enough in a boat, the stern being the only comfortable place to fish from. Of hand-line fishermen, three or four could be accommodated in the same space. The most essential thing of all is to have a boatman who is handy with a casting net, for on this depends your supply of mullet bait. Your boat should be anchored at bow and stern, so as to hold her in position against wind and tide; a few feet one way or the other often makes great difference in the catch.

The grouper is taken on the bottom in deep channels and holes, near the roots of the mangrove trees, under which it makes its stronghold. It is never found far from this fortress, to which it retreats when alarmed, or when hooked. The usual bait is mullet, either

cut or whole; the latter being more attractive, and taking the larger specimens. It is voracious, but shy, and easily alarmed, and after one has escaped from the hook, or after the capture of two or three, the others seem to take fright and will seldom take a bait in that place for some days. When hooked—and it is always near its hole that a grouper takes a bait—it makes straight for the roots, and can only by main force be kept from getting under them, so that only those of moderate size can be taken with rod and reel—say up to five or six pounds weight. The larger ones can only be landed with a heavy hand line. It is a trial of strength between the man and his tackle and the fish; the latter, if of large size, often proving the stronger, and breaking line or hook, or reaching its fortress, from whence it cannot be dislodged, the result being loss of tackle and of patience. The rod fisher loses half the number of groupers that he hooks. I think I have never been able to kill on a rod a grouper over five pounds in weight. If he would only fight in open water like the red bass, he could be tired out; but he gives the angler no play.

The flesh of this species is fine, rich

and well flavored, and is highly prized, perhaps partly on account of the scarcity of the fish and difficulty of taking it. It much resembles the red bass when in good condition. There is no record of its having been captured north of Florida, according to Silas Stearns, who has made the Florida coast fishes a special study. It is extremely abundant in the Gulf of Mexico, as well as on the south Florida coast, and is found throughout the year on "the grounds" at sea, and in summer in some of the bays. He thinks it spawns in June and July in both places. Young groupers an inch long have been obtained in June. While it takes mullet bait, it is even more fond of crabs, of which it consumes enormous quantities. Large horny crabs in almost perfect condition are often found inside of it. At Key West a large fleet of smacks is employed in its capture for the Cuban market. It is very tenacious of life and will remain alive several hours out of water. It is admirably adapted for long transportation on this account. Garroupa is a Spanish name, of which grouper and groper are corruptions. It is often seen in the New York market, where it brings twelve to fifteen cents a pound.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Under this Department Heading queries relative to Angling, Ichthyology and Fish Culture will be answered.]

• Reminiscences of Nessmuk.

[Continued from January ANGLER.]

On January 17, 1883, we received the annexed personal letter and verses, the latter being written on the receipt of a tobacco pouch from one of his New York City friends:

I smoke my first from the pouch to night,
As I watch the snow drift over the lawn,
And muse on the days when hope was bright,
And the trusty comrades dead and gone.

Ach, Gott! that the weakest should longest stay,
While the best and bravest were first to go—
That my stoutest comrade should pass away,
And leave me out in the blinding snow.

* * * * *

Oh, Etheridge Nye,
The winds go by;
The beard o' the thistle sails out to sea,
And the hearts of gold,
That I loved of old,
Have gone with the thistle down far a lee.

Etheridge Nye is the only man I have ever hunted with who could pick up a 200-pound buck and carry it to camp without wincing. Pathologically speaking, he ought to have outstayed me by fifty years. In point of fact, I lived to feed him gruel from a spoon on his dying bed.

Let me here make a point, and have done: "Etheridge Nye," Sime McCulloch," and "Gurd Steele," were three of the most splendid backwoods giants I have ever seen. Looking at them, as we were "in swimming" on the banks of the Susquehanna River, I have wept with sorrow as I looked on their fine forms, and contrasted them with my little 101 pounds. They are all buried; and I am stronger, better, than I was then. Why and wherefore this should be thus, no man knows.

NESSMUK.

"My Father's Rod"—A First Fly Cast.

Prior to the year 1886, like "Camp Fire," I had not been initiated into the mystic signs and symbols of the fly fisher. I had always taken *cum grano salis* all articles I read of two and three pounders taken on an eight ounce rod, with light tackle and silver doctors. Seth Greens and brown hackles were not in it as compared with a chub or a helgramite on a heavy line and a strong reed rod.

During the winter of the above year, by a change in the agency of the railroad company, a young man was placed in the position made vacant, and shortly afterwards I became acquainted with him. Then began the introductory conversation and signs and symbols that puzzled our friend "Camp Fire." I listened to wonderful exploits; how "father took twenty-eight bass one afternoon from 3 o'clock until dusk, just out of town, and a four pound bass one morning down under the big chestnut on the bank"; and how "brother Jack would take fifteen or twenty big fellows after quitting work in the evening, all on father's old eight ounce rod," with more as to the kinds of flies, the condition of the water and all details clearly described. I "took it in."

We went trout fishing when the season opened, and sometime during the month of May he presented to my gaze "father's wonderful rod." I gazed and remarked:

"Do you mean to say that your father landed a four pound bass with this switch; this rod so 'fearfully and wonderfully made,' of a dark cherry color?"

It was wrapped here and there with heavy cord, and the serpentine shape of the tip which was also wrapped near the middle, made a remarkable appearance.

One day in June I had a bucket of chubs ready and we went fishing. My new-found friend had "that rod," with all the necessary complements thereto; I had my jointed bait rod of about fifteen feet and tackle to suit. I

watched him casting (that is, he called it "casting") here and there and, as I failed to see any responsive movement on the part of the bass, I remarked that our bass in this country wanted solid food. I caught several fine fish from some of the pools as we came down stream, but failed to see my friend with the "signs and symbols" come in with any bass.

As we neared the big pool, called the Sulphur Spring Hole, I was picking my way carefully along the precipitous sides of the river's bank, when a yell from my friend arrested my movements. Mentally resolving "snakes," I turned and beheld him standing transfixed with both hands grasping "that rod," which was gyrating in a most wonderful manner. I hastened to assist him and, after a little maneuvering, we landed a bass eight inches long if an inch. I moved on with the parting remark:

"You might fool those little fellows, but the old fellows are not so green."

One or two more baby bass landed by my friend, and then he remarked. "Here, Alex, try it." I concluded to "try it," as the opposite side of the river afforded more space for me to make a cast. I crossed on a convenient foot log; as the water at this point enters the pool at this declivity, there was considerable of a riffle from three to four feet in depth, and jutting boulders afforded splendid nooks and hiding places for large bass.

I cast; that is, I chucked line, leader and tip of rod all in a bunch, and just the length of the rod. After several more attempts at casting, and with a determination born of despair and the kindly remarks of my friend, I did make a "cast," just on the opposite edge of the riff, behind a large boulder. A splash, a gleam of gold, a mighty tug, a whirring reel, all in a second of time, with my blood frozen in my veins, dilated eyes, hair standing on end, and then another yell from my friend brought me to my senses, and then again a "battle royal," and all the skill I ever read or heard of I put in play on that old bronzebacker. Such mighty rushes, such leaps, and all the fighting knowledge he ever possessed he put in play. But I "held hard," and, crowned with victory, he lay gasping on the sand, a noble specimen of $2\frac{1}{2}$ pound weight, and of a deep bronze color.

Such was my first experience in the great art of fly casting; but since then many hun-

dreds of his family have I taken, larger or smaller, and often two, and many times three at one cast, but no fish, large or small, made such a gallant fight.

I succeeded in taking from that same pool that evening seventeen bass, one or two larger than the above, and none under a pound. I then and there made the solemn declaration that I would believe Dr. Henshall, Professor Wells, or anybody almost as truthful as they are, for the "signs and symbols" are all right.

Many other trips were made by my friend and myself along our, at that time, beautiful stream, but the great flood of 1889 destroyed all vestige of its former beauty, and the opening of many mines have finished the work of destruction, compelling us to wander to other places. Should "Camp Fire" read this communication, he can see how another was initiated into the Greek of the followers of Sir Isaac.

ALEX.

CONEMAUGH, Pa.

Salmon Angling at Bangor.

Will you kindly give me what information you can regarding the salmon fishing at Bangor, Maine. At what time during the spring are the fish best taken? What flies are most successful? Does any angling club control privilege? What hotel accommodations are best?

W. E. D.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

We placed the above queries in charge of Mr. Archibald Mitchell, who is, by odds, the most experienced salmon angler of the Bangor waters, and he has most kindly and courteously responded as follows:

"You ask at what time in the spring are the fish most plenty and best taken. The time at which the best fishing occurs varies each year, according to the time the fish ascend the river, and the condition of the water when the fish are there. Last year the fishing opened the first day the law came off (April 1st), and before the ice had entirely left the river. Probably the best fishing during the season occurred the first week in April. The fish taken at that time must have ascended the river while it was yet frozen over at certain places. This very early opening of the season; however, was exceptional, and took most of the anglers completely by surprise, as the season had never before opened at this time. To make a long story short, the first salmon

may be taken at any time from April 1 to about May 10, and the best fishing may occur at any time from April 1, to say, May 10. It has been my experience that the fish take the fly most eagerly after they have arrived from the salt water, and it seems to make little or no difference whether the water in the river is high or low, if it is only clear enough so that they can see the fly for some distance. But the time that will, on the average, give the best fishing, is during the month of May. If you are not obliged to go at any particular date, and can select your own time, the best thing to do would be to hold yourself in readiness to go on short notice. Correspond with some one at Bangor, have him wire you just as soon as they begin to get good fishing, then start and get there as quickly as possible, for the good fishing spells do not usually last much longer than a week at a time, and no one seems to be able to predict just when good sport will be had. A spring freshet usually occurs, which spoils the fishing for from ten days to two weeks. It may come on any time, but usually from the middle of April to the middle of May; it is caused by the snow melting up the river. I have a number of times got caught in this freshet, went home and returned when the water began to clear up, which is always a time to expect good sport.

"In regard to flies—have plenty of Jack Scotts and silver doctors from 1.0 up to 6.0, and some with double hooks. These are all you will require for early fishing on the Penobscot, but if you intend to be there in June, after the water gets to be low and clear, in addition to the flies named a few sombre colored and smaller flies would be in order.

"The water of the Penobscot river is open to all, but the Penobscot Salmon Club (so called) have erected a fine large club house, and have secured a lease of the shore on the Brewer side of the river, which usually gives the best fishing. By paying ten dollars any one can become a member for the season, and is entitled to the use of the club house and the shores for landing his fish and all other privileges. This is a very reasonable charge for salmon fishing, but there are a number who fish for the market and pay nothing. This is Uncle Sam's fishing, and when you go there you will find it very democratic. Those who have fished in Canada, or elsewhere on leased water, do not, as a rule, like to spend much time there, and seldom put in an appearance

a second time, on account of the great number that fish the water, and the crowd is always greater when the fishing is good. But, despite all this, if one spends time enough on the river to get somewhat acquainted with the "lie spots," that are good at certain stages of the tide, and at different pitches of water, and watches his opportunity, and makes good use of it, he may occasionally secure a little piece of good fishing and get considerable sport.

"You can secure good board at any of the Bangor hotels. The Bangor House and the Penobscot Exchange are the principal ones; they are about one mile from the fishing grounds. If you would prefer to secure board in a private family, close by the river, I would recommend you to correspond with Edward R. Neally, Brewer, or Mrs. Green, Rose Place, Bangor. I have boarded with both at different times, and was quite satisfied with the accommodations."

A Killing Bass Fly.

Mr. Malcolm Shipley, of the firm of A. B. Shipley & Son, fishing tackle dealers, of Philadelphia, sends us a killing bass fly, certainly so on the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers. From the latter water testimony comes from all along its banks of the unusual qualities of this fly, the name of which we have forgotten, and its dressing we cannot give because this hurried notice is written at Marco, Florida, ninety miles eastward from Key West, but we have before us a letter from Mr. D. Sharp, of Phoenixville, Pa., on the Schuylkill river, addressed to the Messrs. Shipley, which bears evidence of the peculiarly good qualities of this seductive aggregation of feathers. We give Mr. Sharp's letter in full:

"It gives me great pleasure to write you about the flies you gave me. I promised to give them a fair trial, which I did, and cannot speak well enough of them. I have taken this season forty-one black bass, and thirty-eight of them were killed on your patent fly. I gave over one hundred and fifty of our citizens, on Thursday last, an exhibition of fly fishing; it was after 5:30 P. M. I took my rod to French Creek dam, which is only fifty feet from our main street bridge. I was using two of my own flies, but could not get a rise, when I remembered yours and put one on, and at the first cast took a 2½ lb bass in the deep pool just below the bridge. I kept on casting, and in

not more than fifteen minutes I killed eight bass. I then put on your silver doctor and queen and cast for ten to fifteen minutes without getting a strike. I then thought of your peculiarly made coachman and used it, and took six more bass within half an hour, showing the best record I have made. All the bass were over nine inches and three of them weighed $1\frac{3}{4}$ to 2lb each.

"Last Saturday p. m. I took twelve more with the same coachman, when its wings were played out. Again last evening I stood at the Main street bridge, and took two at the first cast, one on your lead colored fly and the other on a grey hackle I made. Both fish were over $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb and one about 2lb. I was through with casting about 7 o'clock, having been at it about ninety minutes, and had eight bass, but I believe I could have taken more if I had kept on casting."

We have given Mr. Sharp's letter in full, because it reminds us of our old days on the Schuylkill, now twenty-five years ago, where with "Sculls" and Shipley we have killed many lordly bass on the fly. It was there we cast our first fly in running water for this great game fish, greater by far in streams than lakes, in every quality that constitutes gameness. We also give Mr. Sharp's letter because there are yet many anglers who are entirely ignorant of the peculiar charm of fly fishing for bass under such conditions, and doubt that the bass can be so taken. We once heard an angler remark, and he was one who had been granted the pleasure of catching every species of fish from salmo, the leaper, to the tarpon of the Magnolia seas.

"Give me," he said, "a swift running stream, with alternate riffes and pools, a light rod and a turkey wing fly with which to catch black bass, and, as a daily diet of fishing, I prefer it to any sport that God has given unto man."

We agree with him.

Can You Stay Away?

The methods of booming western town plots are tame in comparison to those a Florida real estate dealer uses in sky rocketing a tarpon fishing ground for the attraction of northern anglers. Here is what he prints:

TO SPORTSMEN WITH HOOK AND LINE.

Carrabelle harbor offers every attraction. The proprietors of the town employ a notary

public, free of charge, to certify, under seal, to the catch of any party, by which the wicked fishy propensity to fabricate is avoided. It is no uncommon thing when sailing in the harbor and you chance to run into a school of tarpon, for one to leap into the boat. The heaviest yet landed in this way turned the scales at $16\frac{3}{4}$ pounds. Landing nets are always used, by which the largest fish, which always breaks the hooks just as it is being pulled aboard, cannot get away. Strings of fish can always be obtained at the landing (on the sly) by parties who have been unsuccessful. No part of the gulf coast can get away with Carrabelle on the size and quantity of fish and the success of sportsmen, particularly amateurs. Patent adjustable scales for weighing fish to bring them up to a respectable standard always ready.

Hybrid Trout in Wild Waters.

In answer to "H. H. G.," we state that the only water known to us, in which hybrid trout are caught in fair numbers, is in Lake Superior, near Michipicoten island, situated south of Otter Head, and 150 miles northwest of Ste. Marie. Here, these fish are said to take the artificial fly greedily, and range in weight from $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. They have never been taken over the latter named weight. Our informant states that their tails are nearly square, and they are without red spots, spawning on the same beds as the lake trout. They are considered more game than the red spotted trout, fighting deeper, as a rule, than *fontinalis* and do not sulk or seek the bottom persistently, as is sometimes the case with the lake trout.

Whaling in Pleasant Waters.

The Hatteras whale fisheries of North Carolina are prosecuted chiefly by New Bedford and Provincetown vessels, with most lucrative returns, as the example herewith given in illustration will show. The annual catch of oil is about 3,000 barrels. Fishing continues winter and summer, but the principal fares are taken in the mid-summer months of July and August. In these delectable months, with pleasant sea breezes blowing and a genial atmosphere, there is prosecuted within sight of land and in the very touch of coast-wise vessels, without special risk, an industry which has always been deemed extra hazard-

ous, while those vessels which go to the Arctic waters, with much less assurance of emolument, are exposed to the hardship and danger of the ice during a period of two or three years. The vessels (all schooners) which engage in this Hatteras whale fishing number only seven or eight. C. HALLOCK.

Bethabara Wood.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., May 17. 1894.

MESSRS. A. B. SHIPLEY & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

GENTLEMEN:—Will you kindly send me two pieces of Bethabara wood. I think it can't be beat. Both my butt pieces are now Lance wood, and I am going to make the rods all "Bethabara" wood.

Yours respectfully, E. J. VAN NAME.

The Coming State.—When the present territory of Utah enters the union of states, it will do so with a population of about 200,000 souls and a climate unsurpassed in the wide world. It will be richer in agricultural resources than any other state. It has within its borders nearly all of the known minerals and metals: gold, silver, copper, iron, tin, etc., in abundant quantities. It has, best of all, a health giving climate, always temperate in summer and winter. It has hot sulphur springs and is, in fact, one large sanitarium. Utah is the ideal place to build a home in which to spend the balance of your days, surrounded by farm and orchard which guarantee all the necessities and

most of the comforts of life. There are millions of homes now awaiting settlement. The mountains fairly teem with all kinds of game, while hundreds of streams and lakes afford the finest trout and bass fishing in the West. Send to J. H. Bennett, Salt Lake City, for a copy of "Utah's Resources." It will pay you to post yourself on the "Coming State" which has been aptly termed "The Promised Land." The Rio Grande Western Ry, "Scenic Line of the World," is the direct route to Utah.

Florida of To-Day.—Florida is of peculiar interest as the modern Mecca of the tourist, the pleasure and the health seeker and sportsman. Notwithstanding the many articles which have been, and are still being daily written upon its charms, it can never be fully understood or appreciated until visited. And now that it has been rendered so easily accessible from all points North, East, South and West by the completion of "The New Short Line" via the Southern and the Florida Central and Peninsular Railways, it will soon become the one great winter resort of America. The approach now, no matter from what direction, is one not only of convenience, but of positive luxury.

The Southern Railway, that superb and colossal company whose tracks gridiron the region south of Washington, has brought the southernmost coast of the peninsula within a short distance of New York and other Eastern cities. The traveler may leave the metropolis after the day is nearly done, and be transported by the magnificent "Florida Limited" to Jacksonville—the gateway by which the throngs that visit Florida every winter enter the State—in time for dinner the following evening.



A Six
Strip
Split
Bamboo
Rod.



Perfect
in
Action
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Finish.

Patented May 6, 1890, and May 27, 1890. Registered, March 18, 1890.

KOSMIC Rods approach as nearly an ideal standard as mechanical skill, and a practical knowledge of an angler's needs, can produce.

The Bamboo is of the finest quality, specially selected for us by experts in Calcutta, and is of our own direct importation. Our Patent Ferrules render these rods *absolutely nonbreakable at the joint*. Best German Silver Mountings. All Workmanship of the very best style.

We call particular attention to the mechanical principle of our Kosmic Ferrules. Rods break most frequently at the point where the wood enters the ferrule. When the diameter of a joint is reduced to enter the smaller diameter of the ferrule, its strength is lessened 40 per cent. In the Kosmic ferrules this objection has been entirely overcome. **There is no reduction in the size, or change in the shape of the wood**, until it has passed a full half inch into the ferrules. (See Figures 1 and 2.)

An elastic Celluloid Band (Fig. 1) re-inforces the bamboo and extends inside the ferrule to Fig. 2, producing a **Very Strong and Flexible End**. The point of greatest strain (between Fig. 1 and Fig. 2) thus becomes *the strongest part of the rod*, and it cannot break at this point. *We guarantee every rod*. Fig. 3 represents our patent Waterproof Cap, which prevents the entrance of water into the joint.

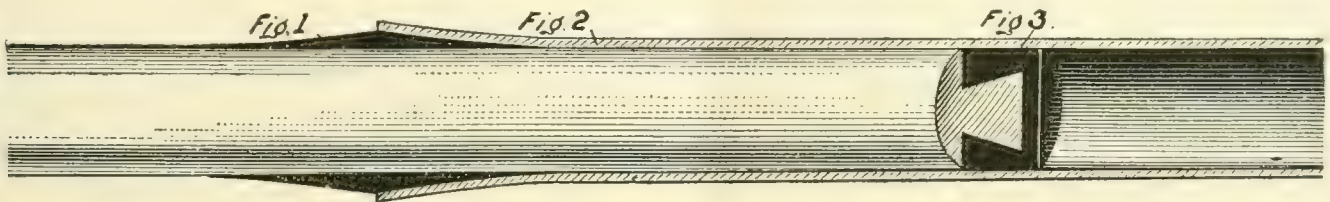


Fig. 1—Elastic Celluloid Band, re-inforcing the Bamboo. Fig. 2—German Silver Ferrule, Patented May 6 1890. Fig. 3—Patent Waterproof Cap, excluding all moisture.

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Bethabara and Degama Wood Rods

These Rods are made BY HAND of selected woods and under my own supervision. They have stood the test of time and are considered superior by many of the most expert anglers in the country. I am also making the same (best) of LANCEWOOD and GREENHEART rods. Of SPLIT BAMBOOS I can recommend the

Leech Combination

This is the perfection of a Combination Rod. It will make either a 91-2 foot fly-rod or an 8 foot bass rod, suitable for either trolling or bait casting. Made as follows: A reversible hand grasp, so that when used with fly-rod you have the reel seat below the hand, making a fly-rod of three pieces and a short grasp. The bass trolling or casting rod: made with an extra short grasp that fits into the head of reel seat of reversible butt, making a double grasp rod. This part of rod is of two pieces, a tip and second joint, and the two short grasps, which combined make the double grasp. Price in split bamboo, \$30; bethabara, \$20; greenheart, \$15; degama, \$12; lancewood, \$10. Full length, double grasp and German silver mountings.

The Quaspeake Club Rod

This beautiful rod is only seven feet in length and weighs three ounces. It is designed for small stream work where open and brush fishing alternates. It will cast forty to fifty feet with ease, and, owing to its length has sufficient backbone to kill a three-pound trout without strain or damage. For brush fishing it is just the thing. This rod is finished with care and its construction will compare favorably with the best split bamboo rods in the market.

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FINE TROUT AND GRAYLING FLIES.

Regular Grade	30 per doz.
Best	50 "
Extra High Grade	75 "
Turned wing	1.00 "
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Fine Salmon Flies to Order.

SELECTED GUT LEADERS AND CASTING LINES.

	Three feet.	Six feet.
Single Gut, Regular Trout	\$.50	\$1.00 per doz.
" Best Trout	1.00	2.00 "
" Regular Black Bass	1.75	3.50 "
" Best Black Bass	2.00	4.00 "
Double Gut, Best Black Bass	1.50	3.00 "
" Extra	2.40	4.80 "
Treble Gut	1.50	3.00 "

OUR CELEBRATED SNELED HOOKS.

Extra High Grade Single Gut	30c. per doz.
" Double Gut	40c. "
First Grade Single Gut	20c. "
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Special Grade Single Gut	12c. "
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FINE BLACK BASS AND LAKE FLIES.

Regular Casting	\$.75 per doz.
" with helper	.85 "
Best Casting	1.50 "
Regular Trolling, Double Gut	.85 "
Best	1.50 "
Fine Lake Flies	\$1.00, 1.50, 1.75 "

SILK WORM GUT (100 STRANDS IN HANK.)

Ordinary Trout	\$.40 per hank.
Regular	.50 "
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Regular	1.00 "
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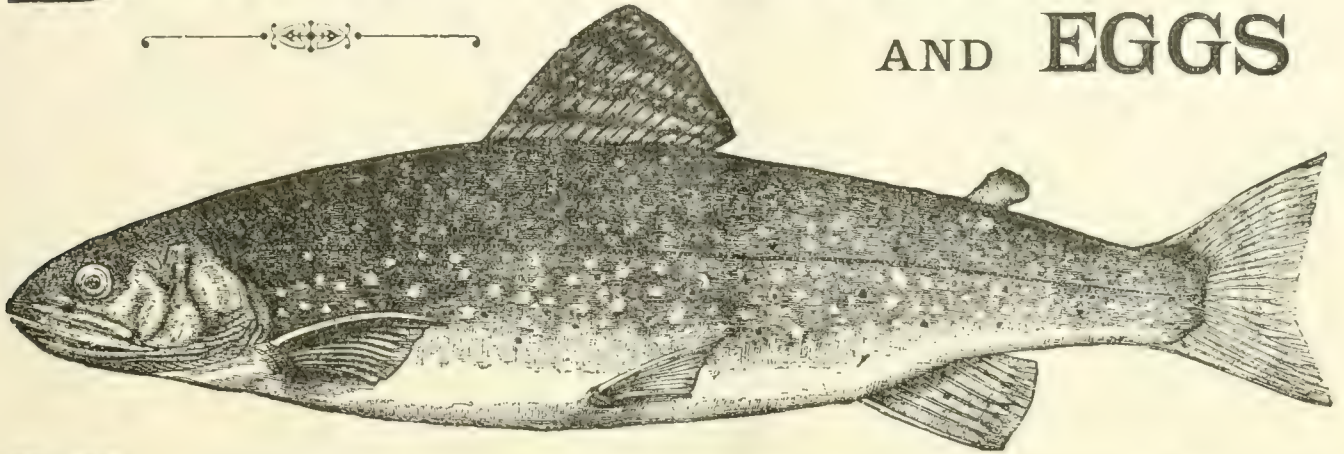
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We guarantee our eggs to be best quality, full count and properly packed. We also guarantee safe delivery of yearlings. We make special prices on eggs and fry to Fish Commissioners. Correspondence solicited. Address,

Persons ordering Eggs should do so early, as we begin shipping in December.



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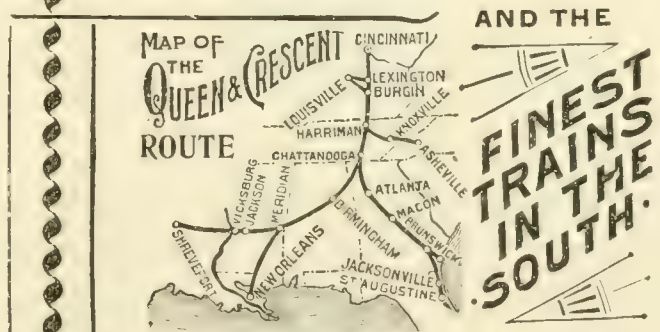
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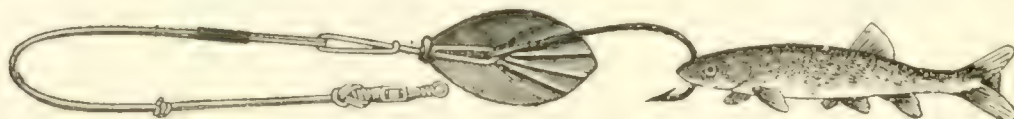
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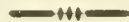


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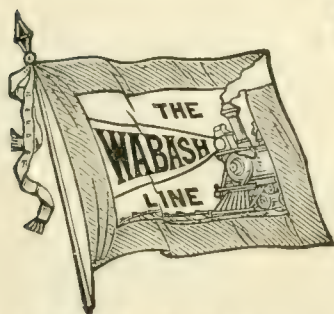
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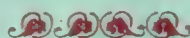
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THE



AN ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE
OF FISH, FISHING, & FISH CULTURE.

WM. C. HARRIS, Editor.

No. 19 Park Place

New York City

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AMERICAN ANGLER

WILLIAM C. HARRIS, Editor.

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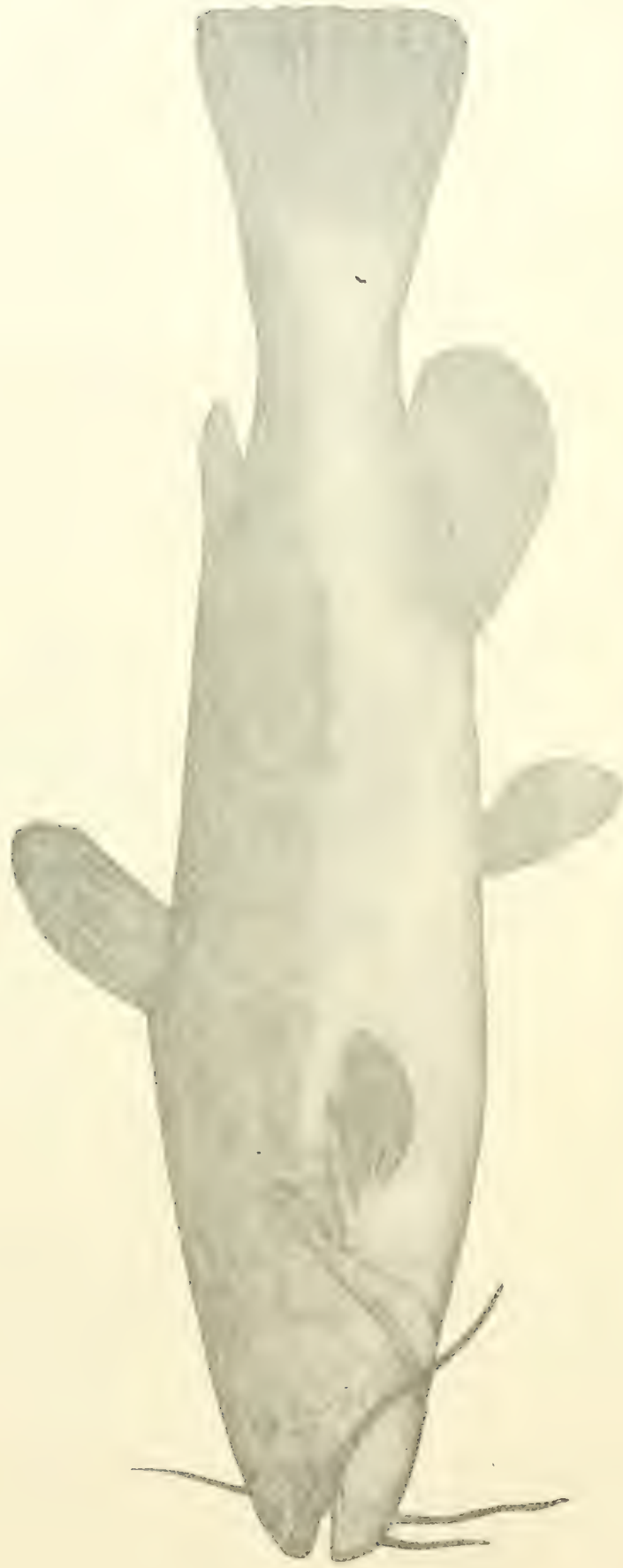


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The Long-Jawed Catfish—*Ameiurus vulgaris*. (See page 96.)

THE AMERICAN ANGLER.

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No. 4.

FISH AND FISHING IN AMERICA.

BY WILLIAM C. HARRIS.

(Continued from November issue, 1893.)

Max v. d. Borne, of Berneuchen, Germany, the celebrated fish culturist and high authority, is responsible for the assertion that between the common catfish and the frog there exists a strong fraternal or close affection; that the batracian has been seen to leap from the water and seize a bullhead caught by a fisherman, and drag it back to its native element; that the action was repeated under the eye of the angler many times and as fast as the catfishes were released from the hook. It is not greatly to the credit of the silurian that he takes most greedily a frog bait when offered to him. Professor Borne cites a Doctor White, residing in Central New York, as the observer of this admirable trait in the frog, but we are disposed to place this story on the same plane as that told of the tench, whose slimy sides are rubbed against by the pike whenever he is suffering from any of the ills that fish are heir to; contact cures, a sort of piscine massage treatment.

About twenty-two hundred years ago Aristotle described in detail the habits of the only catfish then and now inhabiting the waters of Europe. It was

the "Wels" of the Germans, the *Glanis* of Aristotle, and is now known to ichthyologists as *Silurus glanis*. Aristotle was the first to observe the protecting care of the catfish over its spawning bed and young fry, and it is curious and interesting to read these notes of a naturalist who lived some centuries before the Christian Era. We quote:

"The fresh-water fishes spawn in the still waters of rivers and lakes among the reeds. The *Glanis* and the *Perke* (perch) give out their spawn in a continuous string, like the frogs; and indeed the spawn is so wound up that the fishermen reel it off, at least that of the *Perke*, from the reeds in lakes.

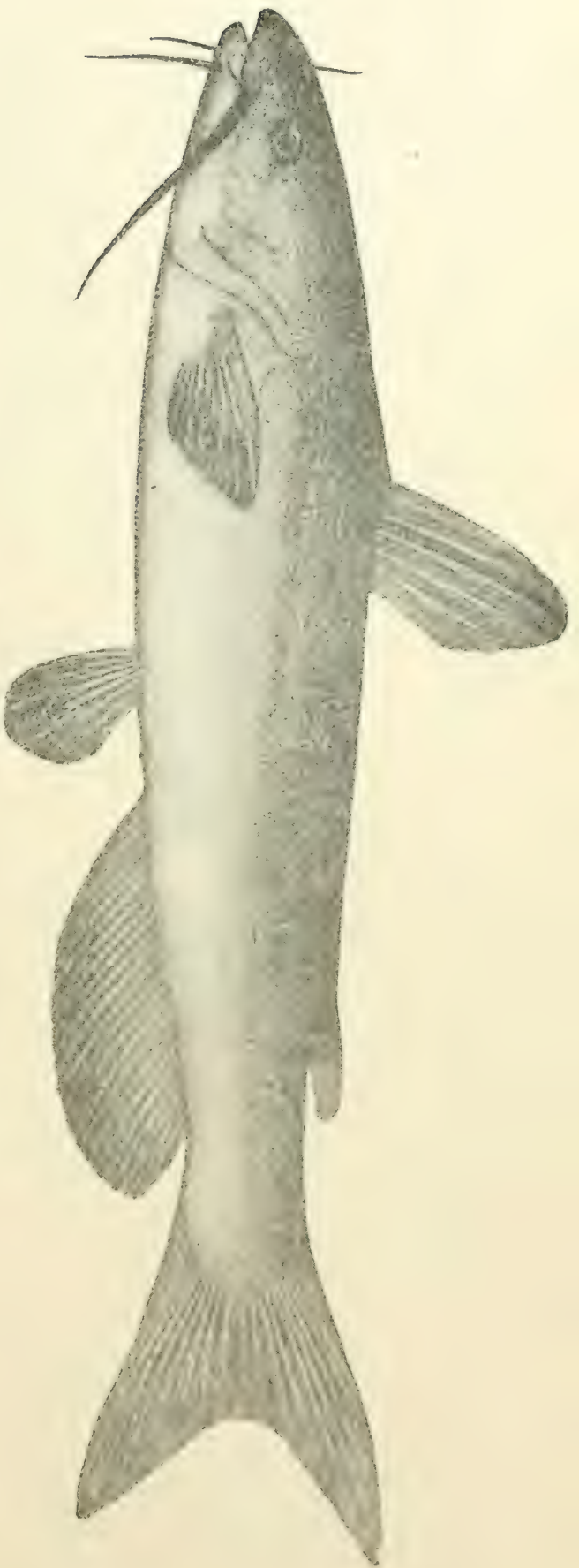
"The larger *Glanis* spawns in deep waters, some at the depth of a fathom; the smaller in shallower places, especially among the roots of willows, or some other tree, and also among the reeds, or mosses. * * * All the eggs that are mingled with the sperma become generally on the first day white and larger, and a little later the eyes of the fishes become visible. These at first, in all fishes, as also in all animals, are early conspicuous on account of

their size. And those of the eggs that the sperm does not touch, as in the case of the sea-fishes, are useless and sterile. But in these fertile eggs, as the fishes grow larger, a kind of husk separates, and this is the envelope that encloses the egg and the young fish. When the sperm has mingled with the egg, the spawn becomes more viscous among the roots, or wherever it may have been deposited, the male guards the eggs, and the female, having spawned, departs. The growth of the *Glanis* from the egg is very slow, wherefore the male keeps watch for forty or fifty days, that the young may not be devoured by the fishes that happen to be in their neighborhood.

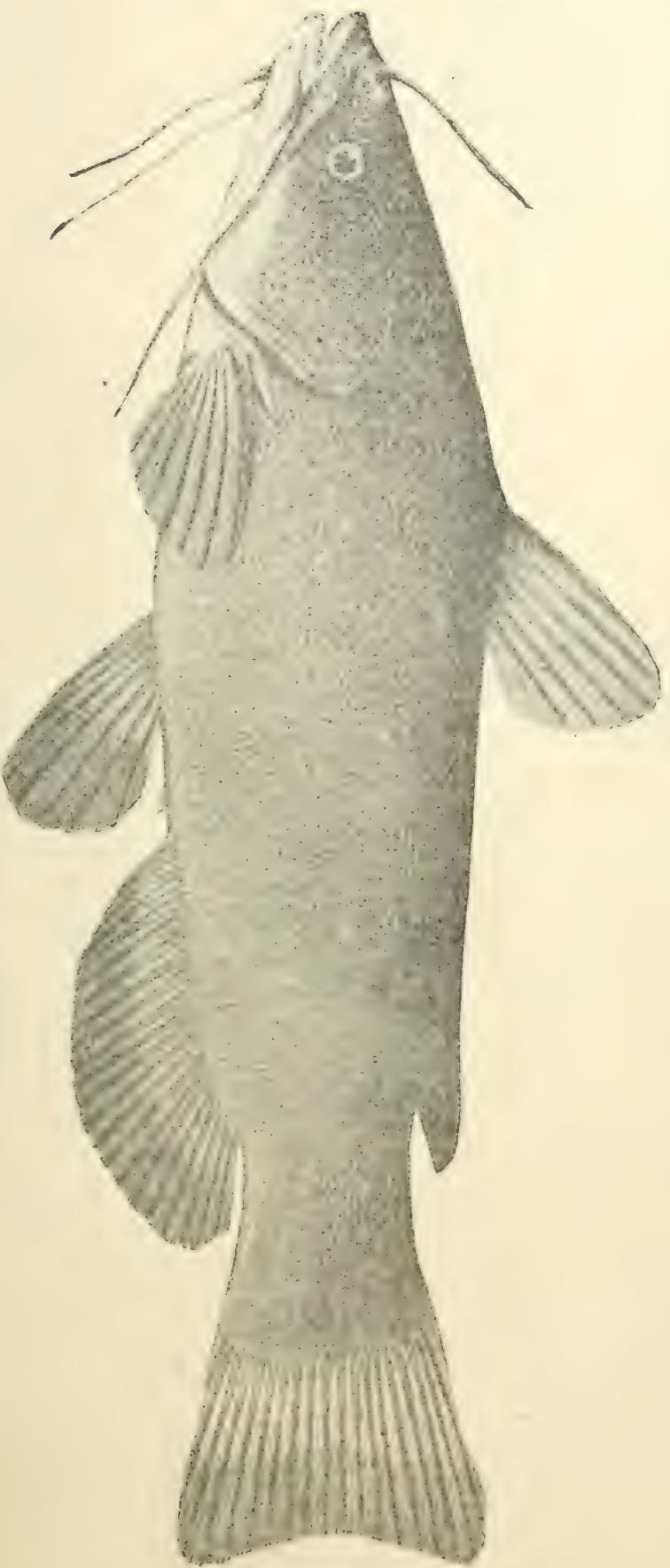
“Of the river fishes, the male *Glanis* takes great care of its young. For the female, having brought forth, departs; but the male, where the greatest deposit of eggs has been formed, remains by them watching, rendering no other service except keeping other fish from destroying the young. He does this for forty or fifty days, until the young are sufficiently grown to escape from the other fishes. And he is known to the fishermen, wherever he may chance to be watching his eggs, for he keeps off the fishes by rushing movements, and by making a noise and moaning. And he remains by the eggs with so much of natural affection that the fishermen, when the eggs adhere to deep roots, bring them up to the shallowest place they can; but he does not even then leave his offspring; but if he chances to be a young fish, he is easily taken by the hook, because he snaps at all the fishes that approach him; but if he is already accustomed to this, and has swallowed hooks before, he does not even then desert his young, but breaks the hook by a very strong bite.”

The great fork-tailed catfish of the Mississippi river—*Amieurus nigricans*—is also called the flannel-mouth cat, particularly when young, the great blue cat and the Florida cat. It is a native of the Great Lakes, and its habitat extends southward to Florida, covering the Ohio and Mississippi valleys and reaching Ontario on the north. Little is known of its habits, but it lives and feeds near, or on, the bottom, and is a very coarse feeder, offal of any description being eagerly devoured. I have seen them at Jacksonville gather in great schools, feeding on the output of the sewers and that of the water-closets which overhang the outer edges of the piers. When caught it can be distinguished from the only other catfish of great size—the big mud cat, *Leptops olivaris* (found in the same waters and reaching a weight of seventy-five pounds) with a yellow body, strongly mottled with brown; the Mississippi cat being of a slaty blue color, and the older the fish gets the deeper the coloration becomes. The construction of the fins of the mud cat will also serve to distinguish it from its larger congener, as the anal fin shows only twelve to fifteen rays, while that of the Mississippi cat has twenty-five to thirty-five. In this connection, it may be well to state that the number of spines and rays in the fins of the catfishes is extremely variable and should not be considered by the amateur ichthyologist or angler as an infallible guide in the determination of species, except in such wide differentiations as above described.

The angler, when fishing in fresh water, will meet with several species of catfish, other than those named. The yellow cat—*Amieurus natalis*—which may be known by its large adi-



The Great Mississippi Catfish—*Ameiurus nigricans*. (See page 94.)



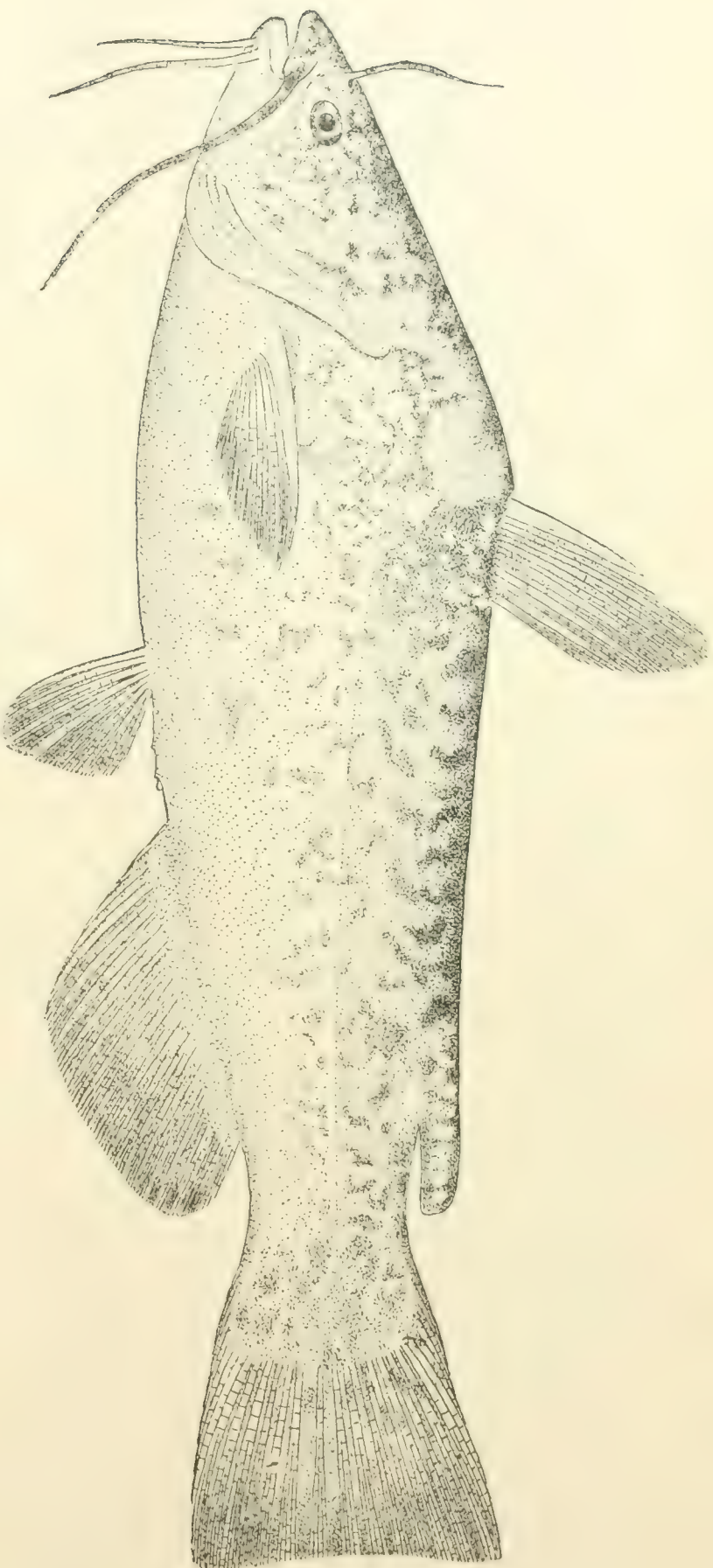
The Common Bullhead—*Ameiurus nebulosus*. (See page 96.)

pose fin and very wide mouth, will be found from the Great Lakes to Virginia, thence to Texas; the small black catfish—*Amiurus melas*—which species, although subject to great variation, may be identified by its color, blackish or nearly so, with the lower parts of the belly of a bluish white; it is found from New York westward, in the Mississippi and Ohio valleys and in the Great Lakes; it seldom, or never, grows beyond a foot in length, and has one very strong and sharply-pointed spine and six rays in the dorsal fin, and in the pectoral there are one strong spine and seven rays; the tail is truncate, looking as if it had been lopped off with a pair of sheers.

In addition to, and in the same waters as, the above-named species, the angler will find the long-jawed catfish—*Amiurus vulgaris*—which ranges through the Great Lake region westward to Manitoba, and occasionally as far south as the Ohio river. It may be known by its slightly projecting lower jaw, square caudal and well-rounded anal fin. Dr. Jordan surmises this species to be, very likely, a variety only of the common bullhead—*A. nebulosus*. A portrait, colored as in life, will also be given of *A. nebulosus*, and it will strikingly illustrate the great variations of color that occur in the common bullhead and, because of the conditions under which the portrait fish was captured, it is in strong evidence that fish adapt themselves quickly to a new habitat, speedily conforming their habits to the demands of a changed environment. When the gate at the foot of Greenwood Lake is raised, the water rushes into the outlet in great volume, with attendant fume of spray and mist, the former sparkling and spreading at least ten feet above and

below the gate; the latter rising nearly to the top of the parapet. On the eastern side of the gate a row of stones, about three feet in height, has been placed, which runs, at an angle, about fifteen feet, and then meets another ridge of loose rocks that has been built outward from the west bank, forming a V shaped dam. The construction of this old fish-weir evidently occurred years ago, before the laws forbade the erection of these fish-killing devices. After leaving the gate, the confined water boils and tosses over this fifteen feet of space, and it was in this wild turmoil of the current that I caught, with the feathers, five small-mouthed black bass, and, wishing to make sure of another one to complete the portrait which the artist was painting, within ten feet of the water, a common garden worm was put on the hook and the lure cast into the white water, right under the gate. It was taken instantly by a common bullhead—*A. nebulosus*. We question if another fish of this species has ever before been caught under similar conditions.

The catfish known locally in Ohio and other states as the "marbled cat," will be frequently met with, and is very abundant in Chautauqua lake, N. Y. It is distinguished by a marbled or mottled appearance of the body, which is of a dark yellowish brown color. This fish was, for a long time, classified by ichthyologists as a distinct species—*Amiurus catus*, but is now recognized as merely a variety of the common bullhead—*Amiurus nebulosus*. I again desire to impress upon the angling student that coloration in fishes is not a strict factor in classification. It will be of great aid to him, particularly if he also notes the construction of the fins, in determining the species of the



The Marbled Catfish—*Ameiurus catius*. (See page 96.)



The Margined Stone Catfish—*Xoturus leptauchenius*. (See page 98.)

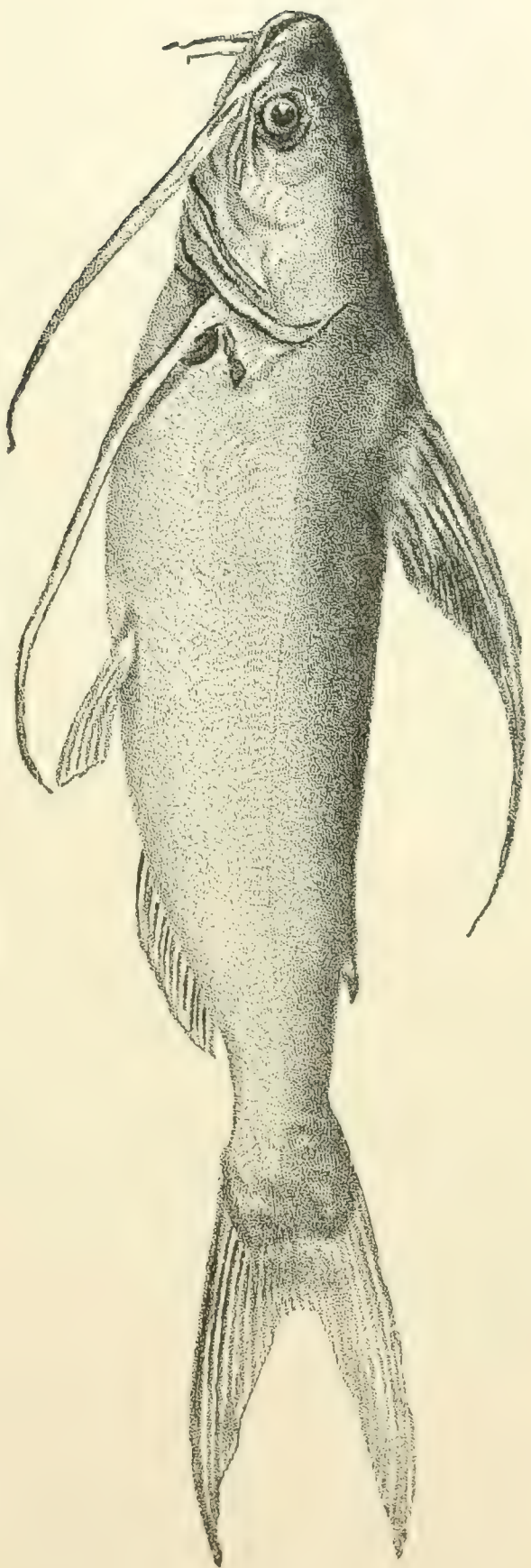
great majority of the fishes he will meet with in his outings. It is his duty, as it should be his pleasure, when he catches a fish of strange form or markings, to forward it for identification, either to the United States Fish Commission at Washington; to any scientific institution of the state of which he is resident; or, if these are not within reach, or the post-office address of the latter is not known, to the office of THE AMERICAN ANGLER, in New York city. I have designedly omitted the scientific formula of classification, if such can be said to be always constant and determined, because the details would be apt to confuse the general reader, and the subject belongs to a more abstruse work on fishes, than this treatise on those that take the baited hook is intended to be.

The angler, when fishing in trout streams, will often meet with the stone cats—small fishes that never grow longer than twelve inches and seldom to that size. There are only six species recorded, with habitats varying respectively from Louisiana to Minnesota, and from New York to Kansas; one only — *Noturus leptacanthus* — being confined to a restricted section, Georgia to Mississippi. An illustration is given of the "Margined Stone cat," in which it will be noted that the second dorsal, or adipose fin, is continuous and blends with the caudal, a characteristic which will serve to distinguish the stone cats from their larger congeners. These fishes are only useful as lures, particularly for the black basses. The margined cat is very common in Pennsylvania rivers, and seldom grows there to ten inches in length; it, with the "lamprey eel," are favorite baits with anglers of that section, but the best of all for that purpose is the tad-

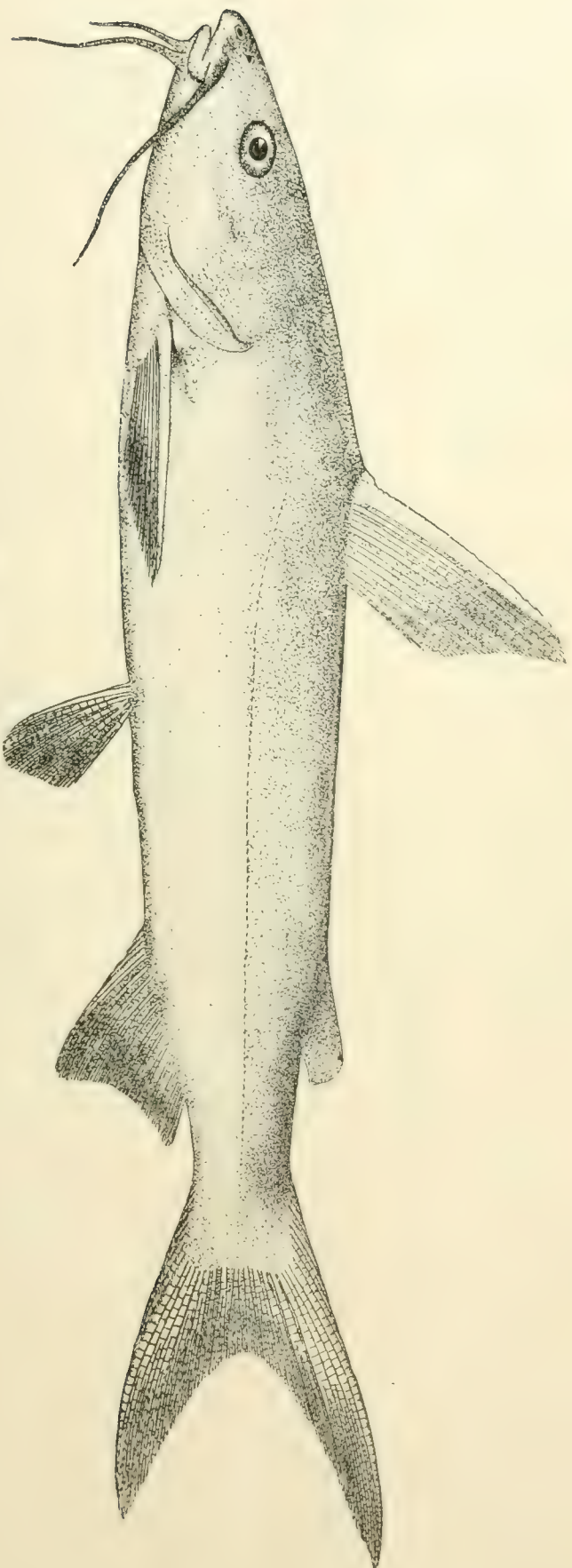
pole stone catfish, a diminutive species which is found in all the smaller streams of New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, with a more extended range all through the Ohio and Mississippi valleys and the Great Lake region. It is seldom found over three inches in length, five being about its maximum, and, being very tenacious of life, it is much sought for and used by the black bass anglers in eastern streams. Much care should be observed when placing the stone cat on the hook, for a wound is sometimes inflicted by the spine of its pectoral fin, in which there is a pore which exudes a poisonous fluid, producing a painful sore.

The gaff-topsail catfish — *Ailurichthys marinus* (the generic name from two Greek words signifying "cat" and "fish")—is so called from the shape and height of its dorsal fin. It is a salt-water fish, but seems to love the brackish water of the upper tideways, particularly those of the southern and Gulf coasts. It is found most abundantly on the coasts of Florida, although I have seen a fine specimen that was caught on hook and line at Sandy Hook. Dr. David S. Jordan, in the last edition of his "Manual of Vertebrates," states its range to be from New York to Florida, yet, I think, only a straggler is caught, now and then, above the Capes of the Delaware, as the record is only of one yearly being taken by New York fishermen, who, to the number of fifteen thousand, swarm weekly, during the fishing season, over the salt-water estuaries and channel ways located within fifty miles of the City of New York.

But little is known of the habits of the gaff-topsail catfish, and this rule seems to hold good when reference is made to salt-water fish of any species.



The Gaff-topsail Catfish - *Ariachthys muriei*. (See page 99.)



The Salt-water Catfish—*Tachysurus felis*. (See page 101.)

Dr. Morris Gibbs has, however, when traveling through Florida, as the staff correspondent of *THE AMERICAN ANGLER*, made a partial study of this fish at or near Lake Worth, and presents some new facts as to its habits. It is said that the gaff-topsail reaches a weight of twelve pounds, but nothing as large infests Indian river, and it may be that the larger specimens are more confined to deep water. Six and eight pounds is as large as they grow in the Indian river waters, and the majority are not so large. Most of the specimens met with were from three to five pounds in weight, a size evidently matured, as many females were loaded with spawn. January is, no doubt, the spawning season, as a great many are then taken in small inlets and the mouths of rivers, evidently intent on spawning. Some females, dissected, contained from fifty-four to sixty-eight matured eggs. These eggs were arranged on each side and much resembled bunches of grapes when taken into the hand. In two specimens examined, the number was exactly divided in the two sacs, there being twenty-nine and thirty-two respectively on each side. The eggs were from fifty-two to fifty-eight one hundredths of an inch in diameter and of a golden hue. Composed almost entirely of albumen, they are surely nutritious and were very palatable, as was demonstrated at the table of an Indian river hotel.

Most of the specimens were caught in a gill net, but some were taken with hook and line, and when taken from the hook or net the hands are besmeared with a very persistent glutinous slime, which adheres tenaciously to everything touched. For this reason, the species is considered a nuisance by æsthetic fishermen and by those who

are annoyed by these fish biting when others are sought.

The flesh of the gaff-topsail is white and firm, and well flavored, but many are very averse to it, and one writer, speaking of this fish, states that it is never eaten. He says:

"I tried it once as a matter of experiment, and, although my curiosity was satisfied, my palate was so outraged and disgusted that I have ever since been almost ashamed to look one in the face. And really I have no gastronomic use for a fish that makes a cradle of its mouth by carrying its eggs and young in it."

"It seems," writes Dr. Gibbs, "to me unfair to deprecate a fish from its habit of caring for its eggs and young; rather should the species be ranked higher and studied with greater interest. At least, merit as to its availability as a pan-fish should be allowed, if proven. But I do not think that this species carries its young or eggs in its mouth, as it is not reasonable to suppose that the mouth is large enough to carry one-half of the spawn. An attempt was made to place the eggs of one in its mouth, and not one-half would be accommodated even when the mouth was distended."

As will be seen, by the illustration, the gaff-topsail is a handsome, clipper-built fish with a large, well-forked caudal fin, a formation which seems to be characteristic of many of the hard-fighting salt-water species. It is an active fish and feeds, like the channel bass or red drum, at the bottom, mid-water and on the surface, taking all baits and fighting hard. Dr. Gibbs, however, differs from this statement, which is made by Mr. S. C. Clarke, an octogenarian Florida angler. The Doctor wrote me:

“When hooked, they act like the common sea cat, but, from their larger size, they are more enduring, and they may be termed game fish from their resistance. Some one has likened their tactics to the movements of the channel bass, but this does not agree either with my observations. They are bottom fish and live on worms and crustacea, refusing, however, nothing in the form of flesh.”

It is well to state, in part explanation of this wide difference of opinion, that Mr. Clarke fished for the gaff-topsail in waters one hundred miles farther north than that part of the Indian river section where Dr. Gibbs had his experience with these fish. This fact, as similar ones in other cases often do, may account for the difference in habits and game qualities of the gaff-topsail, as recorded by these two excellent authorities on the subject.

We now reach the salt-water catfish—*Tachysurus felis* (*Tachysurus* from two Greek words, meaning “swift” and “tail,” and *felis*, from the Latin, “cat”). Mr. Silas Stearns is the only writer who has made a special study of this fish, and, although rather scanty, his notes are extremely interesting. He states that the salt-water catfish is very abundant everywhere on the west coast of Florida. It is found on the sea-beach, the shores and bottoms of bays and bayous, and even some dis-

tance up fresh water streams. It is a bottom-loving fish, feeding upon worms and small crustaceans chiefly, but will readily eat anything else—fish, flesh or fowl, dead or alive. As the pest of these waters, it is ever present and never welcome. It breeds in the summer, in June, July and August. The spawn is deposited in a depression in the sand and impregnated with the milt. One of the parent fish then takes the eggs in its mouth, and by some movement fixes them against the gills, or between the leaves of the gills. The eggs are carried in this position until the embryo fish are hatched and have become perfect and able to take care of themselves. The eggs, when full-size, resemble white grapes; they are large and clear. Sometimes the jaws of the parent fish are much distended by the eggs and the young fry, and present an appearance which is not only unusual but comical.

I have caught this fish when casting from the Gulf beach, below Tampa bay, for channel bass. It is not a fierce fighter and was quite a nuisance when we were longing for the game play of the bass. Their range is from New work to Mexico, but they are most abundant south of Cape Hatteras. With the exception of the gaff-topsail, it is the only catfish found in salt-water along our eastern coast, hence it will be at once recognized by the angler.

(To be continued.)

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY FISHING IN ENGLAND.

BY RICHARD NETTLE.

At our home (in fair Devon) that had been given the name of Paradise by kind friends, and which was truly so until the angel of death closed the mother's eyes ; all things were bright and pleasant, and trouble never entered.

In a walled garden, choice fruits and flowers grew, and in hot-houses located there, grapes, pines, peaches and other tropical fruits and exotics abounded. Here there were two fish-ponds, containing trout of various sizes. Although a little boy, of scarcely eight summers, the feeding of the fish, morning and evening, was my delight. They had become so tame that the largest would feed out of my hand. He was a terror to the smaller ones, and would rush at them savagely when they attempted to share the spoil.

My first practical experience was about this time. Some half-mile from the house was the mill-dam ; the stream was not large, but the tidal water came up from the sound, and would bring with it fish of various sorts.

My elder brothers took me on one occasion to fish at the dam by moonlight. The tide was flowing up the stream, the flood gates were open, and we commenced operations. The soft and silvery sheen of the moon upon the water, and the flashing of the silvery smelt, as they came up in schools with the tide, was indeed beautiful to look at. We fished till the turn of the tide, and walked home as the day was breaking.

I had caught exactly twelve dozen

very fine smelt, more than my fishing basket would hold, and had beaten my brothers and those who had been fishing at the dam with us. Thus, insensibly, as it were, I learned "fish lore" by practical experience, and by study from books that kind friends would give me, that treated of natural history of the flora and fauna in all its details.

I told you, long since, that for ten years I carried in my vest pocket a powerful microscope of three lens. It was indeed a pocket companion, and one that gave me a world of pleasure, and I would add knowledge also, as I roamed through my favorite counties, Devon and Cornwall. Living as it were in the midst of salt and fresh water, the opportunities given me for following my favorite sports were manifold. Sometimes we would pull or sail out to the sound near the "break-water," that gigantic work that gives safety to the shipping (inside) from the roaring waves and tempests of the English channel. Here, fish in endless varieties were to be caught from the "King of Fishes," the salmon and the princely turbot, to the poor man's fish the hake and its congener the pilchard, both equally valuable, the two last especially so, being caught in abundance.

Should the fisherman wish to extend his operations, let him go off to the "whiting grounds," some five miles southeast from the Eddystone light house, where he may chance to secure some few dozens of this highly prized and delicate fish, especially valuable for the invalid and the sick room. But

beware, and prepare for squalls, for the Eddystone, though a beacon, cannot guard against sudden gales and tempestuous weather, as the following incident will show:

The writer, when quite a boy, had gone out with his brother and two gentlemen fishing on the "whiting grounds." We had excellent sport, fished all night, and returned home the next morning well satisfied with our catch. A week subsequent to our cruise, the same two persons left for the fishing grounds with the intention of returning home the following day. They touched at the breakwater, remained a short time at the Eddystone, and thence proceeded to the whiting grounds, where only this delicate fish could be caught, their principal food being some particular marine plant and algæ. Towards evening a storm arose, and, though danger signals were hoisted by the lighthouse keeper, neither yacht

nor men were ever seen or heard of again. She was a beautiful craft, and had weathered many a gale in crossing the channel. In this case a sheet belayed, a foul anchor or some equally unfortunate occurrence brought on the terrible mishap and gave the men a watery grave.

Such are the casualties involved in such expeditions, but the chances are ten to one in favor of the fishermen, and danger to the sailor is little thought of, for as the old song says:

Where's the temptest now, who feels it?
None; our danger's drowned in wine.

Only that I know there is a kinship and a fellow feeling among all fishermen, I should feel reluctant to touch on fish and fishing in the waters of the old country, but as many American gentlemen have honored me with appeals for advice and assistance (even so long back as 1859), notably the late Dr.



The Breakwater, near Mount Edgcumbe. (From an Old Print).



Shaugh Bridge, Bickleigh Vale, Devonshire. (From an Old Print).

Boiant and Spencer Baird, president and secretary of the Smithsonian institute (an institution worthy of any country), I thought I could not do better than commence the year (1895) by giving you a few reminiscences of fish and fishing in the salt and fresh waters of the old country.

I will now leave the boisterous locality of the Eddystone, and ask you to wander with me to more pleasant scenes that are historical as well as beautiful. Follow me to the Plym, near which one of the oldest cities in England is built. It is a name honored by all, both at home and in your country, and I think I am not wrong in saying it is historic. Let us cross Laura Bridge that is built on the Plym, and we may see some fine horses, for Taltrem races are being held. There are some fine pools along its banks, and formerly great quantities of salmon were taken every season, but the spear

and many other foul appliances have destroyed this as a fishing locality, and the salmon has become a very rare fish in these waters.

A royal commission was instituted a few years since to inquire into the causes of the almost total destruction (comparatively speaking) of the salmon fisheries in the mother country. A most valuable and voluminous report was published. It is replete with valuable information.

We have now arrived at the Camslate quarries, and they are very valuable. We have now before us what may be fairly termed the far-famed Bickleigh vale. Bickleigh vale, for untold time, had been the resort of all who loved beauty of scenery, and the temptation for good trout fishing led to endless picnic parties, where many a fair girl learned the art of fly fishing and captured something more than the speckled beauties that graced her fishing basket.

The writer caught something more than fish on one occasion. He had waded through the river from early morn till about noon. We were tied to time, so we started on our homeward route, but stopped ten minutes at Bickleigh village, and took refreshments—bread and cheese and cider (no time for dinner)—then off we went for Jump, a village some distance away, where we had hoped to have caught the mail coach. It had just left, so here we were nine miles from home with the pleasant knowledge that we would have to walk the distance. We left Jump at

2:30 P. M., and reached home at about 5 P. M. Three days after I was on my beam ends, in the Royal Naval Hospital, under the care of Sir David Dickson, who gave my friends but little hope of my recovery, fearing mortification had commenced. By God's providence my life was spared, and two months after, when I left the hospital, Sir David's caution to me was: "I know it is no use to say, don't go fishing, but I will say, always wear flannels."

This caution I have observed ever since, and I would say to my fishing friends, "Do thou go and do likewise."



River Tamar, near Mount Edgcumbe, Eng. (From an Old Print).

ON THE OLD STREAM WITH OLD HUGH.

BY W. W.

The "Old Stream," no doubt, is somewhat similar to many old streams with which the readers of *THE ANGLER* are familiar, yet upon this one Old Hugh, who is eighty years of age (I have known him for so many years that we have become grizzly and gray together), taught me every legitimate method for taking trout. In olden times this stream had such a reputation for its many fish, that it seemed as if people from near and far devoted their energies to deplete it, and by their incessant greediness and everlasting fishing, succeeded in doing so. At its lowest ebb, I made an effort to lease a portion of it and, in time, secured $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles, about half its length, and from July, 1878, to May, 1880, the old stream had a rest. In the meantime it was stocked with fry and yearlings. A fishing club was formed, and the stream has been fished regularly and rationally, with results so satisfactory that a good basket may be procured on almost any day, weather and water being in order.

Hugh and I fish the river for black bass during the months of September and October, but I like to take him out on the "Old Stream" once every season as a reminder of the olden times. My day is Friday, so he selects either the first or second Friday in June, as our most successful days in years gone by were on some of the Fridays on the 7th day of June.

We got an early start this year on Friday, the 8th, and arrived at the most desirable portion of the stream shortly af-

ter 8:30 A. M. It proved to a delightful day, the stream well filled, the water clear, while there was sufficient shade nearby for comfort. On the 5th I was shown some May flies, and expected to have found them about the water, but not one could be seen, or any other fly. The stream was quiet, not a fish rising; and it has always been somewhat of a puzzle that I could never make any sort of a catch with a fly before 9:30 to 10 A. M. When in doubt, I often follow the advice given by Francis Francis, to put up a red palmer and Wyckam's fancy, but they did not attract a fish, although a small alder used as a drowned fly took three of eight inches in length.

Well on to about ten o'clock a fish about thirty yards above, kept rising every minute or two, and I surmised there was a rise of fly, and it is always a pretty certain conclusion to arrive at on this water that some of the duns are being hatched. A pale olive dun was attached as stretcher, and at the first cast three fish made for it, but the largest got there first. It was a nice fish of ten inches in length. Hugh came to me, and we got down on our knees, just sufficiently away from the stream that we could see the rise. By giving the line a few flicks backwards and forwards between casts, I managed to maintain a floating fly. The first cast often brings two or three fish to the lure, but, of course, only one is taken, and I do not usually cast over the same water with the next cast, preferring to

cast a few feet up stream, and so, by giving each part a rest, usually do better work. After taking a few fish, we go up stream so as to command new water, and we go along in this way for a time; then creep back and go to some other water, so as to give the fish rest.

To-day the rise at the olive dun was bold and deliberate, and about all one had to do was to time the rise and secure the fish. Hugh was so well pleased and gave so much praise for my timely strikes that I proposed a variation in order to exhibit pretty uniform or varied success with different lures, so a Wyckham's fancy with a red tail took the place of the olive dun. We crept back to the old spot where the first lot was taken with the dun. So far nearly every fish had been taken that rose to it, as the rise was slow, but with a fancy fly it is not so. When the Wyckham fell on the water a fish approached, turned slowly around and rushed at the fly, but the strike was too late; the fish turned down into deep water; and so it is, the fish is missed, or he hooks himself. After a time, I threw the Wyckham again and struck at the gleam of the fish, and fastened. Two more were taken with this fly, when the fish refused to rise. The same pattern on a No. 14 Limerick was tried, which proved successful with two more. The Wyckham's fancy with a few fibres of a red cock's hackle for tail has proved so successful with me that during warm weather on bright days I generally use it, and on roughish waters when there are no live flies on, where they exist in numbers, it almost always has a trial; and at times on wet, blustering days, with a bit of ibis for a tail, it has been the only one used to fill the

basket. Bumbles, hackles, alders, sedges and odd patterns were tried without effect. Then Hugh suggested a return to the olive dun, but one much smaller, and that it be allowed to float of its own accord. One on a No. 15 Limerick was given a trial and allowed to swim with the current, and sport was so good that many were taken, although few were retained.

When casting to the far side of the stream, where the water was somewhat deep, several fish well on to eleven and twelve inches in length swam slowly out to the olive dun for inspection only, and sank down into deep water. It seemed as if the fish had become aware that they were being fished for. Hugh then ordered a retreat to the shade to prepare for luncheon, and to take into consideration the flirtations of these wary trout. Then he gave a discourse on duns and spinners, as he believes the best way to pretty uniform success is to follow the teachings of the professors, which is, to use an imitation of the fly that is on the water, but in case failure follows, then some fancy pattern may be tried. He believed that some of those trout that refused the duns might be taken with a fancy fly; and as the day was bright, the water clear, the weather warm, a good-sized Lord Baltimore rightly presented at somewhat long intervals would do the trick.

Accordingly, one dressed on No. 8 Sproat was mounted, and Hugh crept back, and on trying over the same water, the orange and black tempted four of the best fish of the day; although, maybe after all, some other fancy pattern would have done as well, yet it seems to pay as well in the long run to stick by the lure one has some considerable faith in. Hugh felt so

elated over the success following his precepts and swaggered so much that I casually remarked that a grasshopper or two carefully presented might have done the trick in a much shorter time! And what a lecture the old fellow gave about unfair means used for game fish on preserved waters!

I cut a sufficient quantity of coarse grass, measure and pack the fish, but of late years I have preferred a large (20 lb) basket, so as to keep them in the best possible condition by placing grass below, between and above the layers. The catch was something above the average. There were a few of 11 and 11½, a few of 8 and 8½, the remainder from 9 to 10½ inches in length. We went back into the shade, but a few yards from the stream where there is a noisy rapid above, a clear cold spring creek opposite, and as the boy fished out two quart bottles of ale for Hugh, a quart bottle of ginger ale for himself and a bottle of tea for me, with the luncheon spread upon the carriage rug, Old Hugh declared that the fishing as well as the luncheon excelled that of thirty years ago. After a time I directed the boy to carry the remaining bottle of ale to the carriage for Mr. Rose, later on, but the old man declared that Mr. Rose would then and there carry it himself; so the cork was pulled, he drank, listened to our conversation, nodding to this or that, and kept on until the bottle became dry, then he became garrulous. I light a cigar, turn over, looking up stream and take in the water as it comes tumbling down the rapids, the bell-like tinkle of the brook opposite, long coarse green sedge grass on each side, small pines and tamaracks shutting out the view a hundred yards beyond, the chattering of a king fisher now and then on his way up or down

stream, and the flap of a lusty trout as he jumps for a fly, or maybe for the fun of it, in a pool within twenty feet of where we lie, all of which goes to make a scene that is well worth a journey of thirteen miles, independent of the sport connected with it. In the meantime Hugh lets himself out to the boy. He goes back to Scotland, away back in the thirties; told how it came about that he settled four miles from the village, now a city; how the wolves, bears, deer and turkeys frequented his bush farm; how the winter of 1843 killed off the game and fish, and how he liked to have a day on the old stream on a Friday on the 7th day of June.

It was this way he went on to say that more than thirty years ago the spring was very early and dry; the stream very low and overly fished, so that we had great difficulty in taking a decent dish, but in time heavy rains came on and flooded the country, and he approached me for the purpose of another day on the stream, and after much coaxing I consented, and in three hours we took 20 lbs with soldier palmers, and that was on a Friday, the 7th day of June; that we took baskets and baskets with red palmers, brown palmers, Wyckhams and red spinners on Fridays, the 7th day of June; that he was not well and lay off here in the shade whilst I went below and took out of the riffles thirty-four—

“I say, Doctor, what was the fly?”

“For goodness sake! Hugh, you’ll drive Fred wild with your yarns, and I think you believe all you say about our old fishing trips.”

“Believe, believe,” repeated the old man. “Hoot, mon! Look at your take to-day? Twenty-five troots and twice as many thrown back; dizens and dizens of them more than seven inches in

length, within a hundred yards of wather, and that before 2 o'clock."

His Scotch was up both in manner and speech, and I made an effort to oppose him. I told him that he was to take half a dozen for the old woman on a fly of his own make, and I went on to say that when he was convalescing from the effects of a big drunk that he had partaken of last fall, brought about through taking a gang of fellows over our best waters on the river, and on one of my visits to him at this time I saw a great number of robins were feeding on the berries of a mountain ash tree in his garden, and I suggested that he should shoot some of them for a pie for himself, and that he should save the tails for me. I went on telling him that the feathers were stripped from the quills, which were dyed in Halford's red spinner dye, which form the bodies, and that I had made a number of red spinners, with one of which he should make the catch from. But in regard to the fly that took thirty-four on a Friday, on the 7th day of June, it was the old reliable garden hackle. The fishing was up stream, around stones and by the sides of banks. Creepers were there and so I guess were all the trout in the stream. By pitching a small worm by the side of a stone, allowing it to remain for a second or two only, fishing across stream to another stone or into a little run, and then giving it a twitch down stream, a trout would be taken with one or the other at almost every cast, and it seemed as if there was a creeper under every stone and a trout by its side. The sizes of the fish ran to about nine inches, but in order to even them up nicely three or four times as many were returned to the water. It was a red

hot day with a blazing sun, a day for successful worm fishing, and one not suited to the fly. The catch was made by spinning the worm as taught me by a conceited old angler more than thirty-years ago. Then the old man with his left arm extended to its full length above his head, triumphantly shouted:

"It was by following my instructions that enabled you to make the catch."

After this mixture of censure and praise, the old man got down from his wrath, and he went over many of our successful days, and recalled the fact that he found red palmers, and flies with orange or yellow silk bodies with partridge hackles as successful on rapids, whilst duns and spinners were as good on smooth stretches as they were when he left the hills of Scotland sixty years ago. At 4:30 P. M. Fred went for the team, Hugh to try the red spinner, and I to see one of the farmers about the stream. On my return, Hugh had made his catch, although he complained that he had become too slow for the race-horse like rushes of trout after red spinners, as he could not secure more than one in three rises. In due time he was dropped at his door, and after another mile's drive I at mine, sometime before sundown. The fish were put into cold waters, wiped dry with a coarse napkin, placed upon dishes and deposited in the refrigerator, and in the course of an hour were found to have become cold and firm. By 9:30 P. M. the greater portion was distributed amongst some of my friends who were "chained to business."

On Saturday I was around doing my work without any effort, and at mid-day old Hugh showed up, inquiring if the 7th of June next year would come on Friday.

THREE DAYS AT SILVER LAKE, WASHINGTON.

BY EDGAR F. CLARK.

Rumors about the great fishing afforded by this lake had reached us and long filled us with a desire to try our luck in casting the fly among its game denizens, and one morning last June, the 27th, two disciples of the "Immortal Izaak" unanimously resolved, "Let's go." So packing up our traps we made a hurried rush for the train. Our exceeding business-like aspect attracted the attention of a gentleman on board whom we found to be a brother fisherman, and who further whetted our curiosity and desire for the trip by picturing in glowing colors the delights which he had experienced during the preceeding week at Silver Lake, and recounted to our delighted ears the marvels of sport which it afforded.

Disembarking at Sumas City we found the third member of the party impatiently awaiting our arrival. Loading ourselves with various impediments in the shape of blankets, provisions and tackle, we took up our line of march "on foot-back." Just here let me stop to say to any one thinking of visiting this lake, don't start without at least a pack-pony for carrying baggage.

Our way led due east up the big hill and by way of the Columbia Valley trail, up, up, by a gradual ascent, over a fairly good road, past a few scattered ranches literally hewn out of the big woods, until at a point about nine miles east of Sumas we left the wagon road which we had been following most of the way and took the direct trail for the remaining three miles. Now the road became rougher, and it was with tired

feet and aching shoulders that we finally, about 6 p. m., descended the last slope, and spread out at our feet lay the shining surface of Silver lake.

Those who are familiar with any of the many mountain lakes of the Sound country will readily picture to themselves this little sheet of crystal water, about a mile and a half long shut in among the mountains, wooded to their summits, and rising from two to three thousand feet above the level of the lake.

Embarking in a canoc hollowed out of a cedar trunk, we were glad to rest ourselves by a paddle across the lake to the cabin which was to be our headquarters. We found an empty log hut of two rooms, comfortable and dry; one provided with a fire-place in which we did all our cooking, and the other affording comfortable sleeping quarters. While two of the party arranged matters in camp and made a fire for supper, the third paddled out and in a few minutes returned with twenty fish. They were nearly all of the same size, about eight and ten inches in length, and of a silvery color with but few black specks. Their flesh was of a pink color, and "the pink of perfection" as to flavor.

Next morning proved dark and showery, and after another hearty meal of trout and coffee we paddled out to explore the lake. We visited the outlet which we found to be a small stream about six feet wide flowing swiftly towards the eastward, the waters of which are said to reach the north fork of the Nooksack.

On our way back we again lilted the fly and soon had good sport. We found these trout, although not reaching half a pound in weight, to be exceedingly game, taking the fly like a flash, and requiring quick work to hook and land them. We found a landing-net a great convenience in lifting them into the boat and avoiding any strain on our rod tips. They readily took the old standard flies, royal coachman and brown hackle, and noticing a small black fly common on the water, we tried the black hackle with peacock body with good success. We took about forty fish on our way back to camp, and found the other member of our party had been equally successful.

After dinner we fished in the rain, which seemed to increase the sport, and the harder the down-pour, the more plentiful the rises. In the intervals of the showers we sat in our boat watching "Old Aquarius" and his children playing hide-and-seek among the hills, while the unruffled surface of the lake lay like a mirror below. We were joined in the evening by a neighboring rancher who had come up to enjoy the good sport. He informed us that the international boundary line lay just a quarter of a mile from the north shore of the lake. He also said that there was good shooting in the vicinity, bear and deer abounding with smaller game. He spent the night with us and returned in the morning with a good load of fish.

Friday morning dawned cloudy and rainy as usual, and we again prepared for fishing by donning our water-proofs, and in our boats paddled to the upper end of the lake, only a quarter of a mile away. Here we enjoyed the best sport yet had, and "double headers" were common, sometimes netting a second fish when boating the first to rise. All

of the fish ran about the same size as previously noted—from eight to ten inches in length; but toward the close of the morning's sport, the writer, while casting, had the fortune to hook a trout that "pulled like a team of horses," causing the reel to hum like unto a rattlesnake's rattle. The line was taut and everything appeared to be working well, when, after coming to the surface long enough to afford a tantalizing view of a trout of about double the usual size, he gave a desperate lunge and succeeded in tearing the hook loose and escaping.

We pulled into camp, having in our boat taken with our two rods seventy-five fish that morning, and finding on our return that our other member had been equally successful. Over our dinner we seriously considered the problem which presented itself; how to get our catch home. We set about preparing the fish, removing the entrails through the smallest possible opening and filling the cavity with freshly pulled swale-grass, a method which preserved the fish very nicely.

We found that we could only carry home about half the number on hand, and what to do with the rest of the day was the question. Of course we wanted no more fish to throw away, but the ardor for the sport was still unquenched in some of the party, and pushing out again, a few were taken in a perfunctory sort of way and released as soon as taken and with but little injury to the fish. But this kind of sport soon grew tame, and although the fish were rising as freely as ever, we gave over the sport for good and returned to our cabin to wait until next day for our return home.

Next morning, for a wonder, it was not raining and we rose bright and

early, packed our traps and prepared for a start, and bidding a reluctant good-by to the lake, we started over the hills, meeting with no accident except taking the wrong trail and adding three miles to our road.

Our total catch, including those re-

turned to the water, figured three hundred and fifty for the three rods. With good roads and accommodations for sportsman while there, Silver Lake ought to prove to be a favorite resort for all who love the gentle art.

IN SEASON.

BY GUY HERNE.

This is the time for two pound trout,
For six-foot leaders and gaudy flies;
For flasks of whisky and bottles of stout,
And for last year's fishing lies.

This is the time for corduroy tights,
For puggaree hats and tennis blazers;
For sunburnt noses and blackfly bites,
And for bidding good-by to razors.

This is the time for the gentle bass—
Bass in the bottle and bass in the water—
For the traveling cap and the dead-head pass,
And the tip to the Pullman porter.

This is the time when wise men shun
The salt water bore and the fresh water
wrangler;
This is the time for all sorts of fun,
And the time to subscribe for THE ANGLER.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Under this Department Heading queries relative to Angling, Ichthyology and Fish Culture will be answered.]

Daniel Webster's Joke.

The following anecdote of Daniel Webster is not among the many given by Peter Harvey in his "Reminiscences and Anecdotes" of the great man, and is worth relating. In a small town on Cape Cod lived a man who was an enthusiastic lover of fishing, and Mr. Webster was often his guest, as on that point they were congenial spirits.

On one occasion after a good morning's sport they were refreshing themselves at luncheon, when the host went to the closet and took out a bottle of brandy, looked at it fondly and said, "There, Mr. Webster, is some fine brandy, so old and so valuable that the interest upon it has already amounted to a large sum." "In that case," replied the immortal Daniel, who never refused a glass of good brandy, "let's stop the interest *at once*," and although not on the bill, the bottle was opened and its merits liberally tested.

Patented Fly Fishing.

In the March number I read a letter from D. Sharp, in which he tells us how he killed eight black bass in fifteen minutes on Shipley's patented fly. Each and every bass was from nine inches up; two weighing one and three-quarters and one weighing two pounds. A good hours sport done up in fifteen minutes. It reminds me of the advertisements one sees in dry goods stores windows:

"Now, thirty-nine cents; former price, one dollar."

I don't blame the dry goods man for selling one dollar goods for thirty-nine cents. He does it to catch the crowd, but I do blame a sportsmen who gives an exhibition to one hundred and fifty people of such lightning speed in fly fishing as Mr. Sharp claims. He failed to tell us whether he used a landing net or pulled them in hand over hand. Had the first one caught (his two pound bass) been of

our Chemung river bass, caught on a six or eight ounce rod, I think by the time he had landed it, his other seven would have to come in at one jump on a patented fly. YANK.

ELMIRA, N. Y., March 26, 1895.

Politics and Fishing.

Owing to the fact that I have been mixing in local politics during the late municipal election (I was candidate for alderman on the wrong ticket), I have not had time to write to you. In fact, I hardly had time enough to eat, much less sleep or go a-fishing. But I have found out that, in some respects, politics resembles fishing; for instance, you may get what you go after and you may not; again, the man who is a pleasant and trustworthy fellow in business, is no more to be depended upon until tried in politics than he is on a camping-out trip. These few remarks are not intended to point a moral. They were entirely unpremeditated. But I wander from the subject of my letter.

I have always considered myself a progressive man. Modern improvements and modern means of transacting business have heretofore attracted my admiration and, when possible, I have always done my best to second efforts in that direction. Now I must draw the line. Between progression and retrogression, give me good fishing.

There is a company formed with the sole and only purpose of spoiling the best and most convenient salt water fishing in this vicinity, and, shades of great Walton, the right worthy fisherman, S. P. Panton, is working with them tooth and toe nail. Vainly have I remonstrated with him; he has the deep water fever in the most aggravated form and, I fear, is past recovery.

This company proposes to build stone things that will make the water deep enough in the Pass to enable all kinds of abominable vessels to come in and load with grain and cotton. These ships—I detest every kind of a ship

bigger than 35 feet l. w. l.—will be of all kinds, sailing (which are not so bad), propellers, and what not; enough, at least, to change the rustic simplicity of the inhabitants to gruff, business like city manners. Enough to change the natural, though somewhat monotonous beauty of sea, sand and sky, to ugly forests of tall spars and clouds of black smoke.

The screech of the propeller, as it plows through the bays, will frighten the jackfish and cause the silver king to seek waters untroubled with such horrid monsters. The snorting tug will drive the flamingo from his resting place on the sand bar and make the water turkey wonder why he was born. Countless engines will come plowing through chaparral, scaring the timid deer and savelina from their haunts.

The picture is too touching; I cannot tell half the story. It makes my hand tremble, and my heart throb, and my eyes blur. Dear old Aransas Pass, to be brought so low.

WILL M. S.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

Fishing at Bowling Green, Ky.

Our fishing commences as soon as our river gets over its high horse, say in two or three weeks. My tackle is all ready, my boat pitched and calked, and I am impatient for the time when I can get out, but this north weather is too rough yet. I have my pants reinforced with sheepskin, to keep my old bones from wearing away before the other parts of the machinery give out.

We don't have such fishing here as your contributors talk about, nor do we make such miraculous catches as some write about. Our game fish is the bronze-backed bass, but we have the jack (pike), the pike-perch and a bass with so many names that we don't know what to call it. When we write about fish we call it "campbellite;" it is said that it was not known in Ohio tributaries until the canals from Lake Erie were let through to the Ohio. It is an excellent fish on the table, also game, and takes a live minnow.

It scarcely ever gets over 2½ lbs. in weight; is silvery white on sides and sometimes very mottled, and its habitat is in old tree tops in still pools. What is it? [It is the strawberry bass sometimes called calico bass. See cut page 118.—ED.] Our mascalonge (?) sometimes weighs 50 lbs, but oftener only 30; our catfish grow to weigh (if left long enough to grow) occasionally 100 lbs., but our sport is

black bass, or rather bronze bass, but we very rarely catch them weighing over 6 lbs. We can't coax them to take a fly, but a live minnow or crayfish they take when hungry; our fish, like the rest of us Kentuckians, hardly ever get hungry, but are always thirsty. We have no trout in this part of the world, but some of our people talk and write about trout when meaning bass. C. R. E.

The Castalia Club.

At the annual meeting of the Castalia Trout Club Company, held at their club house, Castalia, Ohio, March 15, 1895, the following officers and directors were elected for the ensuing year: Officers: John Zollinger, president; John S. Sweeney, vice president; A. C. Moss, treasurer; Clark T. Hasbrouck, secretary. Directors: John Zollinger, George J. Johnson, John S. Sweeney, Clark T. Hasbrouck, A. C. Moss, Frank N. Beebe, John A. Waite.

The beautiful new club house of the club has been formally opened, and the event marked also the opening of the fishing season, and the members will have some fairly good catches to report when they return to town.

The new club building is constructed in the antique style, and a broad piazza nearly surrounds it. The third story, which is the upper one, is in one large room, used as a dormitory. The second floor includes suites of rooms beautifully furnished, and the lower floor is divided off into parlors, reception rooms, a tackle room and bath and storage rooms. The building occupies a situation on a rise of ground overlooking the beautiful stream, over which runs an iron bridge connecting the new building with the dining and living apartments on the other side.

The indications are good for a successful fishing season. During the fall and winter the club has propagated over half a million young fry, and these will be put into the stream from time to time as they mature. The stream is now full of trout.

We learn that there are a few shares for sale of the Grande Pointe Club, located on the celebrated St. Clair flats. Price, \$150.00. This is a rare opportunity to secure a proprietorship of a club located on one of the best black bass waters in the United States. Detailed information can be had by addressing Geo. H. Mackie, St. Clair, Mich.

To Canada for Trout.

It was the 15th of May, 189-, that a party of about a dozen sportsmen left M—— for Canada, intending to spend ten days "where the trout hide." At Springfield, Mass., we took a sleeper, and soon were running along through the picturesque regions that border the Connecticut river. The rhythmic rattle and clang of the train soon lulled us to sleep, and the morning came bright and clear when we entered the Queen's Dominion. The foliage, in a night, seemed to have dropped back a week, for our course was to the north; the early varying shades of the young leaves shimmered in the morning light as we sped along by streams, lakes and woodland.

At 8 o'clock we stopped at Sherbrooke and had a very good breakfast, then on again for Quebec. Our train was late, arriving at Point Levi, opposite Quebec, about 2 P. M. There was the usual bustle getting our "duffle" aboard the ferry boat, but soon the quaint old city of Quebec loomed up in rocky grandeur across the waters of the St. Lawrence river, and soon we were across and making terms for carriages to the "Frontenac," and then up the steep hill where one feels irresistibly inclined to lean forward, and to sit light for fear that the horse will not be able to pull you to the top.

I can imagine no grander or finer location for a hotel than on Dufferin terrace, where, at the expense of more than a million a dollars, the managers of the Canadian Pacific road have erected "The Frontenac." After a very well served dinner, our committee on supplies made a tour of the markets for provisions to use at the club house, and a very thorough job they made of it, so that in the aftertime the table fairly groaned with good things well cooked. The next step was to the railroad officials of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, who were very generous in the matter of a parlor car—it being very early in the year they had not put one on for the season,

We remained in Quebec for the night and took the 9 A. M. train next day for "K. K." lake. We had a good lunch with us, and a car to ourselves and a half dozen general sportsmen, who joined us at the train in Quebec. Our way as far as St. Raymond was through a typical primitive French farming country with many inviting trout streams, and some of them visited by salmon, it was said.

About 2 P. M. we reached Lake Edward, and the train stopped half an hour for dinner; as we had lunched, we visited the lake and learned that the fishing was good, and trout from 1 to 4 lb weight were plenty; "important if true," and it was true. We were more anxious than ever to strike our "camp," which we did about 5 o'clock.

We were, of course, all anxious to have a try at the trout that night, and there was a lively stringing up of rods and selection of flies, and then a wild rush for the stream that runs near the club house and across the railroad track. I believe none were disappointed in the catch that evening; I for one was satisfied. More than a dozen trout, ranging in weight from 1 to 2 lbs apiece, were taken out of the stream before supper, which was a good beginning. The rooms, bed and board were first class, but with the morrow came a cold rain, but it would have taken a hot rain to have kept me in. After a late and leisurely breakfast four of our party decided to go in the club's steamer to the head of the lake, about ten miles, and try the fishing at the inlet. There was another party of three and their guides going into camp at the inlet, so they were taken aboard the steamer. The guides, with their birches, formed a long and picturesque tow. We left the wharf about 9 o'clock, and steamed up the lake with our heavy load, but the little steamer did nobly, not making, however, any great speed, but it was better so. We had left, we hoped, all hurry and bustle behind, and did not want to rush to get ahead of "that other fellow." We were way up in the northern wilderness, where, to be sure, the railroad track was near by, but they run only one train a day. The little steamer was another anomaly, and our tow was wild enough as we looked back on the swarthy French and Indian guides, keeping trim their canoes with a dip of the paddle, and joining their voices in a wild woods chant; so that after all it was a strange and weird scene as we skirted along the picturesque shores of the lake towards the inlet.

We reached the inlet about 11 o'clock and came to anchor; the small boats cut loose and in a few minutes "we four," with our two boats and our two guides, were making our way up the swift water of the inlet stream to the pool; a paddle of twenty rods and the latter was reached, and then separating, with our guide holding the boat in the quick water

of the rapids at the head of the pool, we got ready for business. It came, and at once. My first cast raised two trout. I had two flies on my leader, my companion had three and had three fish to his rod; the other boat was in equal high feather. As our guides had the boats to manage, we had to boat our own fish and I landed my two all right and helped my friend with his three, and the smallest of the lot weighed one and a half pounds, and the largest, two pounds scant. Then another cast all around and again our flies were "loaded," as the waters boiled all around us. The fish were rising freely, as nearly every cast brought a rise and I then took off one fly, fishing with a single and boating my own fish. None were over two pounds and none less than one and a half.

The picture of four men in a pouring rain fishing and chewing gum furiously, utterly oblivious of the gum and the rain, and intensely intent on the fish, will linger long in my memory. As we were not there to see how many fish we could take, we realized that we had reached the limit, and feeling a little guilty at the size of our string, estimated at forty, which was not far out of the way, as we had spent about an hour and the trout were all born fighters. We put ashore, built a fire, and had a lunch, washed down with hot tea, then dropped down the stream to our little steamer.

The ride back to camp in the cold rain, though partly sheltered by a canvas awning, was chilly, but we felt that it was "real pirate," as one remarked, and it was enjoyment "after its kind," and so ended the day. A short stroll with the rod and a cast here and there, as the mood moved us, was sure of bountiful returns anywhere about camp. The fishing, too, was good, but no fish were wasted, as there were thirty or more to feed. And as we fished with the fly, we only hooked our fish through the bony cartilage of the lip, and we released more fish than we kept.

And so the days sped away. One day two of us, each with one guide, with our "birches," took our way down the B—— stream, and for the first half mile the birches danced along the rapids, our native guide in the stern making easy sweeps of the paddle, keeping in the current and gracefully dodging the rocks. We were soon afloat on the pool at the foot of the swift water, but we lingered here only a few minutes to make a few casts, and then dropped

farther down stream. We were starting out for a whole day, had plenty of time to linger by the way, or we could take a straight away course for miles and miles through the primeval wilderness, with no limit till we reached the great lake. Our canoes separated as we sped along down the stream, now through the quick water and again along the quiet reaches. Accustomed for years to boating and canoeing, there is to me a wonderful charm in plying the paddle; no toiling at the oar and looking backward over the course you have passed, but a long look ahead. Then the fresh and odorous air of the woods, the newness and freshness of everything about you. One must see it to appreciate it. The stream broadened out and we soon reached the lake where the wind was fresh, but our birch rode like a duck. We paddled across the lake a mile or so, and then entered Nameless creek, where I raised one solitary half pound trout. We here joined the other canoe again and landed for dinner. Later, finding the creek choked with fallen trees, we turned our course homeward.

Just before leaving the lake, we anchored to fish for doré or wall-eyed pike. They grow to weigh twenty-five pounds in this lake, but you can't prove that by me. We caught plenty, but no large ones. "The day was far spent and night coming on" as we finally reached camp, tired, hungry, but happy, and with plenty of fish.

The guides of this northern country are all honest and trusty, and fully earn their pay; I have always found them faithful and willing.

We saw very little of bird life, but remember one. I thought I heard a vireo with a weird and plaintive call. The painted trillium was about the only wild flower I remember at this time.

We made other trips, of course, and they were fully as rich as those mentioned, but the vacation came to an end, and the man, like the one in the old song, "shouldered his gun and unbent his brows, and went home to his bees and cows."

FRANK S. FAY.

Fishing at Aransas Pass, Texas.

By this mail I send you two photographs of one day's catch of tarpon, made at Aransas Pass last summer; and, by the way, you asked me some time ago about this fish losing his silvery appearance. From what I can learn, he only loses it in fresh or brackish

water, while at Aransas Pass he lives in nothing but salt water, there being no creeks or rivers running into the bays.

The fishing has been excellent all winter, except during the northers. The last cold spell was so severe that the green turtles were so numbed as to be picked up by the boat load, while several thousand pounds of fish, mostly "trout," were picked up on the surface of the water.

W. M. S.

The Sportsmen's Exposition.

(Communicated.)

The demand throughout the country for information concerning the exposition to be given by the Sportsmen's Exposition Association (incorporated), at the Madison Square Garden, New York, on May 13th to 18th, 1895, has forced upon the management the necessity of issuing a regular weekly bulletin containing the information necessary to keep the public advised of the exhibition, and to guide the manufacturers, artists and private individuals who desire to make exhibits, either for business purposes in the manufacturing department, or for educational exhibition of private collections of objects or historical interest in the loan and trophy department. The haste of some of the manufacturers to be identified with the exposition is quite marked. When the exposition was first planned, a number of the manufacturers who were quite indifferent to the affair are now hurrying in earnest, and showing increased confidence in the advantages to be derived from being conspicuously represented, and are now amongst the most enthusiastic promoters.

A brief glance at the prospectus issued a short time since will outline the extensive character of the exposition. Fourteen distinct classes are provided for, which will cover in every essential detail the general interests of the sportsman. Every article used by the sportsman will be included. There are up to this hour of gong to press about fifty leading firms who have taken spaces. Some of the exhibits will cover 520 square feet of floor space, in which will be introduced many new and novel features. For months past some of the manufacturers have been busy preparing their elaborate exhibits, and have made importations from foreign countries, in order to enable them to prepare entirely new material for this occasion. The marvellous beauty of

the fire-arms and weapons to be shown will be imposing, and a revelation to the profession as well as to the novice. Both barrel and blade will show the skill of the designer and engraver. Art in firearms will here be demonstrated. The beauty and quality of ancient Damascus steel has been wrought and wrought, until the production of the firearms manufacturer of to-day outrivals all efforts of the gunmakers of the ages. The mechanism and devices invented for rapid firing and safe control of the modern firearms will be an exposition alone.

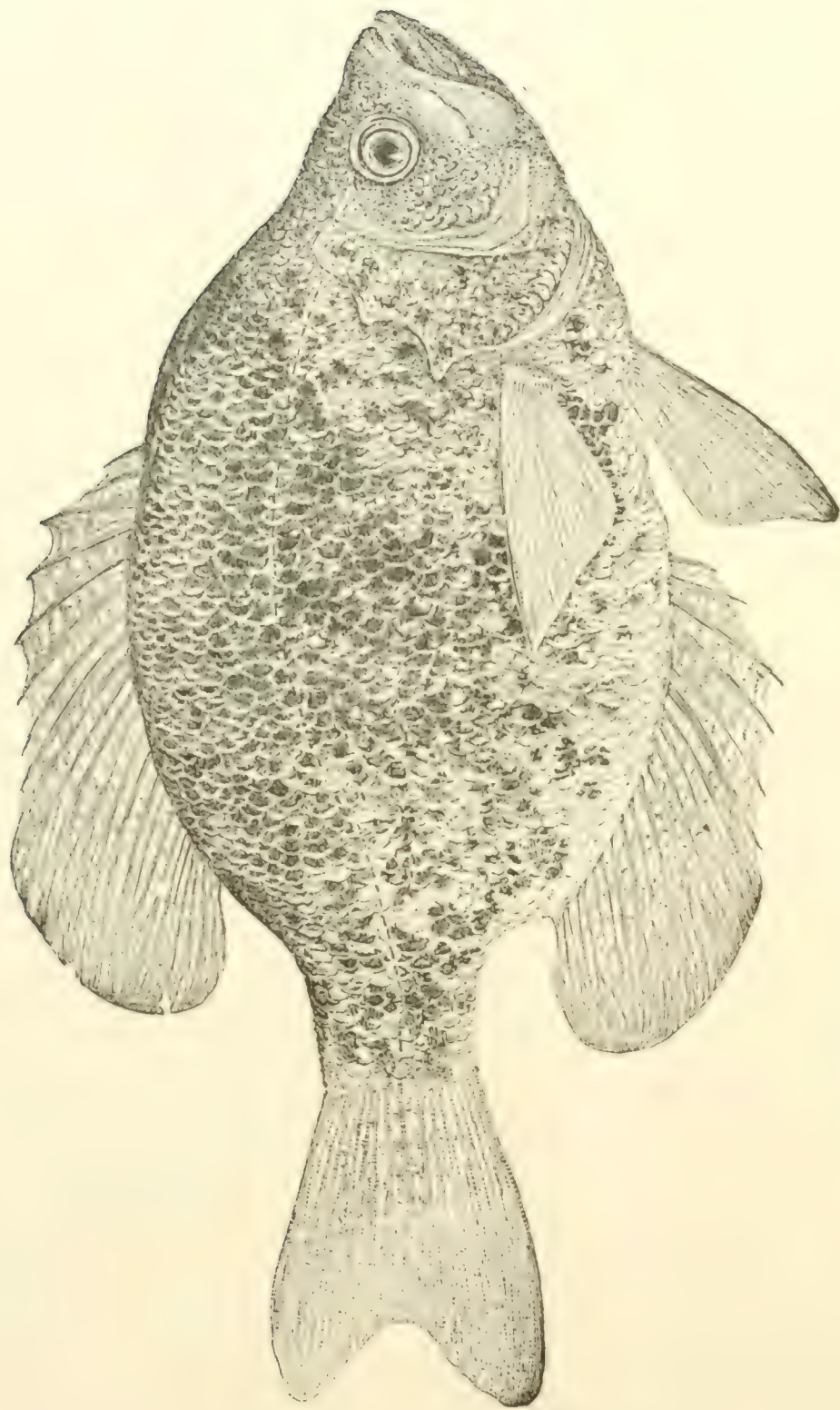
The exhibits of the ammunition makers will show the master hand of the chemist and subtle power and strength of the explosive agents of the hour, which seem to be unlimited. Exhibits showing the power of the powders and the skill of the marksman will be illustrated by targets and diagrams. These displays will be gotten up by the most important manufacturers of this country. Gun implements showing inventions of unique and practical character will attract the visitor, and not only interest the dealer, but the consumer,

Those who will attend the exposition will not be able to move very far among the mass of exhibits, before finding near at hand the sailing craft of the primitive hunter, as well as that of the modern nimrod. The dug-out of old, the bark canoe of the Indian, the steam launch, the shining sails of the phantoms of the sea, all will be there, side by side, a record of the crafty savage and of intelligent man.

The comprehensiveness of the other classes of the exposition is quite as complete, and includes fishing tackle, athletic goods, camping outfits, kennel supplies, cameras, horse equipments, taxidemists art and literature, trophies of the chase, ancient fire arms, valuable oil paintings, old prints, books, etc., etc.

The following list will show the number and character of the exhibitors who have engaged space:

Winchester Repeating Arms Company, E. I. Dupont de Nemours & Company, Union Metallic Cartridge Company, Forehand Arms Com- pany, Hardware Publishing Company, Union Hardware Com- pany, Colt's Fire Arms Com- pany,	<i>Shooting and Fishing,</i> Bridgeport Gun Imple- ment Company, Cushman & Denison, Remington Arms Com- pany, Spratt's Patent (Amer- ican) Limited, Schoverling, Daly & Gales, Cleveland Target Com- pany, United States Cartridge Company,
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The Strawberry Bass—Crappie—New Light—Campbellete or Bachelor.

Herman, Boker & Com- pany,	Gas Engine & Power Company,
Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Company,	Parker Brothers,
Weibusch & Hilger Lim- ited,	<i>Sporting Goods Dealer</i> ,
<i>Forest and Stream</i> ,	T. W. Fraime,
Von Lengerke & Det- mold,	Hazard Powder Com- pany,
<i>American Field</i> ,	The Webster Studio,
Maine Central Railroad,	Obrig Camera Company,
William Lyman,	Cornwalls & Tesperson,
Lefever Arms Company,	Chas. Scribner Sons,
Geo. O. Shields (Publisher <i>Recreation</i>),	Burgess Gun Company,
Tatham Brothers,	Hulburt Bros. & Com- pany,
Wm. C. Harris (Publisher of THE AMERICAN ANG- LER),	W. W. Hart,
Hunter Arms Company,	B. M. Morris,
A. G. Spalding & Bros.,	Ideal Manufacturing Company,
	The Tie Company,
	The Pieper Gun Com- pany

And Many Others

Every week now adds to the number of exhibitors. The choice spaces are being rapidly allotted and now number upwards of seventy-five, leaving but a limited number at the command of the association. A day's delay may find some very important exhibitor without space. It is unfortunate that there are not a greater number of spaces, for it will be impossible to provide for all who may wish to be identified with the exposition.

The association will arrange for reduced traveling rates from all points in the United States. The rates will be low, and will offer every inducement to attend the exposition at a season of the year when traveling is delightful.

The importance of the exposition as a means of extending the public interest of the manufacturer and the dealer cannot be overestimated. Every step towards the education of the public tends to broaden the knowledge of the novice and quietly enlist new disciples into the ever increasing and changing ranks of the sportsman. The old followers drop off and the new step in, and whenever this fact is realized in any profession, the live man of business grasps the opportunity offered to keep up with the advancing host, and finds himself and his interests keeping pace with the evolution of business and of the conditions. If to fancy that old success can accomplish much that is vital in that of the present, that man's confidence in himself is misplaced. If a narrow conception of the advantages of the Sportsmen's Exposition is fostered, and an indifference to the efforts of the managers be indulged

in, nothing can demonstrate more conclusively (to change the old adage so as to read), "That none are so blind as those who will not *hear*."

The Sportsmen's Exposition will not be a commonplace affair. The strong list of exhibitors certainly is a guarantee that success is sure to crown the efforts of the promoters of the enterprise.

Black Bass Take An Early Fly.

Will the black bass rise to artificial fly in April or May? I have never known them so to do, but the question is in controversy with some angling friends, and we agreed to live it to you. If so, what fly?

SOMERSET, Ky.

E. H. P.

We have taken black bass (small-mouthed), on the Schuylkill river, with the artificial fly as early as March 22. This was, of course, experimental, as the legal season was not on. The ice fringe still existed along the river banks, but the day was bright and balmy, and the bass, sunfish and chub were apparently imbued with the spirit and charm of the early springtide, for they sprung eagerly at the feathers, and seemed to be voraciously hungry after their winter's abstinence and semi-hibernation. The instance cited was not occasioned by the bass being eager to remove all obstruction or dangers from its spawning bed, which, in the months of May and June, is observed to be the bass' great motive in taking the artificial fly. It had not as yet commenced preparations for spawning. The fly used by us was dressed on a No. 4 Limerick, and known locally in Philadelphia as "the turkey fly," with dark body and brown wings. From the above incident, and from the fact that black bass take the artificial fly best in the early days of the open season, we answer "yes" to our correspondent's query, but this applies solely to the bass as we have found them in eastern waters.

The Fall River Line.

Commencing Monday, April 1, 1895, the steamers Puritan and Pilgrim will leave Pier 28 (old number), North River, foot of Murray street, at 5:30 P. M., instead of 5 P. M., as at present.

Sunday trips will be resumed for the season, commencing May 5, 1895. Steamers will leave New York from Pier 28, North River, at the same time (5:30 P. M.) as on week days. From Boston, connecting trains will leave Park Square Station of the New York, New Haven

and Hartford Railroad at 7 P. M., (an hour later than on week days), connecting with boat at Fall River in 80 minutes.

Double service will be effected for the summer season of 1895 from Monday, June 17th, until Saturday, September 14th, inclusive. During this period the Priscilla, Puritan, Plymouth and Pilgrim will be in commission and operated together between New York and Fall River, the same as last season. The Priscilla and Puritan will leave New York at 5:30 P. M. and run direct to Fall River, while the Plymouth and Pilgrim will leave at 6:30 P. M., run to Newport, reach there at about 4 A. M., remain there until 6 A. M., and then proceed to Fall River, reaching there at 7 A. M. From Boston, trains will leave Park Square Station at 6 and 7 P. M., connecting at Fall River with boats leaving there at 7:40 and 8:30 P. M., due New York at 7 A. M., the train leaving Boston at 6 P. M. will connect with steamer touching at Newport at 9:15 P. M. There will be but one boat (5:30 P. M.) from New York on Sundays. From the East there will be two boats every day in the week, excepting on Saturday, when but one boat will be run to New York.

Commencing June 1, 1895, Pier 28 (old number) North River, foot of Murray street, will be known, and advertised, as Pier 18, North River, foot of Murray street.

Music is not new on the Fall River Line. Each of the steamers carries an orchestra at all seasons of the year.

Time to Think About It.

What you and I had better do, after this very unsatisfactory winter moping around home here, is go down, or up, to Virginia and West Virginia, and have a real, *bona fide* outing. I think I can find that old sportsman. He is not so old but he has full knowledge of all the new-fangled fishing-tackle and shooting-irons that we use nowadays. He knows all about Virginia and West Virginia. The hills and gorges and defiles are filled with game this year more than ever before. So I hear. Partridge, wild turkey, grouse, pheasant, wild pigeon, quail, rabbit and squirrel are so plenty that they are running and flying all over one another in the narrow passes. Then, if we want real, live sport, we can go back thirty or forty miles from the railroad track and hunt deer and bear.

But we must keep out of trouble with the game laws. Every true sportsman does that, of course; not for fear of the law, but on the ground that game is entitled to a chance to increase and multiply on the face of the earth, same as—well—never mind that. What I was going to say is that I have precise directions about all that, in Virginia and West Virginia. My friend Charles O. Scull, chief of the Passenger Department of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Baltimore, Md., has just sent me a neat little leaflet telling how to get there—all about the close seasons for game and fish. Write and tell him that you want on.—that you feel run down, aching for a sight at something, want to see how the fish bite down there. Mr. Scull will see you get one.

But, wait! I forgot about the fish. The South Branch of the Potomac has the best black bass in America, and they bite harder than Hamlet's shrewd and nipping air. The Cheat, Youghiogheny, Potomac and Monongahela are all great fishing streams. And they are all convenient to Baltimore and Ohio Railroad stations—some of them right there; guides waiting for a job at one dollar and a half a day, and "found." Write Mr. Scull. It is time to think about it.



A Six
Strip
Split
Bamboo
Rod.



Perfect
in
Action
and
Finish.

Patented May 6, 1890, and May 27, 1890. Registered, March 18, 1890.

KOSMIC Rods approach as nearly an ideal standard as mechanical skill, and a practical knowledge of an angler's needs, can produce.

The Bamboo is of the finest quality, specially selected for us by experts in Calcutta, and is of our own direct importation. Our Patent Ferrules render these rods *absolutely nonbreakable at the joint*. Best German Silver Mountings. All Workmanship of the very best style.

We call particular attention to the mechanical principle of our Kosmic Ferrules. Rods break most frequently at the point where the wood enters the ferrule. When the diameter of a joint is reduced to enter the smaller diameter of the ferrule, its strength is lessened 40 per cent. In the Kosmic ferrules this objection has been entirely overcome. **There is no reduction in the size, or change in the shape of the wood, until it has passed a full half inch into the ferrules.** (See Figures 1 and 2.)

An elastic Celluloid Band (Fig. 1) re-inforces the bamboo and extends inside the ferrule to Fig. 2, producing a **Very Strong and Flexible End**. The point of greatest strain (between Fig. 1 and Fig. 2) thus becomes *the strongest part of the rod*, and it cannot break at this point. *We guarantee every rod.* Fig. 3 represents our patent Waterproof Cap, which prevents the entrance of water into the joint.

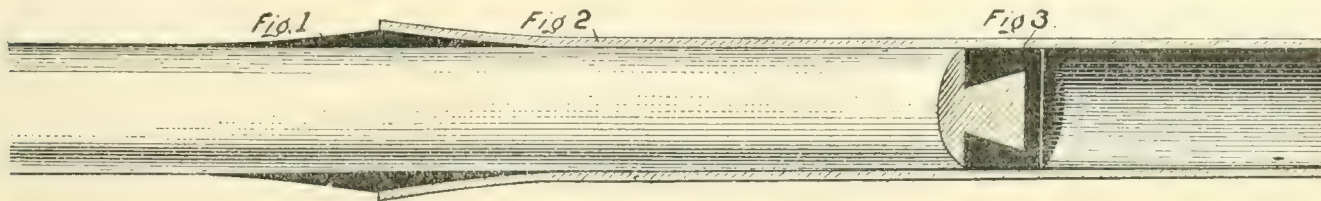


Fig. 1—Elastic Celluloid Band, re-inforcing the Bamboo. Fig. 2—German Silver Ferrule, Patented May 6 1890. Fig. 3—Patent Waterproof Cap, excluding all moisture.

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All my Rods
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Bethabara and Degama Wood Rods

These Rods are made BY HAND of selected woods and under my own supervision. They have stood the test of time and are considered superior by many of the most expert anglers in the country. I am also making the same (best) of LANCEWOOD and GREENHEART rods. Of SPLIT BAMBOOS I can recommend the

Leech Combination

This is the perfection of a Combination Rod. It will make either a 91-2 foot fly-rod or an 8 foot bass rod, suitable for either trolling or bait casting. Made as follows: A reversible hand grasp, so that when used with fly-rod you have the reel seat below the hand, making a fly-rod of three pieces and a short grasp. The bass trolling or casting rod is made with an extra short grasp that fits into the head of reel seat of reversible butt, making a double grasp rod. This part of rod is of two pieces, a tip and second joint, and the two short grasps, which combined make the double grasp. Price in split bamboo, \$30; bethabara, \$20; greenheart, \$15; degama, \$12; lancewood, \$10. This includes cork grasp and German silver mountings.

The Quaspeake Club Rod

This beautiful rod is only seven feet in length and weighs three ounces. It is designed for small stream work where open and brush fishing alternates. It will cast forty to fifty feet with ease, and, owing to its length has sufficient backbone to kill a three-pound trout without strain or damage. For brush fishing it is just the thing. This rod is finished with care and its construction will compare favorably with the best split bamboo rods in the market.

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FINE TROUT AND GRAYLING FLIES.

Regular Grade	30 per doz.
Best	50 "
Extra High Grade	75 "
Tarned wing	1.00 "
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Fine Salmon Flies to Order.

SELECTED GUT LEADERS AND CASTING LINES.

Three feet. Six feet.

Single Gut, Regular Trout	\$.50	\$1.00 per doz.
Best	1.00	2.00 "
Regular Black Bass	1.75	3.50 "
Best Black Bass	2.00	4.00 "
Double Gut, Best Black Bass	1.50	3.00 "
Extra	2.40	4.80 "
Treble Gut	1.50	3.00 "

OUR CELEBRATED SNELLED HOOKS.

Extra High Grade Single Gut	30c. per doz.
Double Gut	40c. "
First Grade Single Gut	20c. "
Double Gut	30c. "
Special Grade Single Gut	12c. "
Double Gut	20c. "

FINE BLACK BASS AND LAKE FLIES.

Regular Casting	\$.75 per doz.
with helper	.85 "
Best Casting	1.50 "
Regular Trolling, Double Gut	.85 "
Best	1.50 "
Fine Lake Flies	\$1.00, 1.50, 1.75 "

SILK WORM GUT (100 STRANDS IN HANK.)

Ordinary Trout	\$.40 per hank.
Regular	.50 "
Best	.60 "
Ordinary Bass	.75 "
Regular	1.00 "
Best	1.50 "
Extra	1.75 "
Regular Salmon	3.00 "

HEXAGONAL SPLIT BAMBOO RODS.

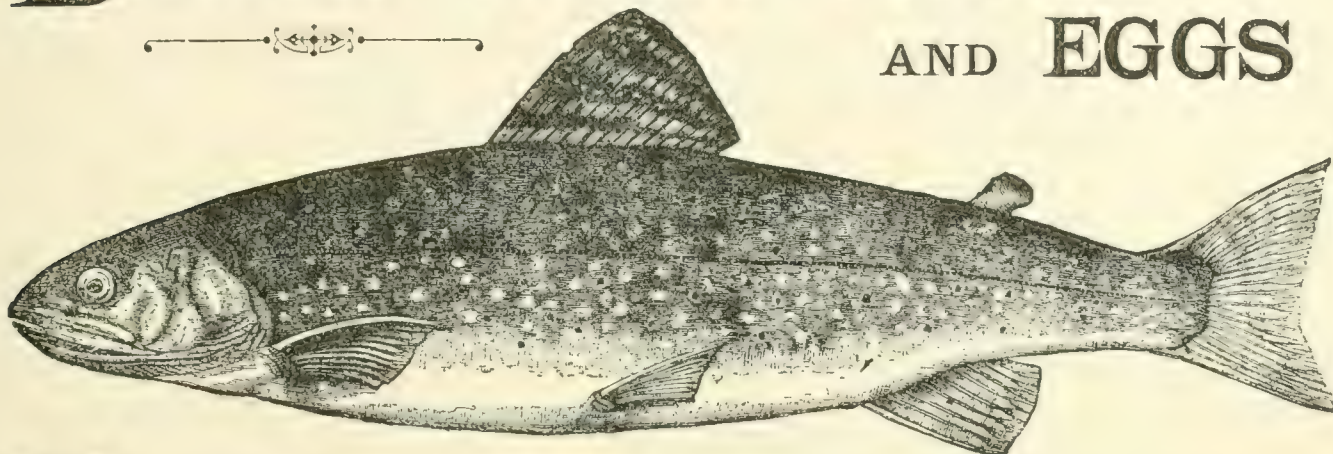
German Silver Best Hand-made Fly	\$12.00
Bait	14.00
Fly or Henshall	7.00
Nickeled	6.00
	3.50

All Styles of Salt Water Rods.

TRADE PRICES AND DISCOUNT SHEET TO DEALERS.

BROOK TROUT FRY

AND EGGS



We have for sale in their season Brook Trout Eggs and Young Fry, also yearlings and half-pound trout for stocking streams and ponds. We have been unable to fill all our orders for yearlings this season, but having now increased our facilities we expect to be able to furnish yearlings in quantities to suit customers.

We guarantee our eggs to be best quality, full count and properly packed. We also guarantee safe delivery of yearlings. We make special prices on eggs and fry to Fish Commissioners. Correspondence solicited. Address,

Persons ordering Eggs should do so early, as we begin shipping in December.



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ATHLETES GENERALLY**

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ANTI-STIFF

INSTANTLY RELIEVES
Soreness and Stiffness
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CANOEIST, GOLF PLAYERS
SHOULD USE IT.**

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F. FOUGFRA & CO., 30 William St., N.Y.

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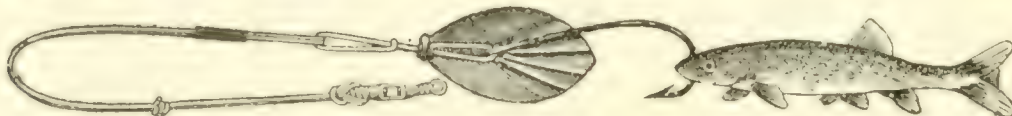
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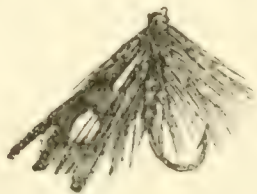
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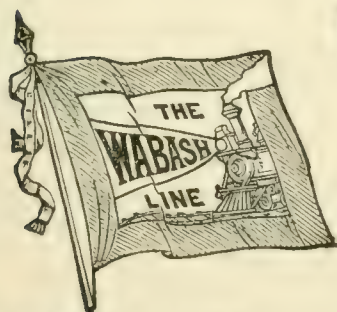
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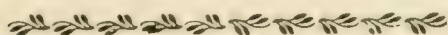
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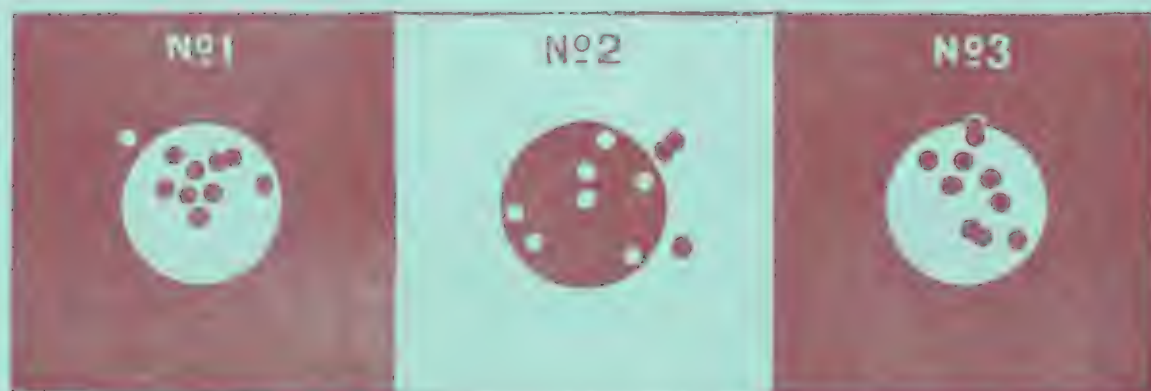
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WM. C. HARRIS, Editor.

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: : THE : :

AMERICAN ANGLER

WILLIAM C. HARRIS, Editor.

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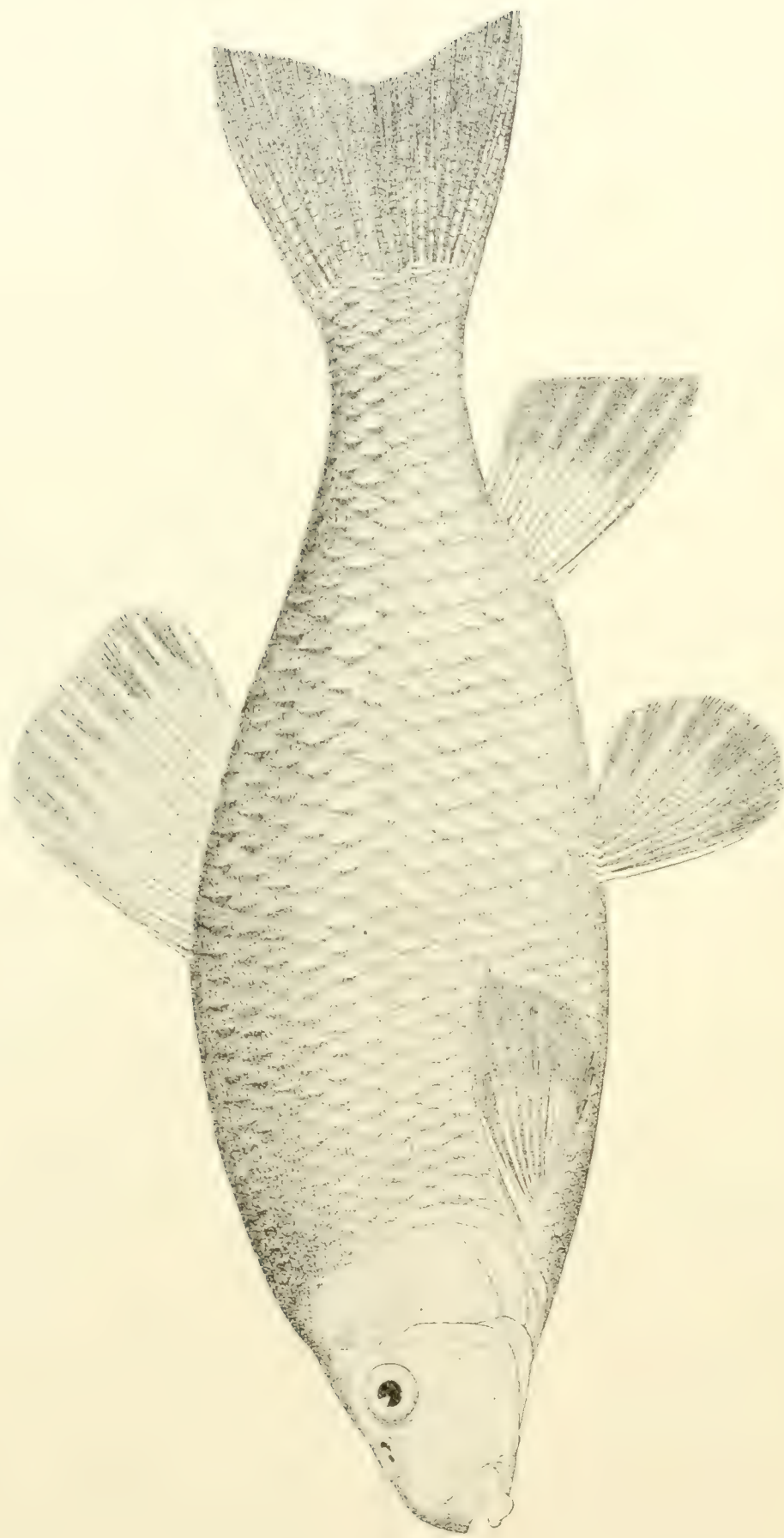
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No. 5

OLD HERC—A SALT WATER FISHER.

BY CHAS. COHILL.

Many of the visitors at Kit's Hammock (Delaware Bay), within the past fifteen years, will remember old Herc, or Hercules, or, as he styled himself:

"Harkless, sah, de strong man what you read 'bout in de Bible."

When I first made the acquaintance of Herc, some years ago, he was a stout, sturdy fellow of about fifty years of age, and possessed of immense strength. He had long muscular arms, heavy shoulders, and was about as black as ebony. He was the man of all work at the hotel, but his chief delight was the care of horses, of which he seemed to have a thorough knowledge. Herc was also a great lover of the water, and was in his glory when accompanying a fishing excursion as bow oarsman to the heavy boat that usually carried parties out on the bay. He would rather row than sail, and he could pull that heavy boat through a choppy seaway without any apparent exertion.

Bill Bright, the violinist, and one of the best "dance fiddlers that ever handled a bow," was stopping at the Hammock, and he and Herc became firm friends. The latter would sit by the hour listening to Bright's music, with his eyes intently riveted upon the

performer, with no sign of animation except a convulsive twitching of the muscles of his under lip, and the slow, measured movement of one foot as he kept time with the violin.

Bright was a famous fisherman, and almost every day would take parties out on the bay in the large sail boat to fish for sea trout (weakfish). One morning Bright and I had arranged it to go out by ourselves, and Herc had made up his mind, uninvited, to accompany us, and all the persuasion that Bright could bring to bear in opposition to this scheme was lost upon our sable friend.

"Now, look here," said Bill, "Hobson (the proprietor of the hotel) might not like your running away in the morning; there's lots of work to be done, and he depends upon you, and if you go off he'll cuss like a major."

Herc looked at Bright with a comical expression on his countenance, and although he claimed to be very religious (at times), as all darkies do, he broke forth:

"Who a debil keers fur Hobson—who keers fur his cussin', bress Gawd, I kin cuss as hard as Hobson; I don't give a snap fur him. I'm gwine to go, an' dat's all 'bout it. I'll meet ye at de Sand ditch up de sho', yo' cum up dat-away—Gosh amighty."

"All right," said Bright; "we'll meet you," and as we went into the kitchen to get our scalded mussels for bait, we heard Herc muttering:

"Pooty nôte, kain't go fishin' 'thought gettin' cussed—de debil wid Hobson!"

In half an hour we had all our traps in the boat, and, as the wind was light, concluded to row, and had pulled the boat up along the shore towards the Sand ditch, when we spied Herc coming across a meadow. He had made a circuit of half a mile to avoid Hobson, who was out in a field where the men were threshing wheat. As Herc stepped into the boat we saw that he had something concealed inside his shirt bosom, and Bright asked:

"What's that in your shirt, Herc?"

"Turtle," he replied.

"What?"

"Gin'l Washington."

Bright smiled, and Herc drew from its hiding-place a quart flask, with the bust of Washington blown upon its side, which held a quart of "Hobson's Best."

"You've been stealing Hobson's rum," said Bill.

"Bress de Lawd, I didn't nuther; he owes me more'n dat fo' overwork."

We had a few bottles of water in the boat, and at Herc's request sampled the Gin'ral," after which Herc took a drink, and then insisted on taking my place at the oars, which I willingly surrendered to him, and he made that heavy boat fairly skip over the water in the direction of the fishing grounds.

"Do you know how 'tis, Mr. Bright, dat dem genelman ketches mo' fishes dan you," said Herc.

"I suppose they're better fishermen," replied Bill.

"No, sir; dey takes advantage o'

you. Now I'll jest tell ye how 'tis. You sail de boat out to de fishin' grounds, den you go forred to take in ye'r sail an' drap anchor, an' 'fore your seat hes time to cool, a couple o' dem fancy fishermen flops right down in de starn o' de boat, heps darselves to de best bait, heaves dar line o'board, an' de tide carries 'em a little beyant de boat, an' 'fore you git time to bait a hook dey begins to haul in de trouts. You've got to fish ober de side o' de boat in de shadder, an' fishes don't bite so well as ef yer line wor trailin' away wid de tide."

Bright looked at me, and with a knowing wink, said: "Herc's right; you know yourself that fish bite better at a trail."

Herc kept up his fire of talk, giving us the advantage of his experience, and in due time we arrived at the fishing grounds. Bright, wishing to test Herc's advice, kept his seat in the stern of the boat, and Herc attended to the anchor.

"Now, Mr. Bright, tell me whar to drap dis mud-hook, an' down she goes," said he.

Bright sounded the bottom, and at length ordered the anchor dropped, and when the boat swung around with the tide we threw our lines overboard. Bright's sinker had scarcely touched bottom before he hooked a 2 lb trout, and hauled him into the boat.

"Didn't I tole ye so?" said our colored friend. "Kain't fool dis chile 'bout fishes; hain't ben fishin' in dis yere bay fur forty years 'thout larnin' sumfin—ya, ya!"

Bright caught several fine fish, and once in a while I hooked one, but Herc seemed to have poor luck; the fish didn't trouble his bait much. Now and then he gave a tremendous jerk, which,

if a fish had been on his hook, would have pulled his gills out, or perhaps torn his head completely off; at the same time speaking either to the fish or to himself. "Now mind yerself; don't fool yerself too much wid dat bait; recollect ole Herc's at de order end o' de line, an' he's shore def to fishes." He would then pull up his line, only to find that all the bait had been nibbled off. After a few performances of this kind, he said:

"I've allers found dat ef I go to sleep, or make believe, dat de trouts 'll bite, an' I'm gwine to fool 'em now."

Herc put on fresh bait, and throwing his line overboard stretched out his huge form across the thwart and began to snore vigorously. Bright and I had forgotten all about him, so intent were we with our own lines, when, with a spring that almost capsized the boat, he rolled off the thwart, upsetting the "Gin'ral," which fortunately fell on a sponge which we used to bail out the boat, at the same time exclaiming:

"Gashamighty! Neber felt de like in all my life. Must o' ben a shirk. Reckon he's tuck bait, hook an' all. I'll jes pull an' see." (Pulls up his line, talking all the time.) "Didn't ye see how he bore on dat line. Lawd, ef I'd hooked him we'd hed some fun, now mind I tell ye."

Herc hauled in his line and found that the bait hadn't been disturbed, and I had a hearty laugh at him.

"You're dreaming," said Bright; "you had no bite; you're a regular nuisance in a boat; you don't know how to fish."

Herc's countenance was the picture of blank amazement. He looked at his hooks, each with half a clam on it, and then at us, and said:

"Bless de Lawd! Ef I hedn't a bite

of a shirk I hope I may never go to heaven. Dat ere shirk must o' bit at de dipsy. Look, now, I swar ef I doan see de marks o' his teef on de lead!"

"Take another drink, Herc, and try some other plan," said I. Herc took a drink, and said:

"I allers tuk notice ef I begun to tell a yarn de fishes wor sure to bite. Now I'll tell ye one. Do ye see dat white house away off dar on yan side o' dat bunch o' trees? Well, I used to live dar. My ole master (Herc had been born a slave) used to own dat farm, an' dar's whar I was raised. My, oh! What happy days I'se spent dar—yes, indeedy. De ole man hed a boy (Jack), he was de orneriest cuss I eber knowed—neber worked—neber done nuffin but debil 'round an' git into trouble. He was a bully fellow, though; mean' him laid out in de woods many a night, coon an' possum huntin'; we used to build a big fire an' roast sweet 'taters in de hot ashes, an' on our way home stop at de ale mill an' git a drink o' cider"—(another tremendous jerk at his line, and, hauling in hand over hand, exclaimed—"got 'im dis time shore 'nuff," and he landed a fine trout into the boat, which tickled him amazingly. After baiting and throwing his line overboard again he resumed his story.)

"Yes, genelman, dem was happy times, but dey'll neber come back. Now dis boy Jack was allers a gittin' into trouble, but de wust trouble happened one night when we was out huntin'. Jack knowed all de boys in de hull neighborhood, an' he was kinder boss ober 'em, but dey liked him fur all, and ef he said, 'Boys, let's go huntin', he jest could get all de dogs he wanted—an all de boys, too. One night we made up to hev a big hunt; it was jest 'bout huskin' time, an' a

bright moonlight night. Lawd, how de frost did shine on de grass, an' a feller hed to jump roun' to keep warm. Little Billy Cullen fetched three head o' dogs, Tom Morris hed ole Hec, an' Joe Benson hed an ole yaller cur—he was mighty good to jump a coon, but couldn't run a trail wuff a cent—allers frowin' off on rabbits an' minks an' sich; but de boss dog o' de hull lot was Jack's Trailer. Bless de Lawd, how dat dog would run a coon! An' foxes—(another jerk at the line, which proved a false alarm.) Well, we sot off—went down back o' de ole field, den struck froo de woods an' down along de branch. Trailer got foot of a possum and treed him, an' little Billy Cullen clim de tree an' shuk him out an' de yaller dog killed him. We kept on for a spell, an' at last Trailer struck on a coon's track. Arter a while de oder dogs tuk it up an' off dey went, down de branch, den up froo Mr. Benson's field, an' down along de crick. Lawd, what music! Dey run dat coon two hours 'fore he treed, but, at last, Trailer fetched a bark, an' we knowed his goose was cooked. We run down to whar de dogs was, and sho' 'nuff, dar was Mr. Coon 'way up on de tip top of a big gum, scrouched down clost to de limb. 'Who's goin' to climb dat tree?' said Billy Cullen. 'Taint me, you may jest bet,' Joe Benson said. 'Kaint git dis chile up dat tree.' 'Bout dat time up comes Jack. 'Whar's de coon?' said he. 'Up on de tip top o' dat gum,' said Billy. 'Hain't nobody goin' arter him?' said Jack. 'You go yerself,' said Billy; I clim for de possum! Joe Benson said he'd go, only he hed a sore foot. At last Jack tuk off his coat an' boots, an' I gin' him a lift an' up he went. He got up an' shuk out de coon, an' jes as de ole feller

struck de ground de dogs caughted him, an' my, oh! What a bully fight he made. While we was payin' 'tention to de dogs an' coon, Jack hollered out, 'Boys, I kain't hold out much longer! We looked up, an' my golly, dar was Jack 'way out on a little limb an' hit a bendin' an' him almost pitchin' off. 'What's de matter?' said Joe. 'I'm slippin', said Jack, an' 'fore he got de words out'n his mouf his feet giv way an' he was just hangin' by his arms. We all hilt our breff. 'I'm gwine to fall,' said Jack. 'Ef you're gwine to fall yo' better say yo'r prayers,' said Joe Benson, 'for you'll git smashed all ter flinders.' 'Don't know no prayers,' said Jack. 'Better say 'Our Father art in heaven' anyhow, fur ye'll be killed, sure! Jack commenced: 'Our Father art in heaven, hollered be dy name—" here, here, (gave another pull at his line, and brought up a toad fish, and then resumed). "Whar was I?"

"Where the boy was saying his prayers," said I.

"Oh, yes! Well, he got up to 'holered be dy name,' an' didn't know no mo', an' while he was tryin' to recollect de balance his hands slipped, an' down he kim kerwallop, an' lit on Joe Benson's yaller dog. Lawd, what a ki-yi dat dog sot up; you could yere him fo' miles. Joe said de dog's back was bruk, an' his ole man would giv' him de debil, fur be kind o' prized dat dog, he was a good ratter roun' de granery. But, pore Jack! Dar he laid—groanin an' carryin' on as ef he wor dead fo' sure. Billy Cullen 'xamined him an' axed him how he felt, but Jack he on'y groaned—couldn't speak. Billy's brother Sam was learnin' to be a doctor at some college, an' Billy 'maged he know'd somethin' 'bout doctorin', so he took holt o' Jack's pulse, an' arter a

while he said, 'Boys, I reckon he's gone—two o' his legs is bruk an' his skull fractioned; 'sides dat his insides is all turned upside down.' Joe Benson keered mo' fur his ole yaller cur than he did fo' pore Jack, an' arter rubbin' him a spell, got 'im so's he could walk, an' we all started fur home. I got Jack on my back, and he was limber as a rag. When we got home de folkses was all in bed, and I hed to wake 'em up. De ole misses—Jack's mammy—kim down fust; when she seed Jack she guv a scream an' fainted. Dat fotched de ole man down stairs. When he seed Jack he tuk to cussin' and fotched me a lick side o' my jaw dat made me see stars. 'Go fur a doctor, yo' black debil,' says he, 'or I'll skin de hide aff'n ye.' I got Jack's colt (Brown Dick), an' bridled 'im, an' 'thout any saddle rid over, an' fotched Dr. Harris. He 'xamined Jack and said no bones was bruk, but he was badly shuk up, an' would hev to be kep mighty quiet. In 'bout fo' weeks he got well, an' de ole man sent him to Newark to school; he wanted to make a doctor out'n him, but t'want no go. He tried him at everything, but he was so ornery that at last he hed to make a lawyer out'n him, an' dat jest suited him 'xactly, fur he could outlie de Jews."

"Is he alive yet?" I inquired.

"'Live! Lawd bress ye, why he went out West an' got married, an' was 'lected to Congress. Why, he's one o' de biggest liars in Washington."

Herc resumed his fishing, and, as the fish bit freely, he had no further occasion to fool them.

The wind had freshened up a little, and our boat pitched on the swells,

which caused the water bottles to roll from side to side and make a peculiar gurgling sound.

"What's dat—what's dat? Didn't ye year sumpfin? By golly, dat's a drum-fish, an' I'se gwine to go fur him."

He baited each of his hooks with a whole clam, and lowering down the line carefully, said:

"Now, genelmen, jest keep quiet an' I'll show ye some fun."

The boat ceased pitching, and the bottles remained stationary, when Herc said: "Hish! He's gwine down arter my bait," and he took a firm hold on his line, and, with set teeth, looked the picture of determination. Bright and I knew it was a false alarm:

"Hish! He's comin' up, now. Golly! He's jest rubbed 'gainst my line. My Lawd, what a rouser! Ef he'd on'y jest nibble at dat bait one little mite I'd hev 'im."

Whether it was only imagination or a trout had struck at his bait, Herc believed it was a drum, and, with one tremendous jerk, which caused the boat to careen over to her gunwale, he snatched in the line:

"Bress de Lawd! I never felt sich a bite in all my born days, but he lef' go."

We roared with laughter; the water bottles rolled from under the stern, and Herc saw in an instant that he had been fooled, and for about a minute he let out some of the tallest "cussing" I ever listened to, which he rounded up with:

"Gosh amighty, genelmen, I'm git-tin' dry. Let's all take one, but fur de Lawd's sake don't tell Hobson 'bout dis drum. Ef ye do, I'll never year de last of it."

FISH AND FISHING IN AMERICA.

BY WM. C. HARRIS.

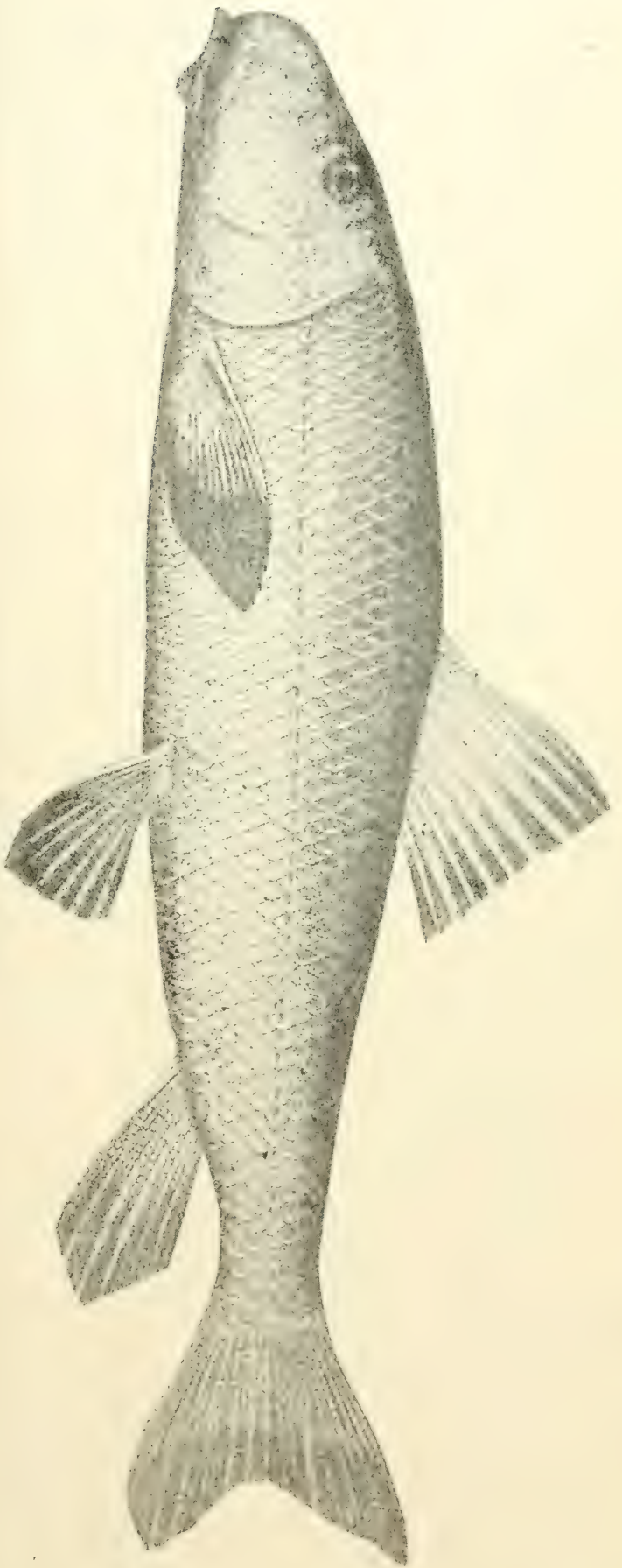
(Continued from page 101.)

The fishes of the sucker family—*Catostomida*—belong to a distinct order, that of the *Eventognathi* (from three Greek words, signifying “well,” “within,” “jaw,” having reference to the maxillary bone being perfect, not entering into or being a part of a barbel or “feeler,” as is the case with the preceding order—the *Nematognathi*—under which we have just treated the catfishes). This order embraces the majority of the fresh-water fishes of the world, but includes only a few of those that come within the scope of our work, the greater number being small fishes, used generally for baits, and others scarcely worthy of attention of the angler, were it not that they are considered by fishermen in many parts of the United States as legitimate objects of pursuit.

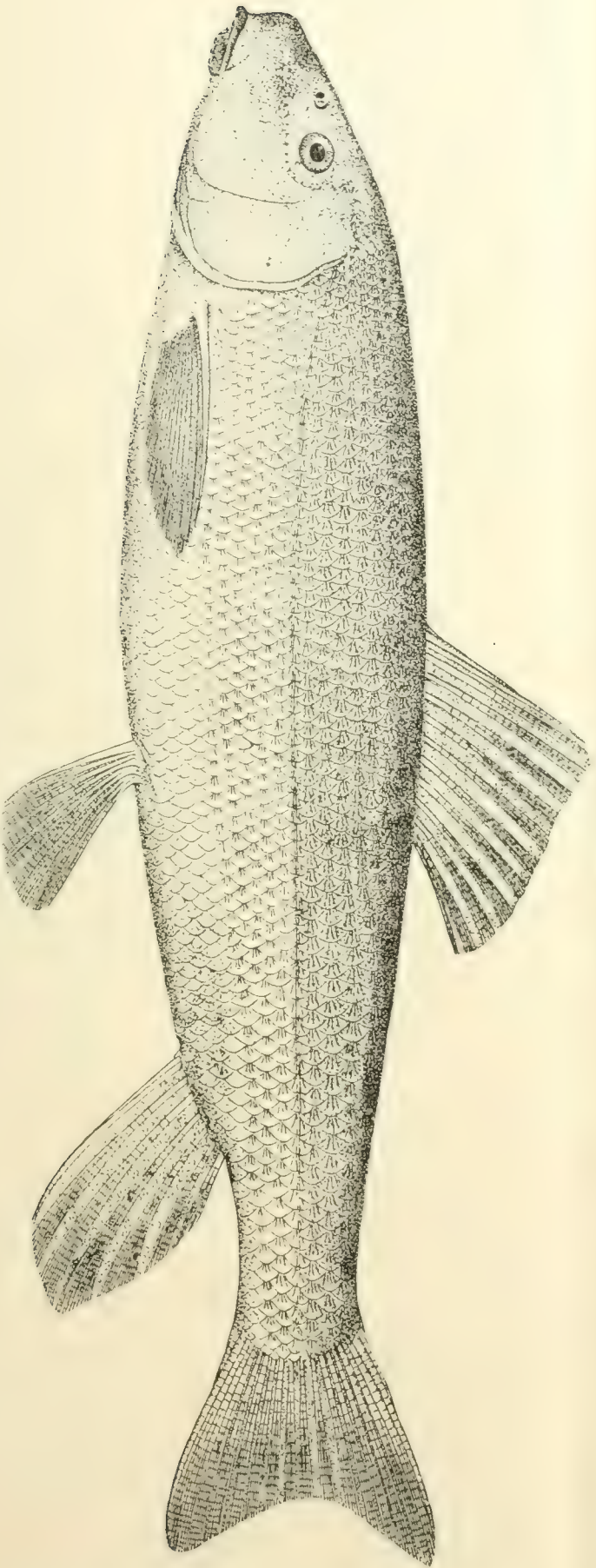
The prominent physical features of the suckers are: Absence of teeth in the jaws; a protractile mouth with thick and fleshy lips, the mouth being usually situated under and behind the snout; the lower throat bones (called pharyngeal and situated behind the gills and at the beginning of the throat) are curved like a scythe and have many comb-like teeth in one row, and the air bladder is large and divided into two or three parts. They have no adipose dorsal fin, which readily distinguishes them from some of the whitefishes, particularly the Rocky Mountain whitefish, which many anglers, thoughtlessly, believe to be a sucker.

There are, so far as is known, about eleven genera and about sixty species

of the sucker family, in which is also included the buffaloes and red horse fishes. The species most commonly met with by the angler is the common or white sucker—*Catostomus teres*—(*Catostomus* from two Greek words, signifying “inferior” and “mouth,” having reference to the position of the mouth, and *teres* from the Latin, meaning “terete” or cylindrical and slightly tapering, alluding to the shape of the body.) This fish is found in nearly all ponds and streams from Canada to Florida and westward to Montana, and individual fish have been taken measuring over twenty inches in length, and weighing nearly, if not quite, five pounds. The adult species, however, are subject to great variation in size and coloration; those found in the mountain streams being of small size, from five to nine inches, and of different coloration from the larger fish. It has twelve rays in the dorsal fin and two or three rows of papillæ or nipple projections on its upper lip. The usual color is olive with dusky markings along the dorsal line, merging into silvery on the sides and belly, and the male is said to have, in the spring, a rosy stripe along the lateral line. Dr. Bean tells us that the young of this species are brownish in color and somewhat mottled, with a dark median band, or a series of large blotches. This fish has a number of local names, such as the pale sucker, gray sucker, brook sucker, and, in Canada, it is known as the *Carpe blanche*. It has also a curious name,



The Stone Roller—(*Catostomus nigricans*)



The Common or White Sucker—(*Catostomus commersoni*)

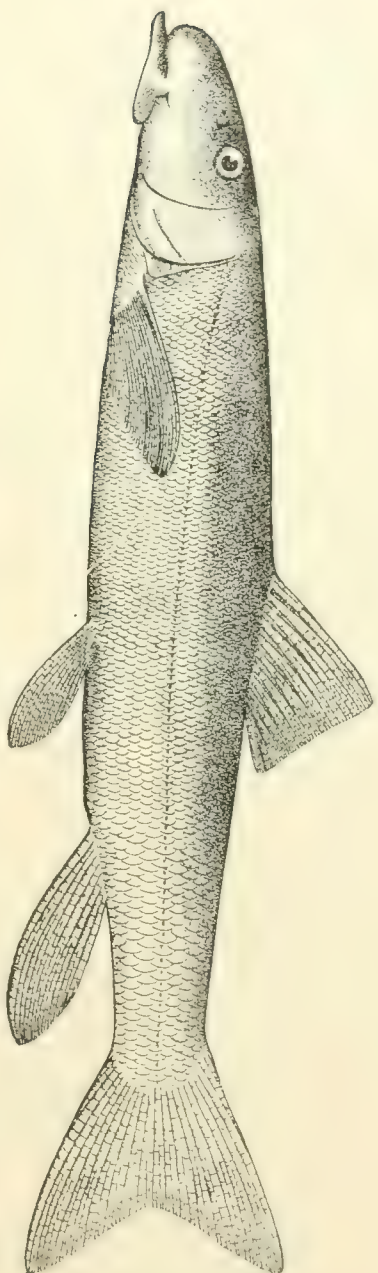
the origin of which I vainly tried to ascertain, in Rockland Co., N. Y., where it is called the "cannuper." The local names given to fishes vary in nearly every township in the States, and this custom extends to the names of natural baits of precisely the same character used on different streams, but in adjacent localities. Readers of the AMERICAN ANGLER will remember my researches into the popular nomenclature of the helgramite or dobson—*Corydalis cornutus*—and that I unearthed, without exhausting them, forty-seven different local names for this great lure for the black bass. A catalogue of the common names of American fishes would be a massive but valuable volume.

The stone roller—*Catostomus nigricans*—may be easily known by its head, which is flattened on top and concave between the eyes. It has eleven rays in the dorsal fin and its upper lip is thick, with eight or ten rows of papillæ on it. This fish has many common names, among which are hog sucker, stone toter, hammer-head sucker, stone lugger, crawl-a-bottom, hog molly, hog mullet, mud sucker, etc., etc. The name of shoemaker has been given to it at Lake Erie, perhaps because of its resemblance in color to shoemaker's pitch. It has a wide habitat, ranging from Western New York to North Carolina, thence westward to Kansas. It grows large, up to two feet in length, and the young are almost ubiquitous in the mountain streams of the Eastern Middle States. Prof. G. Browne Goode, seems to have a warm penchant for the sucker family, and tosses his glove with a sort of chivalric nonchalance at the feet of Dr. Jordan, who is disposed to impugn the value of the sucker as a food fish, writes pleasantly and interestingly of the stone toter :

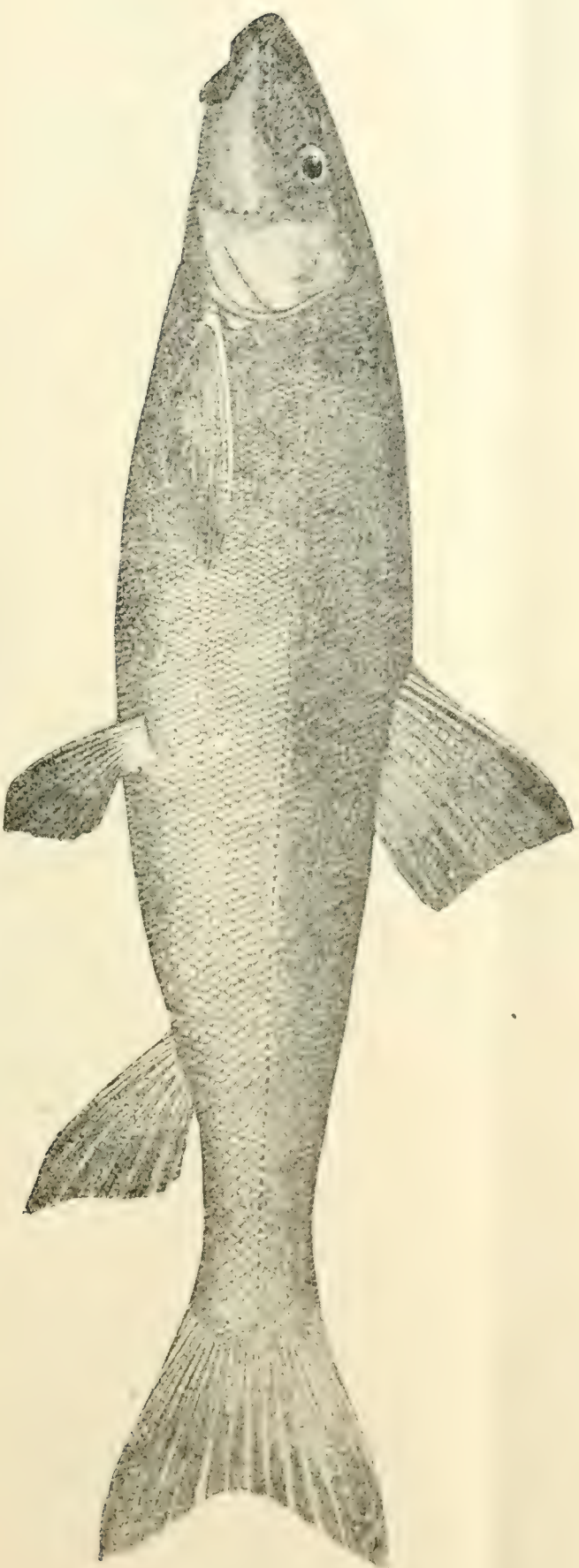
"It delights in rapids and shoals, preferring cold and clear water, and is extremely abundant in every running stream in the North and West, where its singular, almost comical, form is common to every school-boy. Its powerful pectorals render it a swifter swimmer than any other of its family. Its habit is to rest motionless on the bottom, where its mottled colors render it difficult to distinguish from the stones among which it lies. When disturbed, it darts away very quickly after the manner of the darters. They often go in small schools. I have never found this fish in muddy water; although called the 'mud sucker' in the brooks, it is most characteristically a fish of the running streams." This little fish is called "stone-slider" by the fishermen at Presque Isle, in Lake Erie, and is considered to be a most excellent lure for the black bass of that water.

Another species of the *Catostomi* merits attention: the northern sucker—*Catostomus catostomus*. Its distinguishing feature is the snout, which considerably overhangs the mouth and is much longer than in the common sucker (*C. teres*). The mouth is large, but with a thin upper lip, upon which are two to four rows of papillæ. There are ten to eleven rays in the dorsal fin and usually seven in the anal. This fish ranges all through the Great Lake system westward to Alaska. Dr. Bean tells us that it is very common in Lake Erie and extremely abundant northward, reaching a weight of five pounds in Alaska, where, and in other northern sections, the head and roe are used in making a palatable soup.

There are several species of the *Catostomi* which appear to be peculiar to the Rocky Mountain region, of two of which we give illustrations. They



The Gray Sucker—(*Catostomus commersoni*.)



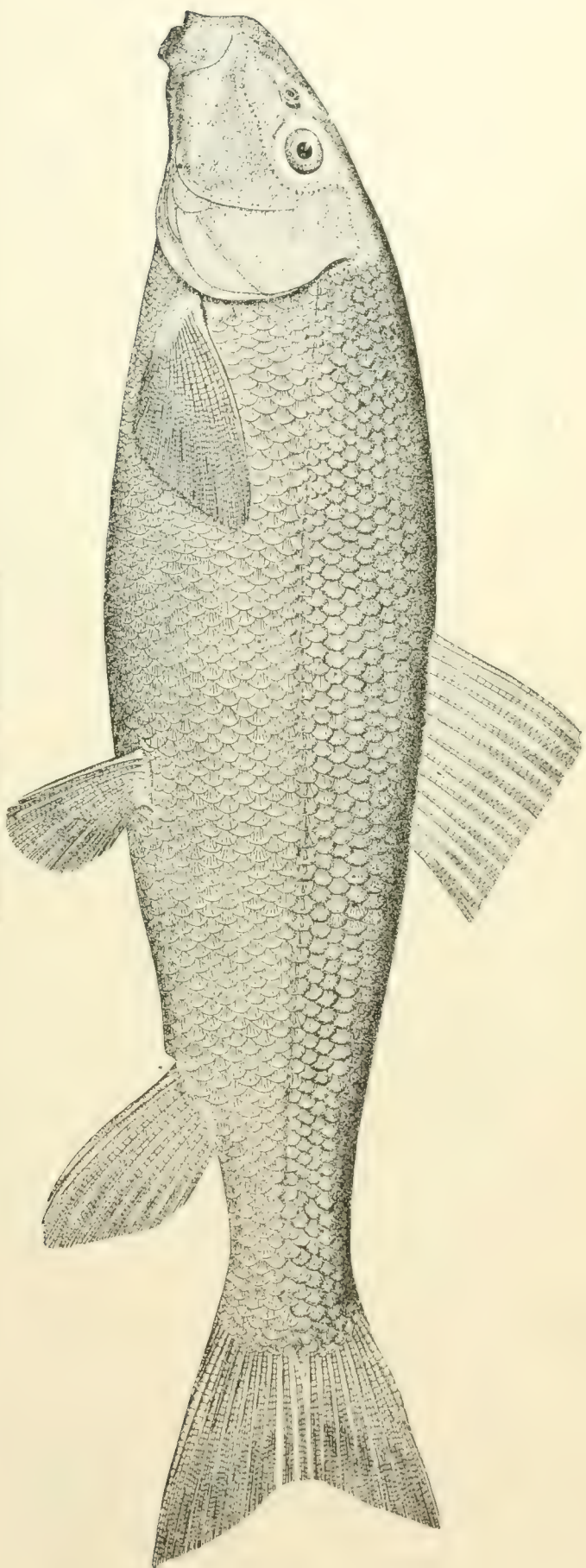
The Northern Sucker—(*Catostomus commersoni*.)

are the gray sucker—*Catostomus griseus* and the red horse sucker—*C. ardens*—both of which were found by Dr. Jordan in the Yellowstone lakes and river. The former—*C. griseus*—was very abundant and said to grow to eighteen inches; *C. ardens* was found in the warm waters of Witch creek, and the young were abundant in Heart lake. About one specimen in three or four was found to be invested with a worm, roving free in the abdominal cavity, and the infested fish did not appear to grow poor or become diseased or even oppressed by the infliction, which fact would appear to be another argument on the side of the angler that fishes do not feel pain, but fight hard when on the hook—only to get away, a mere struggle against restraint.

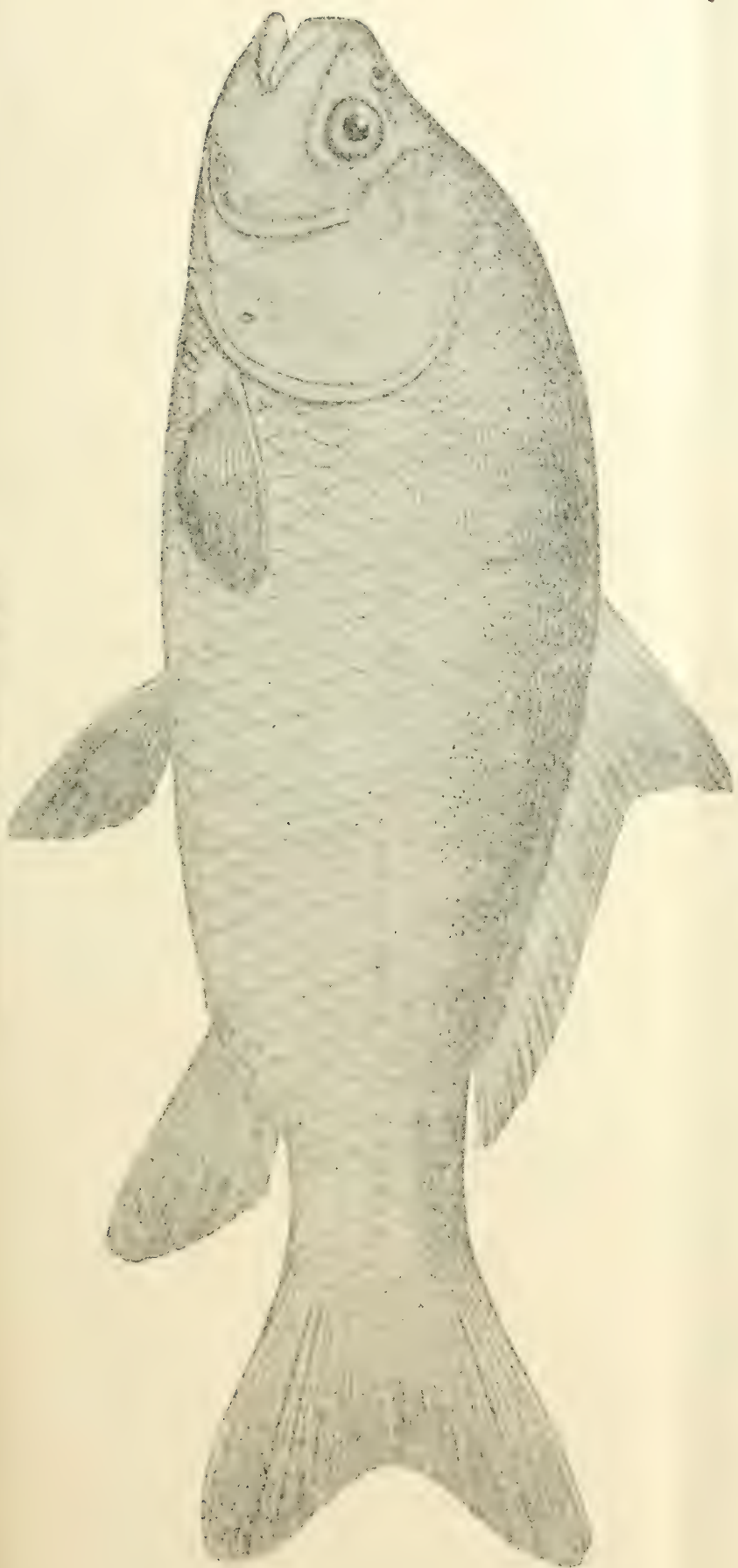
The chub sucker—*Erimyzon sucetta*—(the generic name, from the Greek "to suck," and *sucetta* from the French *sucet*, "sucker") is not often, if ever, seen by the trout stream angler, its usual habitat being in slow turbid streams, and it is often found near or under the lily pads and other plants growing in waters adjacent to the tide ways. It is known in different sections as the sweet sucker, creek-fish, rounded sucker and mullet, and Mr. Charles Hallock states that it is also called the barbel in some localities. It is found in nearly all waters east of the Rocky mountains, from Maine to Texas. There is a northern variety of this fish, which ranges from Massachusetts to Dakota, and is very common; it, as well as the southern variety, may be distinguished by the absence of the lateral line. The most prominent differentiation, however, between the northern and southern varieties, is observed in the scale system—the northern having forty-three scales along the lateral line, and fifteen

rows of them; the southern only thirty-six scales and fifteen rows. The latter variety is said to be abundant in Florida waters, where Professor G. Browne Goode first discovered and classified it. It is a much handsomer fish than its northern brother, having a larger dorsal fin and beautiful scales marked with vivid color lines. It grows to a length of one foot, and Dr. Bean states that it is very tenacious of life, but has very little value as food. The young, which serve as excellent lures for pike, pickerel and black bass, have a very distinct black lateral band.

Notwithstanding the great abundance of the species of suckers, the average angler finds cause of argument and, from the fraternity standpoint, one of regret, in that these fish lack the essential qualities of game fish when handled on a light rod and delicate water tackle. However, there is another phase to the sucker question which is entitled to consideration. Some years ago, under the stimulus of an animated discussion by intelligent and observing anglers, over the merits or demerits of the sucker as a game fish, it was ascertained that this much despised species had taken a surface-trailed artificial fly, cast and manipulated by Judge Fitz-James Fitch, of Prattsville, N. Y., and, when hooked, made a sturdy fight; that this experience was repeated in the case of a Mr. Quigley, a druggist, of New York city, who caught two black suckers on artificial flies in a lake in northern New York, one of the fish taking the feathers on top of the water, and the other seizing them a few inches below the surface; that a string of fifteen to twenty was made at Woodville, Me., by Mr. Louis Papineau on a spoon fly, baited with worms and cast from the railroad bridge, and so eager were these suckers



The Red Horse Sucker—(*Catostomus ardens*.)



The Big-mouthed Buffalo—(*Ictalurus nebulosus*.)

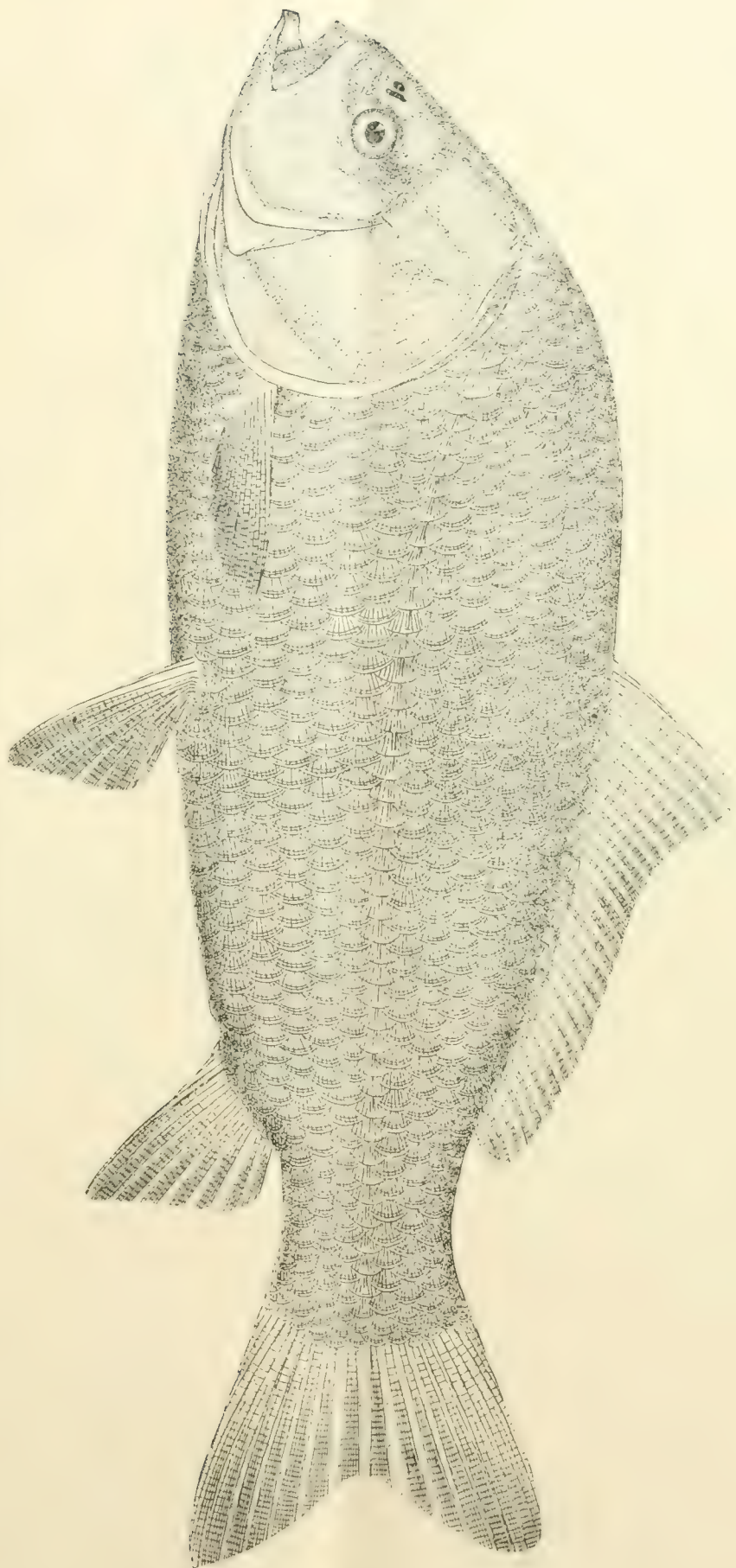
(called red-brook suckers locally) to take the lure that they rose within three inches of the surface to do so ; that they have been seen in large shoals in Pine River, jumping in front of the hotel at Charlevoix Mills, Mich.; that numbers of the so-called "hammer-head" suckers have taken a bait before it reached the bottom—this in the Schuylkill River, near Phoenixville, Pa.; that they have been known to rise to the surface and seize falling grasshoppers, and have been caught with this lure trailed on top of the water by Elijah E. Churchill, of Prattsville, N. Y., who took forty suckers by this method in a morning's outing; that their instinct approaches very nearly the reasoning quality, for they have been seen when going down a rapid, where the water was not of sufficient depth for them to swim, to turn broadside to the current, which caused them to roll over until they reached the pool below; that such is their tenacity of life, that when frozen solid they can be thawed out, animate and frisky as when in their normal condition.

With this testimony before us, we should not place the sucker below the plane of the catfish as desirable objects for the pursuit of the hand-line fisherman, excepting always that grand member of the catfish family—the channel or spotted cat—*Ictalurus punctatus*—of the pure water streams. The suckers we have described spawn in the spring, ascending small streams, when accessible for that purpose, but, like all other fresh-water fish, they quickly accommodate themselves to their environment, and spawn under certain conditions in large waters. At such times their flesh is flaccid and unfit to eat, but if taken in the winter, in cold running waters particularly, the sucker is by no

means to be despised as a table fish, and in the last of the winter months, when the eggs of the female are approaching maturity, the roe is a delicious morsel, equal in flavor and richness to that of the shad. Having broadened out so far in treating of the sucker as a line fish, it may be well to tell how to catch them, but, as my experience has been limited, I relegate the duty to Mr. S. M. Harper, of Mechanicsburg, O., who wrote me some time ago :

"In February and March is the best time. Red angleworms (or brandlings) are the best bait, if well scoured and lively. Wheat flour and cotton paste balls are the next best bait. A strong light line, with single gut snell and No. 9 hook, may be used. Two feet from the hook fasten a B shot and use no float, but plenty of line. Insert the hook in the worm on the back, midway from the head to the band or lobe; make the worm come round the bend of the hook so that the point may be inside the worm, and allow all the remainder of the worm to be perfectly free, in order that it may squirm around.

"Approach the water as you would for trout, as the sucker is very easily alarmed, and will not take the bait at all when scared. Cast in with as much care as if casting the fly, in such manner as to leave the hook down stream from the sinker, which must be allowed to lie on bottom. Let out line long enough that the current will not carry it beyond the sinker, and by watching the line where it enters the water you can readily ascertain when it is being moved by a fish. Wait until it moves rather lively and then make a slight strike and you have him hooked. Handle with care, give time to tire, and you may land your fish. All this must



The Small or Sucker-mouthed Buffalo—*A. labeo*—*pupatus* 1

be done as quietly as possible, or the remaining fish will not bite for full an hour. It requires all the silence of trout fishing.

"I have known the biting spoiled by my dog carelessly coming near the water at the very time that the fish were taking the bait readily. Perfect silence is the key that unlocks the mystery of sucker casting, and he who goes to the water without this, will generally return home disappointed and disgusted to boot. Generally speaking, the angler who has the best *luck* is he who uses the best judgment, and *vice versa*."

The buffalo fishes, so called from the hump on the anterior portion of the back, are grouped under the generic name of *Ictiobus* (from two Greek words signifying "fish" and "buffalo"). There appear to be eight species of them, but ichthyologists seem to be undetermined as to their number and exact classification, hence my notes will be brief, the more so because these fish are coarse in their habits, and, as hook and line quarry, are deservedly fit for the rough usage of the hand-liner.

The big-mouthed buffalo fish—*Ictiobus urus* (*urus*—"a wild bull")—is said to be confined to the Mississippi and Ohio valleys. It has a very large mouth and stout body, and is much darker in color than its congeners. It grows to a length of from two to three feet, and in certain sections is much esteemed as food, doubtless because it is relatively a scarce fish and not easily procured by the market fishermen, who, like other tradesmen, often place a high price upon rare goods, and thus create a standard, but unjust value upon them. This fish has twenty-five to thirty rays

in its dorsal fin and eight or nine in the anal. Its common names are: Black buffalo, razor-backed buffalo, mongrel buffalo and big-mouthed buffalo.

The sucker-mouthed, or small-mouthed, buffalo—*Ictiobus bubalus* (*bubalus*, Latin for buffalo)—do not, it is said, take a baited hook, and, as it is not a choice table fish, it is unworthy of extended notice.

The common buffalo fish or red-mouthed buffalo—*Ictiobus cyprinella* (the specific name from the Latin—"a small carp")—is a native of the Mississippi valley, where it is quite common, growing to a weight of twenty to forty pounds. It is the largest of the sucker tribe and has twenty-eight to thirty rays in the dorsal fin and eight or nine in the anal. It is of a dull brownish olive color, with no trace of silver on its belly.

The big carp or olive sucker—*Ictiobus carpio* (*carpio* from the Latin—"a carp")—grows to the length of eighteen inches, and is abundant in the Ohio river and tributaries, and ranges southward to Texas. Its general color is a dull silver, sometimes brassy, and the scales above the lateral line are often brownish at their bases. It has twenty-five to thirty rays in the dorsal, the first two being partly ossified, and eight rays in the anal.

Of the deformed carp sucker—*Ictiobus difformis*—Dr. Bean writes: "This singular species may be recognized by the great bluntness of its head and by the dorsal fin beginning in front of the middle of the body." It is not a common fish, and its size is small, the maximum length being about one foot. It has twenty-four developed rays in the dorsal fin and eight or nine in the anal.

SHAPES OF AQUARIA.

BY HUGO MULERT.

Any kind of a vessel that holds water and the material of which does not affect the water, may be used to harbor a collection of aquatic plants and animals.

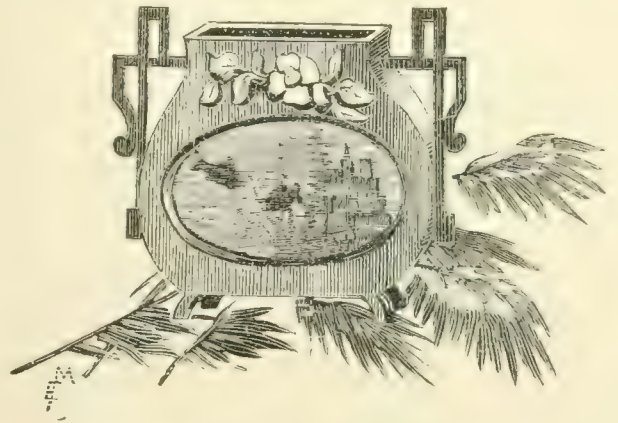
For the cultivation of water lilies, or other water plants, whose beautiful flowers or leaves are the principal points of attraction, or for the keeping of turtles, wooden tubs meet all the requirements. But when one wishes to keep fish in order to enjoy their graceful motions or study their shapes and habits, a vessel that admits a view from the side, a transparent glass vessel, is necessary. Fishes must be seen as they see one another, not from the top, as such a view gives an incorrect idea of the fish. Think how different a person looks when seen from a fourth or fifth story window on the sidewalk, and when one meets the same person on the same level, or meets him in his own house where he is perfectly at ease. We find just as much difference in fish when kept in lakes and fountain basins as in glass-sided aquaria.

The old-fashioned fish globe has seen its day; they are still manufactured, to be sure, but the manufacturers have greatly improved on them. The shape of the new globe, the so-called "new pattern globe," is not quite so round as the former ones, being more in shape of a Japanese jardiniere, the widest part being near the top. They are a decided improvement on the old style, and fill the bill, as a cheap round aquarium intended for decoration, very well.

For observation and study the sides

must be straight. Our pictures illustrate some very attractive patterns for window decoration, or for a small table.

Next to these come the plain rectangular tanks. These may be made all of one piece of glass, shaped in a form while in a soft state, or they may consist of a metal frame, into which the bottom and side and end glasses are cemented. The latter ones have the advantage that when a glass breaks, it



Faience Aquaria.

can be replaced by a new one, which cannot be done when the tank is made of one piece only.

We have previously given instructions how such tanks may be made with a small outlay out of angle iron, but for those who prefer to buy ready-made ones, or fitted frames without the glass, we have some on hand. They are made in two sizes at present, viz.: 11½ inches high, 7½ inches wide, and 14½ inches long. The dimensions of the second size are the same, with the exception of the length, which is 21 inches, all inside measures. They are perfectly plain tanks, made of the very best material,

however, and just the thing for laboratories, schools, kindergartens, etc. The exterior of such a tank can easily be ornamented with wooden moulding to suit one's fancy. One of our illustrations shows one, of a large pattern in this case, that is decorated with fluted pillars and otherwise trimmed to form a design somewhat Greek in appearance. The wood is stained a dull black, to represent antique iron, and the smaller borders are kept in a shiny, creamy white, to represent old ivory. The effect of the whole is very pleasing.

window with hooks. Over the tops of both is a wire-cloth screen, to prevent books or lunch remnants from coming in contact with the water.

The 21 inch size is a good shape for a breeding tank. When one wishes to raise some young Paradise or gold fish, or for breeding sticklebacks, its length permits dividing it in two or more apartments by simply placing one or more panes of glass between the sides.

The window sill aquarium, represented in another illustration, it will be observed, is rather long compared with



Twin Aquaria.

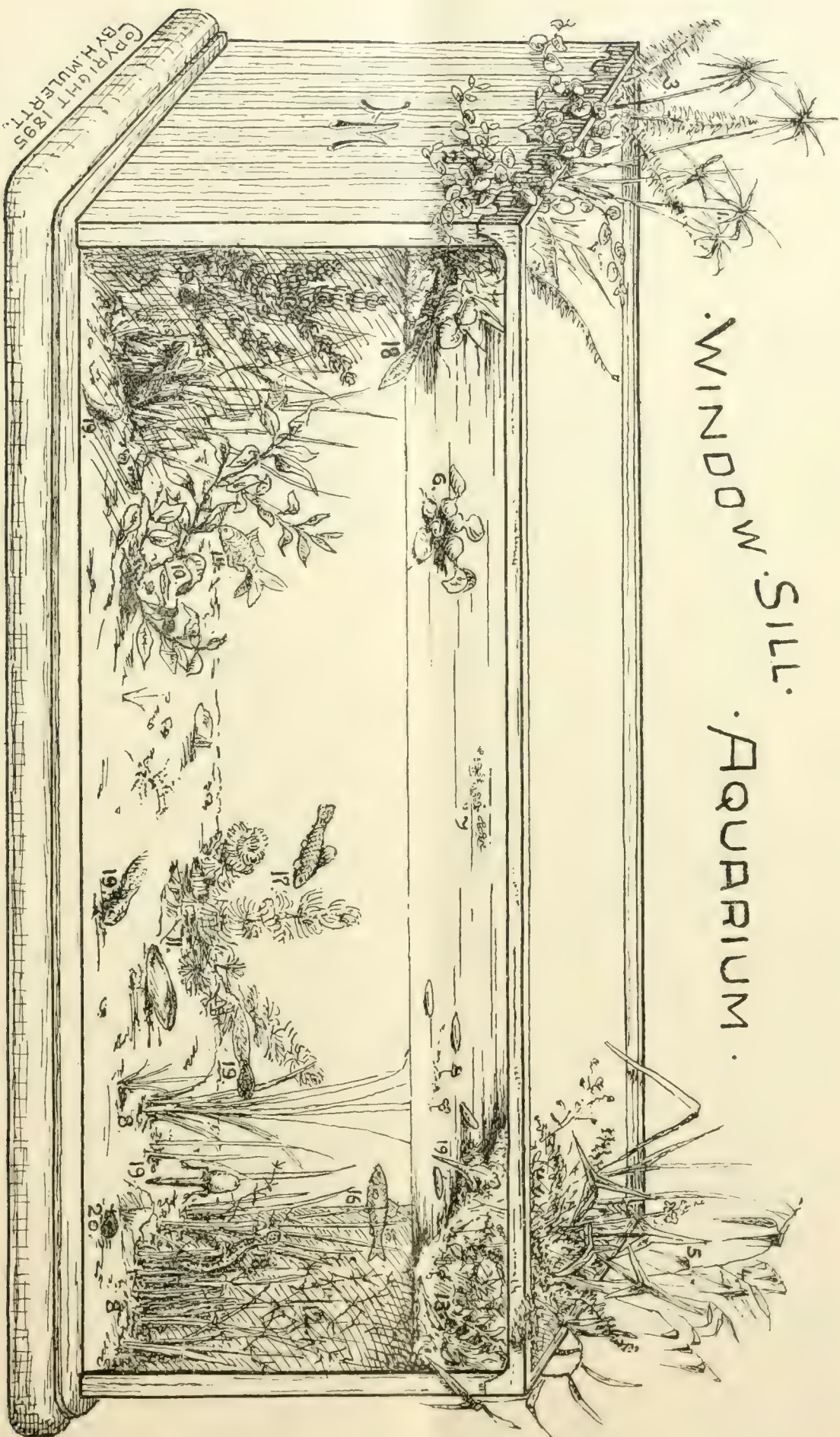
The stand on which it rests forms an antique oaken cabinet.

Two of the above mentioned smaller sized tanks might be used on one window-sill; they would then form a twin aquaria. (See illustration.) The advantages of such a screened twin aquaria are very important, especially in kindergartens. Each tank can be stocked with different objects; each one can be changed and rearranged without molesting the other; both are protected by an ornamented front, which hangs on hinges below, and is fastened to the

its width and height; it is designed for an ordinary window sill. The dimensions, 30 inches in length, 12 inches in height, and 10 inches in width, experience has taught us to be the correct ones for the welfare of the collection and convenience of study, as well as for ornament.

In the tank represented, each end is formed of one solid plate of cast iron; against these the upper and lower bars that form the front and rear of the tank are fastened. These ends are lined with ordinary glass. The bottom con-

· WINDOW · SILL ·
· AQUARIUM ·



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BY H. MULERTT

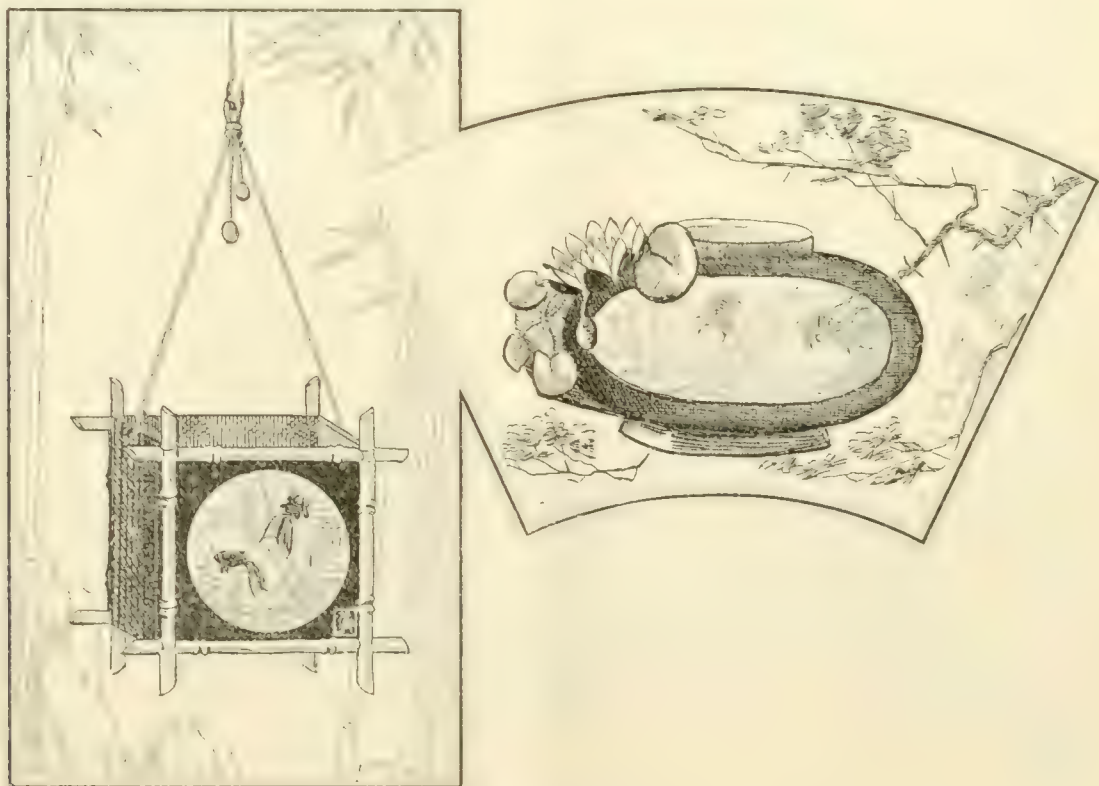
sists of rough (rolled) plate glass $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, and the front and rear of the best double thick French or English glass. It is not necessary, however, that the ends should be of one solid piece of cast iron; the tank may be made of angle iron after the same principle described in the article referred to above. All that would be necessary in such a case would be to give the outside of the end glass two or more coats of paint.

The two brackets, seen on the right and left of the tank, are to imitate the banks or border of a brook. To form such a bank, a strong galvanized wire (No. 12) is bent into shape of a capital letter U; each end is then bent to form a little hook, and after this the whole is bent in the middle to form a right-angled bracket. When this support has been shaped to fit snugly (the hooks nicely over the edges of the ends and the wires running alongside the corners of the tank), a piece of ordinary

glass about four inches wide and as long as the tank is wide, is placed upon it, and the brackets are ready to receive the plants intended for the decoration of the embankment.

Small specimens of the following are the most suitable and most easily obtained: Umbrella grass (*Cyperus alternifolius*), No. 1; small growing Iris; dwarf Bamboo, No. 4; young specimens of Sword fern (*Nephrolepis exaltata*), No. 3; dwarf Callas (Little Gem); Farfugium grande; Arrowhead (*Sagittaria sinensis*), No. 5; creeping Fig (*Ficus repens*), No. 2, and others. But these artificial banks may as well be filled with native plants found in the woods or alongside of any creek or lake.

For the purpose of putting these plants in position, the glass plates upon which they are to rest are taken from the brackets and the plants are tied with strong string or fine copper wire on top of them, using plenty of green moss to imbed them in, after which



Cabinet Aquarium.

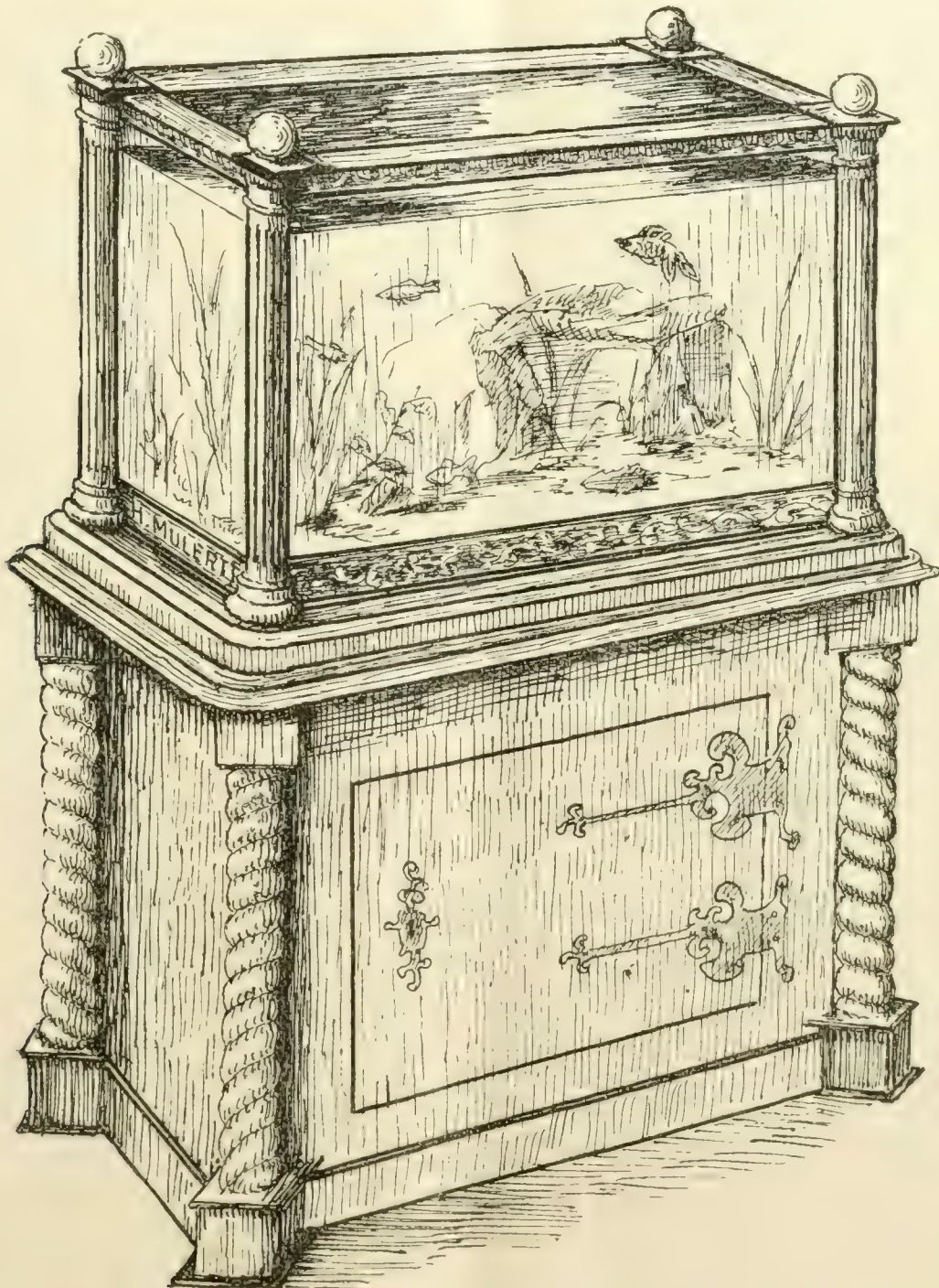
they are put back in their places.

As may be seen in the illustration, the water of the aquarium should reach just below the glass brackets.

Such a tank has all the advantages of a parlor aquarium and the development of the tadpole to the frog may be better observed in it than in any other.

The submerged plants shown in the illustration are: Horn or Waxwort (*Ceratophyllum demersum*), No. 9; Ludwigia Mulertii, No. 10; Rosy fan-

wort (*Cabomba rosæfolia*), No. 11; Floating Arrowhead (*Sagittaria natans*), No. 8; Canal pest (*Anacharis canadensis*), No. 12; Water hyacinth (*Eichhornia crassipes*), No. 6; *Salvinia natans*, No. 7. Of animal life there is represented: Frog tadpoles in different stages of development, No. 19; Newts, No. 18; Fantail goldfish, No. 14; Comet goldfish, No. 15; Goldorfe, No. 16; Tench, No. 17; and a ram's horn snail, by Fig. 20.



Parlor Aquarium.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Under this Department Heading queries relative to Angling, Ichthyology and Fish Culture will be answered.]

Yes, "We Got a Bite."

"Did you get an *offer*," said an old fisherman to us one day, as our boat touched the shore of Lake La Boeffer, near Erie, Pa., on our return from a morning's fishing. We looked into his gnarled old face with the simplicity of ignorance plainly shown in our own, and he repeated the words with a touch of contempt in his voice, at our want of knowledge of the local slang in use on this particular water. Just then, our boatman whispered to us:

"He means, did you get a bite."

The Tarpon "Craze."

The fisherman, who has failed to visit the coasts of Florida during the tarpon season, cannot understand or realize "the craze" existing among angling tourists of that section. "To catch a tarpon" is the aim and fixed resolve, even unto desperation, of every angler who essays a rod in those waters. Days, and even weeks, often pass without getting "a draw," but silently and resolutely many men will sit under a broiling sun in an open boat and wait for the thrill that comes not to all. This constant strain of expectation, of hope deferred, the cramped position in the boat, and, now and then, the sight of "a draw and capture" by a neighboring angler, with the reaction from a jubilant lookout during the morning's row to the tarpon grounds to the dead weight of unfulfillment pressing upon him in the tedious evening pull back to the hotel; all these factors of worry and discontent operating upon a man's brain and body, day after day, and often for weeks, so affect his temperament that he becomes a changed man.

I know of one striking instance, wherein so great a revolution took place in the mental status of an unsuccessful three weeks' tarpon fisherman, that he seemed to get outside of

himself. When I first met him in Florida, a more genial, jovial fellow never existed. He was cheery all over. Two days before he left the scene of his unlucky experience with the tarpon, the change came upon him. His manner was bluff in the extreme and at times insulting, and if the word "tarpon" was mentioned in his presence, he would either turn upon his heel or use offensive words to the unlucky speaker. Companionship with him was impossible with any degree of comfort; he became coarse at the table, rude to the servants; in fact, an unbearable nuisance; and, as such, was left severely alone. The day he started homeward bound was one of relief. The above is not an exaggerated or isolated case, as I have been told of many similar instances occurring among unsuccessful tarpon fishers.

Now look at this tarpon depravity from another standpoint, that of the successful angler, who has killed his first silver king. So soon as the captor and captive reach the hotel, everybody swarms around them with congratulations and praise until the lucky angler is made to feel, particularly by the non-fishing crowd, that he is the "Captain of the Ranch;" that he knows it all. Perhaps it was his first tarpon; perhaps his guide did the killing, but he is nevertheless "high hook" and high authority for the time being, and lays down with confidence and assured knowledge his iron-clad rules for handling and killing the great "savanilla," by which name he only knows his quarry—"silver king" and "tarpon" being too common for his nomenclature. And from the confidence begot of killing his first tarpon, from the day of its capture, he becomes the oracle of all knowledge of handling and boating every species of fish that take the line in Florida waters.

Such individuals are met with almost daily during the season, particularly at points other than Fort Myers, where, in April or later, the taking of tarpon is too frequent an occurrence

to produce undue excitement. But it is at Fort Myers that another phase, equally lamentable, of the tarpon craze occurs, which is even more unhappy in its reflection upon the gentle art of angling. We all know that at this point, particularly in April, the tarpon are numerous, and it is at this time that a practice is in vogue which, if followed on a trout or bass water, would excite the criticism of all good and true craftsmen and debar the perpetrator from membership in any reputable angling club in the country. We refer to "fishing for a record"—a record of numbers. Those who follow this practice never wet a line for tarpon until the month when these fish swarm at Fort Myers, where they are more abundant than at any other point along the gulf coast.

In view of the above fact, is it not most time for you, Mr. Editor, and others with the good of the Craft at heart, to protest against such an unsportsmanlike practice, under which tarpon angling is rapidly becoming the biggest kind of pot fishing?

OLD FIN.

HARLEM, N. Y., April 26.

Fishing "Now" and "Then."

During the angling season it is not unusual to hear a fisher on a stream cry out, particularly at the moment of failure to connect with a rising fish:

"This is not as it used to be—fishing is played out here."

To a measurable extent and from his standpoint he may be correct. But there is a great deal of bosh in the croaking of many fishermen when they complain of diminished fishing in their favorite waters. To those who *fish* for *fish*, the numbers of their victims have certainly become less, season on top of season, but this condition can easily be condoned if the fisherman will be more indifferent to making a maximum score than to the maximum of sport to be obtained in the deceptive luring of his quarry. The old waters are nowadays more closely fished and creels don't fill so rapidly, but given even a partially depleted water where trout were once at the beck and yank of the most clumsy and ignorant of rodsters, and there are propitious days, certainly hours, when the experienced angler can make a good score under the highest development of his art. And these are red letter days to him.

Again, under the growth of public opinion and an economical policy, the fishing waters all over the country have reached a halt in their hitherto rapid process of depletion. To be sure the coarse fishes, so called, have diminished in waters adjacent to populous centres, but the black bass, the trout and other species of the salmonoids have increased in numbers in waters easily accessible. We, of course, refer to the changed condition of the last decade or so, and do not compare the virgin waters of thirty or more years ago to the same waters of to-day.

The true angler, one who is imbued with the spirit of the environment of his sport, and goes to the stream intent on luring, rather than killing, the brook beauties which he knows will, under propitious conditions and the skilled handling of his tackle, come to his creel, can get all the fish his moderation wants and more enjoyment from his outing, than the butcher fisher of fifty years ago who fished for fish and yanked them out.

It has happened more than once, in our angling outings, that we have heard a good old fisher, when angling in waters swarming with fish, cry out to his guide:

"Take me some place where there are not so many fish."

And we have seen him reel up and leave the over fruitful fishing grounds. Of such are the kingdom of anglers, and no admittance therein for men like "Old Ike," whose experience suggested the above notes after reading his plaint in the *New York Sun*, of recent date:

"They ain't no good!" said Uncle Ike;

"An' all the thing I wish,

Is 'at them city chaps could see

The way I us' ter fish.

"We didn't hev no clickin' things,

Ner highfalutin' duds;

We didn't hev to wade the creek,

An' lash it into suds!

"We us'ter cut a straight birch pole,

An' dig a mess o' bait;

Then jes' set down 'longside a hole,

An' chaw terbac—an' wait."

Then just to demonstrate the fact,

Old Uncle Ike went out;

He guessed he'd "set below the dam,

An' ketch a mess o' trout!"

We went at noon and took a peep;

There Uncle Ike sat, still

And motionless as if asleep,

Beside the rippling rill.

And when he came in after dark,
He had one little trout,
That measured just three inches
And a half from tail to snout!

"Et ain't no good!" said Un le Ike,
"An' all the thing I wish,
Is 'at the fish 'ud bite as good,
Ez when I us'ter fish!"

Reminiscences of "Nessmuk."

(Continued from our March issue.)

On January 3, 1882, we received from Nessmuk a few lines of warm gratulations and encouragement in our publication of *THE AMERICAN ANGLER*, at that time only a baby of three months:

"When you started out a little while ago, you had my best wishes, with some doubts as to your ultimate success.

"Just why I cannot tell.

"We are a nation of 50,000,000; about one-half of the male persuasion, and at least one-fourth of these like to go a-fishing; say, six millions of anglers. The figures are not too high, as we all know; our waters are free, which is not the case in Europe. If one in ten of our home anglers will support a home paper and all subjects connected therewith, you ought to be a big success.

"The *Fishing Gazette*, of England, lives and is popular. *THE ANGLER* ought to have the best of support and twice as many subscribers as the *Gazette*. If it does not, it is a shame to our anglers from Maine to Montana."

A little later, on January 22, 1882, he wrote: "Yes, I think, you will be apt to make the riddle. It is a new departure, and not the less likely to go through for that. Always believe that every man is a fisherman, and you won't be far wrong. The few exceptions who have, like Horace Greely, been trying to go fishing for the last twenty years, but can't find time, are scarce plenty enough to prove the rule. Nine out of ten men go a-fishing, and the tenth man is mad enough about it. Think I can manage to work out an article for your next issue, and it is safe to say it will be on some game fish, which means, according to the last definition I have seen 'any fish taken for sport with hook and line.' Also, ye festive turtle is a fish. Ergo, the sunny, the pond-shiner, the carp, and eke the bullhead, eel and sucker, as well as the turtle, are 'game fish.' (I once made game of a turtle, a snapper. When I look at the reddish, obtuse angular

scar on the index finger of my dexter fin, I don't deny his gameness.)

"And the cheerful batrachian, the toothsome frog: Shall he pass by unhonored and unsung? He is better on the table than any trout, and his gameness is past question. A fat, bellowing fellow, big as a pint bowl, took my red ibis tail-fly three times in succession last summer, on third lake, Fulton chain, getting dragged and walloped about each time, but grabbing the fly all the same the instant it was dropped before his nose, scuttling off a few yards when freed, but never diving under water. I should have relished his hind legs for supper, only he looked so much like an overfed, naked baby."

These reminiscences of the old sportsman, which we will continue to publish from time to time, elicit warm remembrances among the craft. Brother E. S. Whitaker, of Carthage, Ohio, writes us:

"In the January *ANGLER* your reminiscences of Nessmuk was a touching reminder of occasions when I met him in the Adirondacks and in Florida. Thanks for the opportunity of reading his characteristic and charming letter."

Mr. Whitaker, in some verses, which he sends us, on the Adirondacks as a state preserve, refers to Nessmuk:

'Tis easily reached and there's room for all,
Sportsmen or tourist, with means great or small,
Or one who, like Nessmuk, so good and so true,
Camped, carried and "paddled his own canoe."

The Sportsmen's Exposition.

The time for the opening of the Sportsmen's Exposition is drawing near, and reviewing the difficulties which have been encountered from time to time since the project was launched, it must be conceded that the sportsman's interests have received an impetus by the contemplated holding of the exhibition, the effect of which is conspicuous, and should certainly create a broader knowledge of the needs and requirements of the legion of shooters, fishermen and lovers of field sports and recreations that has not existed before.

The growth of interest by exhibitors is a remarkable feature of the exposition. All the way from the wilds of Maine will come a hunter's cabin and its immediate surroundings. From Colorado Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wallingham, who have earned for themselves an en-

via ble reputation as photographers of our wild game, will be in attendance. They have made a remarkable series of instantaneous photographs which are very interesting, and which will in a few years be a valuable contribution to the records of the Fauna of our country. They approach a herd of elk, buffalo, antler and other wary and fleet-footed animals, and get near enough to photograph them, so that the eyes are plainly visible, which is a feat out-rivaling the work of the king sportsman with the gun. There will be over two hundred different photographs of our large game exhibited by these enterprising and enthusiastic sportsmen. The sizes of the photographs are 20x40, 18x20, and smaller.

Another very interesting exhibit will be that of Messrs. C. G. Gunther's Sons. The exhibit of this firm will be an exact reproduction of their famous World's Fair display. It will occupy four spaces, and the display will be a typical and striking collection of their mounted specimens and heads of our North American game.

These are but a few of the many recent and attractive features of the exposition.

Dr. Bean and the Aquarium.

The appointment of Dr. Tarlton H. Bean as superintendent of the Castle Garden aquarium will be welcomed by the heads of schools and teachers generally. There is no question as to his scientific knowledge, particularly that of classification of fishes. He can split hairs in matters of terminology. From his superior qualifications as an ichthyologist, the educational institutions of the city and state will derive great benefit, as he will, doubtless, so classify the rich material at his command, that a knowledge of this interesting branch of natural history will be more easily acquired, facts being fixed in the minds of the student by object lessons always before him.

But the doctor will have another clientage to appease and satisfy, the demands of which will be more exacting than those of the student, and, perhaps, less sympathetic with his tastes as a professor of ichthyology. We allude to the general public, which will always be athirst for a great variety of species of fish, and if he does not furnish, with regularity of supply, curious specimens, big and little, from all kinds of water, "bitter" and "sweet," we fear the gentle people cannot be appeased or satisfied. Public opinion, with its trenchant

franchise, works along irregular and often strange strata—on one plane to-day and on another to-morrow, and we always feel surprised and cannot help being sympathetic, when we see a prominent man of science, as Dr. Bean certainly is, leave the calm retreat of his studies to assume a public office with its attendant worries.

Again, there is another class to withstand, if not to disarm. We allude to that big crowd of amateur or would-be-amateur naturalists who "know it all." The average fisherman constitutes the majority in this case. What he don't know about fish, there is no use for any other fellow to find out. Joined to this captious crowd is a more subtle, but not less insistent individual—the ousted politician—who is debarred from our present plans and efforts for purity in local government, which, warmly as we greet and support the attempt, will not, we think, be likely to last a decade. In reaching out for dollars and in the hustle therefor, Wall and Worth streets will, in time, become lax in their work for the good of the whole, and the pot-house politician will again be likely to come to the front, because of the development of executive ability among the "bosses" during the last twenty-five years, far overreaching in power and influence the effects of the intermittent spasms of effort for pure government which are periodically made. Just now the "boss" is simply "lying low," well knowing that history repeats itself every decade or so.

But Dr. Bean has doubtless considered all these untoward conditions before surrendering the congenial ties that bound him to the work of the United States Fish Commission and the National Museum at Washington. His opportunities for good work in his new position are such as should inspire his best efforts, which, when exerted, cannot fail to show an immediate improvement in the affairs of the aquarium. He is especially equipped for the position he is filling, not only as a student of dead fish and their relations to each other, but from his many years' connection with the practical work, among living fish, of the United States Fish Commission. If, in writing these crude notes, we have drifted into rather a gloomy view of the doctor's personal outlook, we feel entirely confident that great good will result from his superintendency, which he has entered upon with zeal and under the most auspicious circumstances.

"To What Base Uses," Etc.

We have all heard, or read, of the multitude of fish which, at certain seasons and particular tides, swarm in Florida waters. So great in numbers are they that use can only be made of them in some localities as fertilizers, but it was assigned to us during a recent visit to the Gulf waters to be the means, with our rods, of developing economical value in new directions for the fish of the Magnolia State.

At Marco, about one hundred miles southeast of Punta Gorda, and ninety miles northwest of Keywest, we passed a week in February last with the artist engaged in painting the Gulf fishes for reproduction in our work—"The Fishes of North America." The fish swarmed and we always captured a surplus, many times of fifteen to twenty fish each of several species. A few of these we took to the little hostelry where we were staying for the use of the cook, but many fish died during the process of painting them, and the others, when not hooked so as to bleed, were thrown into the water. Many times we caught fifty to one hundred pounds of surplus fish. Coming home from a trip one day we met Mrs. Collier, our hostess, and we incidentally said to her:

"We catch a great many fish that we throw overboard, and at any time you wish a mess of them, Mrs. Collier, if you will kindly let us know, we will bring them home to you."

"Thank you," she replied, "please bring them all home. What we don't eat I will have ground up for the *hens*."

About five days after this conversation we arrived at Naples, where, selecting Gordon's Pass as our fishing and painting point, we spent nearly two months of the most delightful period of our angling life. Gordon's Pass was about three miles from Naples proper, and as one fished six days in the week we left our tackle, boat and painting material at the house of the hotel gardiner, a few rods from our fishing point, returning to the hotel at Naples every evening.

The fishing was equal to that at Marco and our surplus fish grew on our hands, and in return for the kindnesses received from the gardiner, we said to him one evening:

"Do you like fish? We can keep you supplied if you do."

"Oh! my wife and I are very fond of them."

"What species do you like best? We get nearly all kinds."

"Trout and snappers, but we can take all you catch. What we don't eat I'll grind up for the *hogs*."

The Brazilian Zebra Fish—*Heros facetus*.

Prof. Hugo Muller, of 173 Nostrand avenue, Brooklyn, is publishing a very interesting quarterly, *The Aquarium*. The professor is a practical man in this department of natural history and has spent many years in its study. We excerpt the annexed valuable essay, on the Zebra fish, from his magazine:

"This new aquarium fish was first brought to Germany, by an enthusiast, a year ago, and was successfully propagated last summer. We saw the original imported fish with their fry. Our picture is a good representation; we reproduced it from *Natur und Haus*.

"The fish attains a size of about five inches in length by two inches in width. The general appearance of the fish is that of a sunfish; the ground color of the body, which is entirely covered with small scales similar in size to those of the Paradise fish, is a brassy yellow marked with a number of irregular vertical bars or stripes of black; the dorsal and anal fins are large and long, being composed of a great many rays, of which about two-thirds are spinous; they are black in color; at times, however, when the fish is excited, the yellow of the body becomes brighter and runs in streaks into the black dorsal fin, making this appear as if it was a continuation of the body; the ventral fin is colorless and transparent; the caudal fin is rounded. The eyes are yellow, flashing like fire on some occasions, resembling those of the moss bass.

"The fish is very attractive, especially when excited; it reminds one of a herald of the middle ages, whose dress used to display the colors of their masters in stripes. At other times the fish will assume a very plain grayish color, with only one irregular black spot on each side of the body, midways and near the ends of the dorsal and anal fins. Young specimens show these peculiar markings even more distinct than the adults.

"The habits of the zebra fish are very much like those of our moss bass; they are very pugnacious and display the same motions when attacking one another as the moss bass does, but their point of attack is the mouth, which, if they succeed in grasping, they hold firmly, much like fighting male Paradise fish

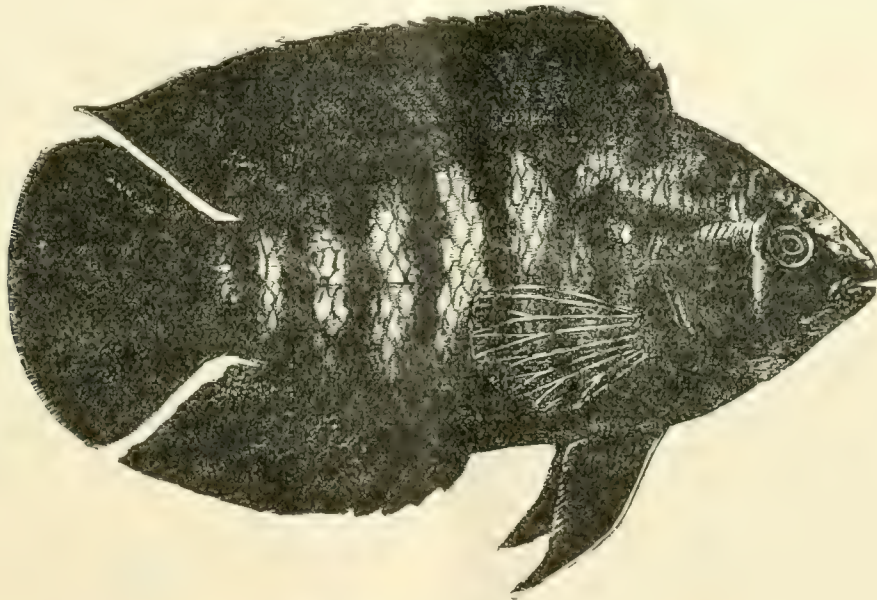
do, until the weaker one gives up. But although they fight a great deal, we have not yet seen one that was seriously hurt; they seem to be on friendly terms again soon after.

"Their breeding habits, too, are much like those of the sunfish family. They '*pair off*' during the summer and prepare a nest on the bottom of the tank, where the female deposits her eggs, which both guard. Four days after spawning the young hatch. These are as carefully guarded as the eggs were, and later on they are instructed for their future career by both parents, who swim about with them, as a hen walks around with her chicks. We find that the zebra fish stand captivity well, enjoying their meals, which consists of scraped raw beef or I. X. L. fish food, immensely.

"Their native home is the La Plata valley; the South Americans call them '*Chanchitos*,'

Peculiar Coloration of Black Bass.

The originals of the colored plates of the black basses, large and small-mouthed, in numbers seven and eight of "*The Fishes of North America*," were painted from specimens caught in Greenwood Lake, where we camped, with the artist, for seventeen days last summer. The coloration of these two fish was very striking, that of the large-mouthed having more yellow on it than appeared in any other fish of like ilk we have ever seen, and the bluish cream tint on the belly of the small-mouthed is unique and almost exceptionable, the majority of this species, as we find it in eastern waters, having a "pepper and salt" coloration over a faint creamy background. We make note of these facts as a forcible reminder to all interested, that the portraits of fishes, in "*The Fishes of North America*," are painted from fish caught



The Brazilian Zebra Fish.

which means 'pig,' either because their shape is somewhat like that animal or because they fight in a similar manner to that of young pigs. In Germany the name '*chameleon fish*' is proposed, owing to the ability of the fish to change its colors. This, however, we consider no denominative feature, as nearly all of our sunfish and also the Chinese Paradise fish possess this ability, in some cases even to a greater extent than the zebra fish does. We selected the latter name for them, because we find that through their color and stripes this fish resembles a zebra more than anything else, especially when the fish are most brilliant in colors and the yellow appears in the dorsal fin; even the markings of the mane of the zebra are then represented."

on the rod of the Editor, and not from fish caught by "some other fellow."

The New York Fish Commission.

Governor Morton sent to the Senate the nomination of the following gentlemen to be fish and game and forest commissioners, under chapter 395 of the laws of 1895:

Barnet H. Davis, of Palmyra; Henry H. Lyman, of Oswego; William R. Weed, of Potsdam; Charles H. Babcock, of Rochester, and Edward Thompson, of Northport. Mr. Davis was designated as president of the Board.

The nominations were confirmed without reference. The above named gentlemen entered upon their duties within a few hours after their appointment.

THE ANGLING CYCLIST.

[We solicit for publication, under this department heading, contributions of interest to angling cyclists, particularly outings on the wheel to fishing waters].

Fishing on a Bicycle.

All our angling friends and readers are buying bicycles—they go a-fishing on them. A jolly old salt water angler was spinning out the Boulevard the other day, and we hailed him at Sixty-sixth street.

“Where to,” cried we.

“Up to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street and the Hudson after striped bass—they are running now,” and off he spun at breakneck speed, as if he was willing to take a header rather than miss the run of the fish on the first turn of the tide.

And so it seems to be with all of them to a man.

Some go to Greenwood Lake for black bass, others up in Jersey, along the Passaic, for ditto; many to Staten Island, Jamaica Bay, City Point, and again many to Lakes Mahopac, Rye and other points innumerable. They combine the exhilaration of a “whirl over the road,” with the subsequent thrill that comes from luring the game fish of our near-by waters.

And now you know why we allot a brief space to bicycle matters, especially for anglers who use the wheel.

The Economical Value of the Wheel.

Much has been written, pro and con, as to the physical effects of riding on a bicycle, and now and then will be found a physician who is at variance with a common sense view of the subject, taking his stubbornness of argument from isolated cases of distress, or the occasional ill effects which have arisen from excess of exercise on the wheel. When chronic disease, or disposition thereto, of any character exists, it is often hurtful to take exercise of any kind. A man with heart disease should

not gallop upstairs like a full blooded gelding nor a woman with the proneness of the sex to pelvic weakness, run the treddle of a sewing machine with undue muscular effort. Moderation and good judgment are the safety valves of our indulgence in pleasures of any kind, and it is but little that the cyclist asks from his censor when he wants the judgment of his fascinating recreation placed on the plane of common sense.

Can it be hurtful to the body or demoralizing to the morals for an ordinarily healthy person to spin over a country road with the bloom and the balm of nature on every side of him? Does not his own nature grow broader in its sympathies and freer from the “cold cash” element of his business life? Moralists tell us that if “opportunities” were taken away, the world would be freer from crime. Certainly an outing on the wheel along the hedges and amid picturesque and elevating surroundings, wherein a man's nature is attuned to the enjoyment of “the better things of earth,” is a great destroyer of these “opportunities” for evil, albeit if even good should chance to come thereby.

The value of wheeling, as a recreation, needs no sophistry of argument. It will have, in fact is now having, a masterful and wholesome economic effect upon the body politic. It will strengthen, healthily, the brains, improve the bodies and give the nerves stamina, three factors needed in the make-up of the people of a Nation whose physical and mental energies are going, somewhat, to waste under the thirst and ardor of pursuit for material objects. The hustling business man finds a facile instrument, amid the hurry and scur of his business life, in his tireless and rapid “bike;” the man or woman of sedentary habits turns to the wheel for the brushing away of the cobwebs from the brain, and even the non-riders, the onlookers, gather along the boulevards and view with zest and pleasure the vast crowds of circling tires passing in an endless and fascinating panorama.

But it is to the angler, our own constituent,

that the most good and the greatest pleasure comes from ownership and use of the wheel. It will tempt him to visit adjacent waters to his home, and learn that tiresome journeys to distant points are not compensatory when compared to the many delightful and fruitful trips to near-by waters, which he can find with ease and comfort of travel, no matter where his residence may be. His angling impedimenta can be strapped to his wheel, and even an A tent for camping purposes will not be a burden. What more delightful angling outing can be imagined than that of a party, say of four, who will go into New Jersey along the route we have outlined in another column? Let them take it leisurely, but searchingly, for likely fishing pools or swims. These are everywhere, and in localities which the country folks will tell them are "fished out." Just there the most fish will probably be found. Twenty years ago we had an old angling friend, who was always on the lookout for "fished out" trout waters. He would ask: "How long have they been fished out?" And if the answer was: "Three or more years," he would exclaim in glee: "That's just the spot for me; that water has recuperated." Then, brother cycling angler, look out for so-called barren waters, and when fished and your outing is ended, tell us, your editor friend, how it has been with you. Your brother anglers to a man would like to hear all about it.

Near-By Fishing Grounds, Via the Wheel.

One of the most delightful short trips on a bicycle for fishing purposes is to Bay Ridge, and from thence to Gravesend Bay. At Fort Hamilton the angler will now find striped bass, and later on the weakfish. Beautiful roads and good accommodations are the delightful concomitants of the trip; moreover, if bad luck should attend the fishing output, what a compensation there is in the exhilaration of the ride through the gentle hills of this picturesque section. No angler who makes a fishing trip on a bicycle can fail to find it enjoyable. If he goes for "coarse" fish and gets or does not get them, he finds in his outing that Dame Nature is his handmaid, with attendant blessings to shower upon him. He never has that tired, comfortless feeling that is inseparable from the ordinary fisherman on his return from a scoreless outing. The ride

home on his wheel takes all the rough edges off his bad luck. But to our muttons.

Cross the Erie ferry at Chambers or 23rd streets and hie up the turnpike across the salt meadows towards Studdgart, a station on the New Jersey and New York railroad. Here branch off to the left, and half a mile over a road as level and smooth as a planked walk he will find two or three little fishing huts, where a welcome speaks from every crack in their crudely built walls. Here he can get bait, rods, if he has failed to take his own, and boats and guides are at his command at prices so small as to seem insignificant. Striped bass and white perch are often numerous here on the incoming tide.

Now let him be off again and turn northward towards the New York line. A ride of twenty miles will bring him into the realm of the black bass and pickerel—the Hackensack river above tide water. Still further on, a few miles only to the left, and he reaches a couple of trout streams fairly fruitful, if fished early in the season. And with it all, the cyclist will find everywhere comfortable hostleries where cosy meals and good beds await him.

If any readers of THE ANGLER desire to make this trip, and will call for detailed information, *viva voce*, we will be glad to send them away mentally equipped for what we judge to be a most delectable outing.

The Dress of Female Cyclers.

Modesty in manner and dress is the test of a true woman, and her good taste in these matters is, naturally, most apparent when we see her in crowded assemblies or on a public thoroughfare. In a small social gathering, good manners will always stop even a shrug of the shoulders at a garish breach of taste as shown in the over-insistent colors of her wardrobe, but on the street and other public places, she is apt to become a sort of public property, open to criticism and estimate as to its right value. And her dress is a big factor in grading judgment of her social and moral standing, especially when she happens to be a cyclist on one of our broad boulevards.

An observant bystander on the pavement of one of our most frequented cycling routes is apt to be taken somewhat aback at the multiplicity of garbs worn by the female riders, and to come to the conclusion that women have not shown their usual tact in dressing so as to

present their most estimable trait, modesty, to the public eye. They seem to have lost sight of propriety under the effort to appear "chic," and when this endeavor is uppermost and apparent, or not so, as the case may be, they get on the wheel arrayed in the most inappropriate garments. The long full skirts look like twin sisters to the outflowing sleeves, even when the speed is not beyond a few miles an hour; the "bloomier" garb suggest Mary Walker, the man-woman; the short skirt and leggings, especially if the latter are heavy and yellow in color, shows bad taste in form and coloration, and the abbreviated skirt and long plain stockings are apt to shock even a man's modesty when seen under the action of the pedal movement.

The proper dress for a woman, when riding a bicycle, is yet to be discovered, or, more properly, invented. It should be one that shows, as little as possible, the movement of the lower limbs. Of all awkward and to many disgusting things, the tread-mill action of a woman's limbs, when riding a wheel, is most to be regretted and remedied. This can only be done by some new device of clothing, and a fortune awaits the female haberdasher whose ingenuity can devise such a costume. A "riding friend" at our elbow suggests "rubber" as a cure all for this immodest display. He says, place around the edges of the skirt a rubber band to prevent it from flying outward on either side, and that the movement of the limbs may be lessened to the sight, attach one or more light rubber bands to the "head" just under the handle bar and then to the skirt by self

claspers in such manner and place as to hold the skirt free from the body. By this device the distressing and gyrating movement of the lower limbs cannot be seen. We are not sufficiently a modiste to elaborate this idea, and only give it for what it is worth.

Personal.

As all the departments of each issue of THE AMERICAN ANGLER are entirely made up of original matter, we will be glad if our angling friends and readers will aid in the work by contributing articles, especially for this department, which is designed to be the receptacle of such communications as will be of value to all lovers of the wheel, and especially to those who go a-fishing on it.

"Some Useful Things."

We find on our desk three "useful things" for anglers, which are described in Reuben Wood's Son's catalogue, also left with us by Geo. Barnes Wood, a son of "Uncle Reuben," of Cosmopolitan fame as an angler. The first of these articles which lured our attention was "Wood's Attractor." It is simply a small spinner with single hook attachment for trolling or casting for black bass. Upon the hook can be put a minnow, worm, or other lure, and in this shape would, doubtless, be very attractive for striped bass or weakfish. The second article is a rod carrier, adapted for all sizes of rods, which slip into the leather ends of the "carrier," thus being protected from harm at the tip ends. Both of these articles we have been looking after for years. The third is an admirable leader box, which no fisherman can do without. The catalogue is handsomely and practically illustrated and contains descriptions and prices of every article that enters into the *impedimenta* of the angler.



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Rod.



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The Bamboo is of the finest quality, specially selected for us by experts in Calcutta, and is of our own direct importation. Our Patent Ferrules render these rods *absolutely nonbreakable at the joint*. Best German Silver Mountings. All Workmanship of the very best style.

We call particular attention to the mechanical principle of our Kosmic Ferrules. Rods break most frequently at the point where the wood enters the ferrule. When the diameter of a joint is reduced to enter the smaller diameter of the ferrule, its strength is lessened 40 per cent. In the Kosmic ferrules this objection has been entirely overcome. **There is no reduction in the size, or change in the shape of the wood**, until it has passed a full half inch into the ferrules. (See Figures 1 and 2.)

An elastic Celluloid Band (Fig. 1) re-inforces the bamboo and extends inside the ferrule to Fig. 2, producing a **Very Strong and Flexible End**. The point of greatest strain (between Fig. 1 and Fig. 2) thus becomes *the strongest part of the rod*, and it cannot break at this point. *We guarantee every rod.* Fig. 3 represents our patent Waterproof Cap, which prevents the entrance of water into the joint.

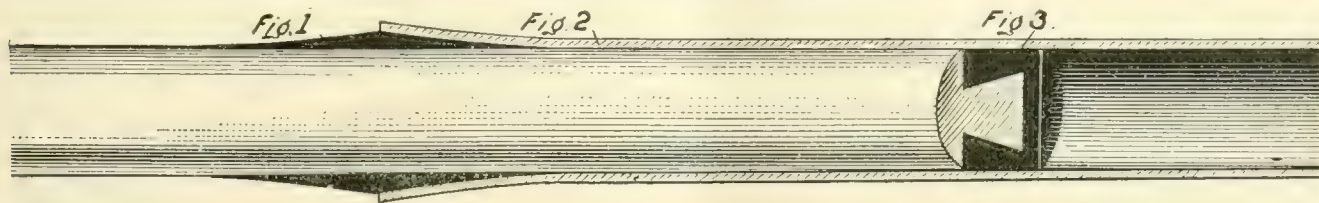


Fig. 1—Elastic Celluloid Band, re-inforcing the Bamboo. Fig. 2—German Silver Ferrule, Patented May 6 1890. Fig. 3—Patent Waterproof Cap, excluding all moisture.

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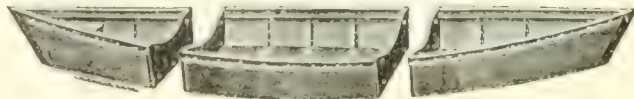
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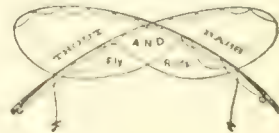
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FINE BLACK BASS AND LAKE FLIES.

Regular Casting	\$.75	per doz.
with helper85	"
Best Casting	1.50	"
Regular Trolling, Double Gut.....	.85	"
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SILK WORM GUT (100 STRANDS IN HANK.)

Ordinary Trout.....	\$.40	per hank.
Regular50	"
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Regular Salmon.....	3.00	"

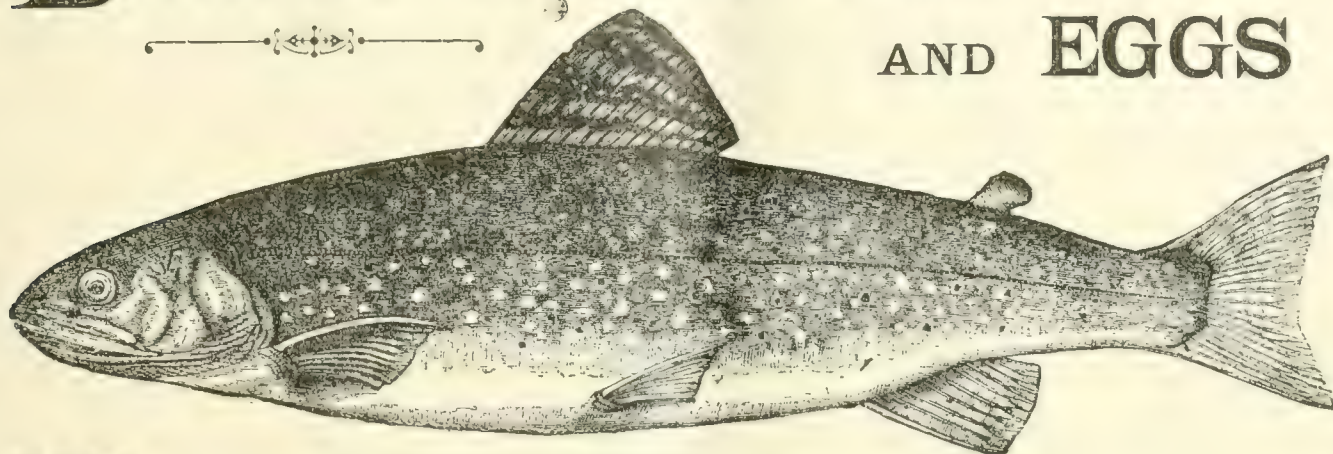
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We guarantee our eggs to be best quality, full count and properly packed. We also guarantee safe delivery of yearlings. We make special prices on eggs and fry to Fish Commissioners. Correspondence solicited. Address,

Persons ordering Eggs should do so early, as we begin shipping in December.



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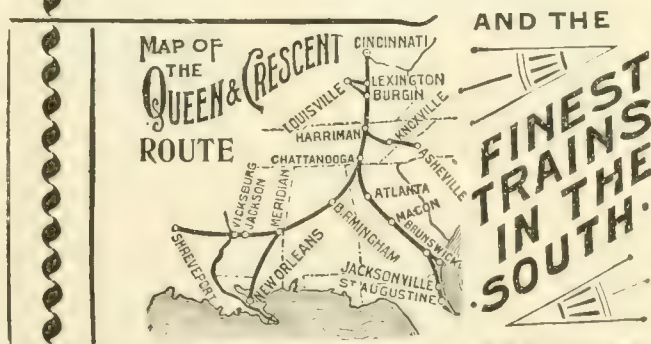
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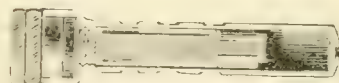
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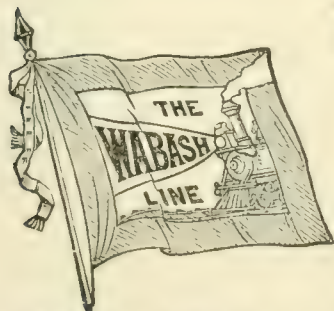
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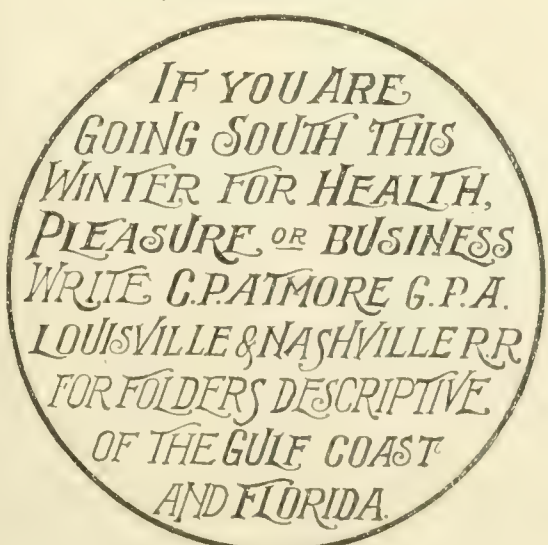
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OF FISH, FISHING, & FISH CULTURE.

WM. C. HARRIS, Editor.

No. 19 Park Place

New York City

: : THE : :
AMERICAN ANGLER

WILLIAM C. HARRIS, Editor.

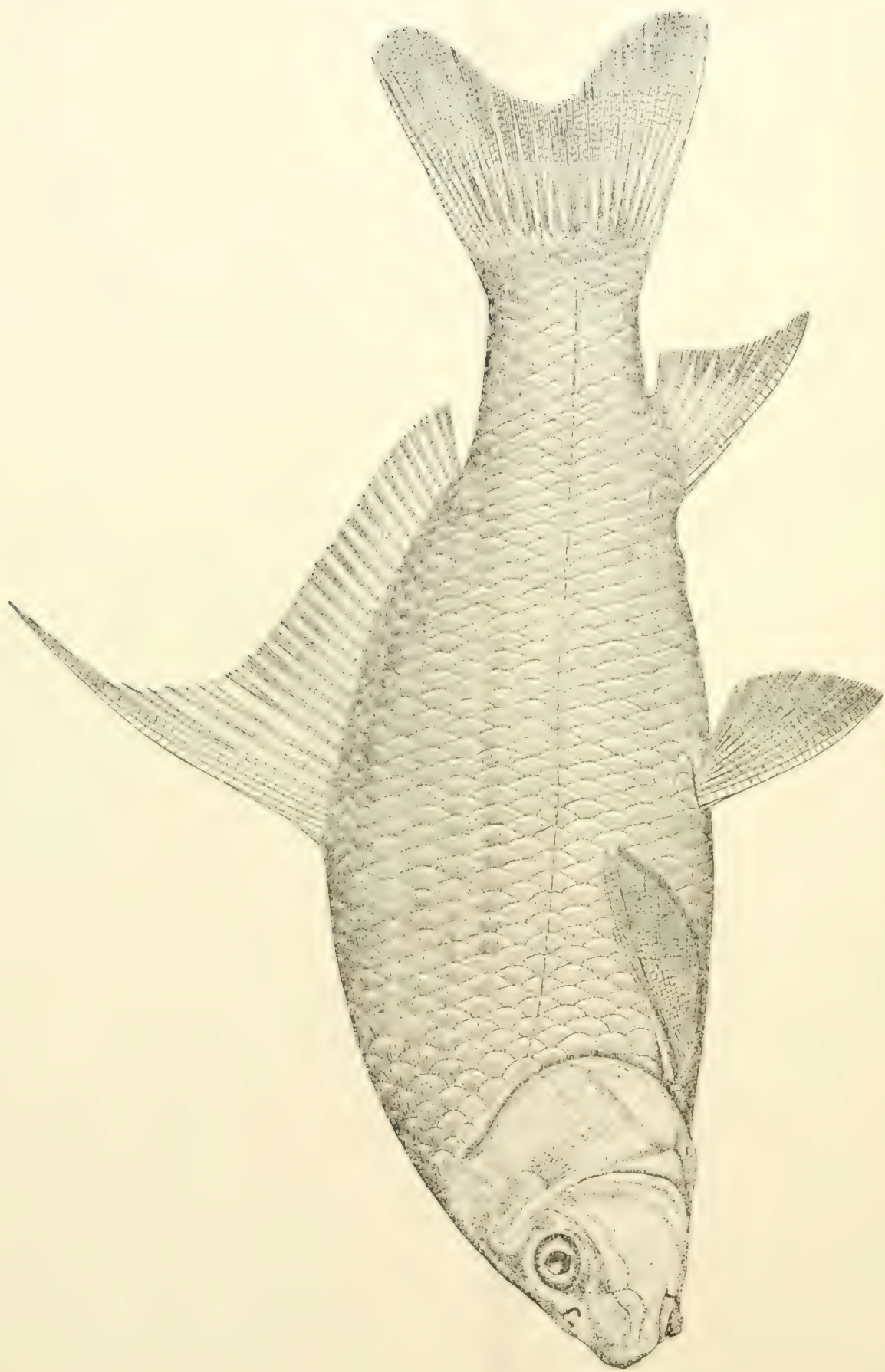
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The Quill-back Sucker—*Ictiobus velifer*. (See opposite page.)

THE AMERICAN ANGLER.

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No. 6.

FISH AND FISHING IN AMERICA.

BY WM. C. HARRIS.

(Continued from page 136.)

Ictiobus velifer (the specific name from the Latin—"bearing sails") deserves notice from its peculiar dorsal fin construction, which gives it the common names of sail fish, skim-back, quill-back, spear fish and sailing sucker; it is also called the carp sucker and river carp in some localities. The first three rays of the dorsal fin are very high, being equal in height to the base of the fin; the tail is deeply forked, the upper lobe being longer than the lower; there are twenty-six rays in the dorsal fin and eight in the anal; the eye is rather large, and the snout projects beyond the mouth, which is small. This fish is extremely common in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, and is sometimes found in the waters of Western New York. It is usually pale in color, and seldom reaches a foot in length. There is another species—*Ictiobus thompsoni*—which resembles the above, *I. velifer*, very much, but has a smaller and more pointed head, with the snout considerably projecting. It is abundant in the great lakes.

Ictiobus cyprinus is still another species of the buffalo fishes with the distinguishing mark of a high dorsal fin,

but, with this exception, and that the body is deeper and the eye very much smaller, it is, in other characteristics, essentially the same as *I. velifer*, the sail fish buffalo. It has the common names of carp sucker and silvery carp sucker, and those given above for *I. velifer*. Its habitat, so far as known, is from Pennsylvania to Virginia, being most abundant in the Chesapeake bay region.

Under the generic name of *Cycleptus* (from two Greek words, "round" and "slender," in allusion to the shape of the mouth), and the specific one of *elongatus*, we find the black horse, also called the gour-seed sucker, Missouri sucker and succerel. It has a very small head, short, slender and rounded above; the mouth is small and the lips are full of papillæ; the males during the breeding season have minute tubercles on the snout, and this sex may be known, also, by the intense black coloration along the dorsal line, with a brassy or coppery lustre on the sides; the females, as described by Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, are olivaceous, with coppery shadings. This fish has thirty rays in the dorsal fin and eight in the

anal, with sixty-two scales along the lateral line, which is perfect and almost straight.

The striped sucker, soft sucker, sand sucker and black nose sucker, belongs to another genus, and is classified as *Myxotrema menalops* (the generic name from two Greek words—"lessened" and "aperture," in allusion to the imperfect lateral line: and *menalops*, also from two Greek words—"black" and "look"). Dr. Jordan says that the lateral line does not appear in the young fish, and that it is imperfect in those of eight inches in length, but is nearly complete in the adult fish. It has twelve to fourteen rays in the dorsal fin and forty-six scales along the lateral line. The color is dusky, coppery below, with a dusky blotch behind the dorsal fin, and each scale has a dark blotch at its base, most distinct in adults, thus forming longitudinal stripes.

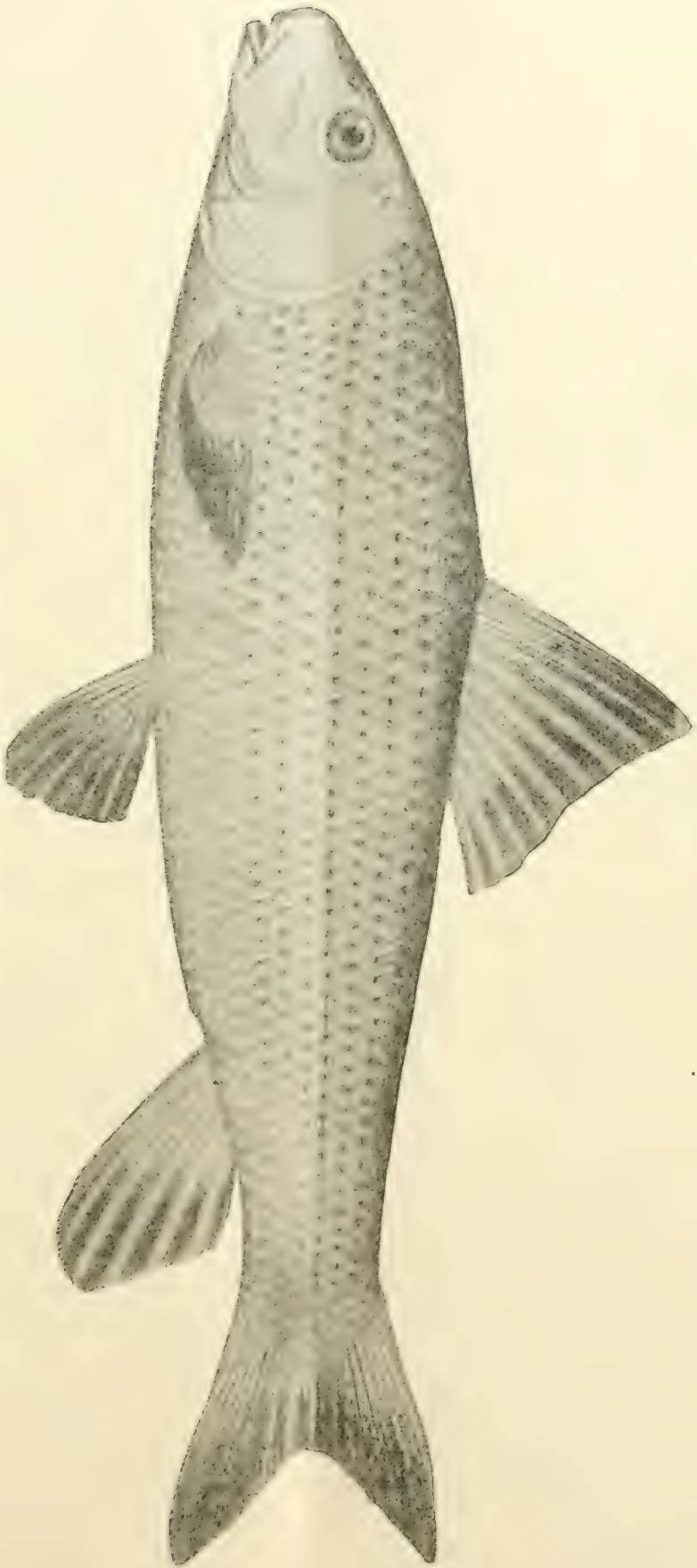
We now reach the red horse fishes, which are classed generically as *Moxostoma* (from two Greek words—"to suck" and "mouth"). There appear to be thirteen species classified so far, but further investigation may reduce or increase the number. Dr. Jordan believes them to be unduly multiplied, and states that they are difficult to distinguish. Of the thirteen species, eight are natives of the Southern States, ranging from North Carolina west to the Mississippi, and south to Texas. In the South they are generally called mullets, and in the North, as a rule, red horses and suckers. The mouth in this genus is always behind the snout, with lips usually well developed and plicate or folded, and the lower fins are generally red. They are spring spawners, and run up to the head waters of streams to spawn.

The white nose sucker—*Moxostoma*

anisurum (the specific name from two Greek words—"unequal" and "tail"—having reference to the lobes of the caudal, the upper being longer than the lower)—is also known as the carp mullet, small-mouthed red horse and long-tailed red horse. Its coloration is pale, with smoky gray on the caudal, and the lower fins are red. It ranges from North Carolina to the Ohio valley, and northward to, and beyond, the Great Lakes. It has fifteen to eighteen dorsal rays and seven rays in the anal. The first ray of the dorsal is quite high, its length being equal to that of the entire base of the fin.

The common red horse, white sucker, large scaled sucker or mullet—*Moxostoma macrolepidotum* (the specific name from two Greek words signifying "large" and "scaled") has a broad head, which is flattened above, and a blunt snout over-reaching the mouth, which has full lips, the lower one being particularly large. As its name indicates, the scales are relatively large, and there are forty-five along the lateral line, and usually thirteen rays in the dorsal and seven or eight in the anal fin. It reaches a length of two feet, and is distributed over a wide region—the Great Lakes, Chesapeake Bay and thence south to Alabama and west to Dakota. This species is not found in Eastern New England, and is usually called brook mullet in the Eastern States, lake shad in Pennsylvania, and red horse in the West; those in the last named section have larger heads and mouths, and are recognized as a variety or sub-species—*M. duquesnei*. Professor Goode states that this fish and allied species are useful and palatable food fishes, "although our writers have persistently underrated their value." The Philadelphia markets are

The Striped Sucker.—(*Ambloptera nclawops*.)



fully supplied with the Eastern form of this species, where it is esteemed as a food fish.

The golden sucker or lake red horse *Monostoma auecolum* (specific name from the Latin "gilded")—has a shorter and smaller head, and a smaller mouth than *M. macrolepidotum*, and the snout does not protrude over the mouth as in the latter fish, to the color of which it closely assimilates, the tail and lower fins being always red; the tail is forked, and the scales finely marked with thread-like lines or grooves of color. The rays of the dorsal are thirteen to fifteen, and those of the anal fin are usually eight in number. It is sometimes called lake mullet, and grows to the length of eighteen inches. It is a native of the Great Lakes and northward, and is also found in the Ohio valley.

Another species of the red horses is found in the Ohio river, thence south to and including North Carolina; it is the long-tailed red horse—*Moxostoma crassilabre* (specific name from the Latin *crassus*, "thick," and *labrum*, "lip"). It is said to have the form of the whitefish, "deep compressed body, small head, sharply conic snout, which overhangs the very small mouth." The lobes of the tail fin are unequal, the upper being always longest, and the anal fin is long, narrow and curved like a scythe, the posterior end of it reaching beyond the front of the caudal fin, which is of a bright red color, as is also the dorsal fin, which has eleven to fourteen rays, the anal fin having seven. Dr. Bean states that this is a handsome fish, the sides being silvery with copper reflections. The dorsal fin is high, the longest rays being about one and one-half times the base of the fin.

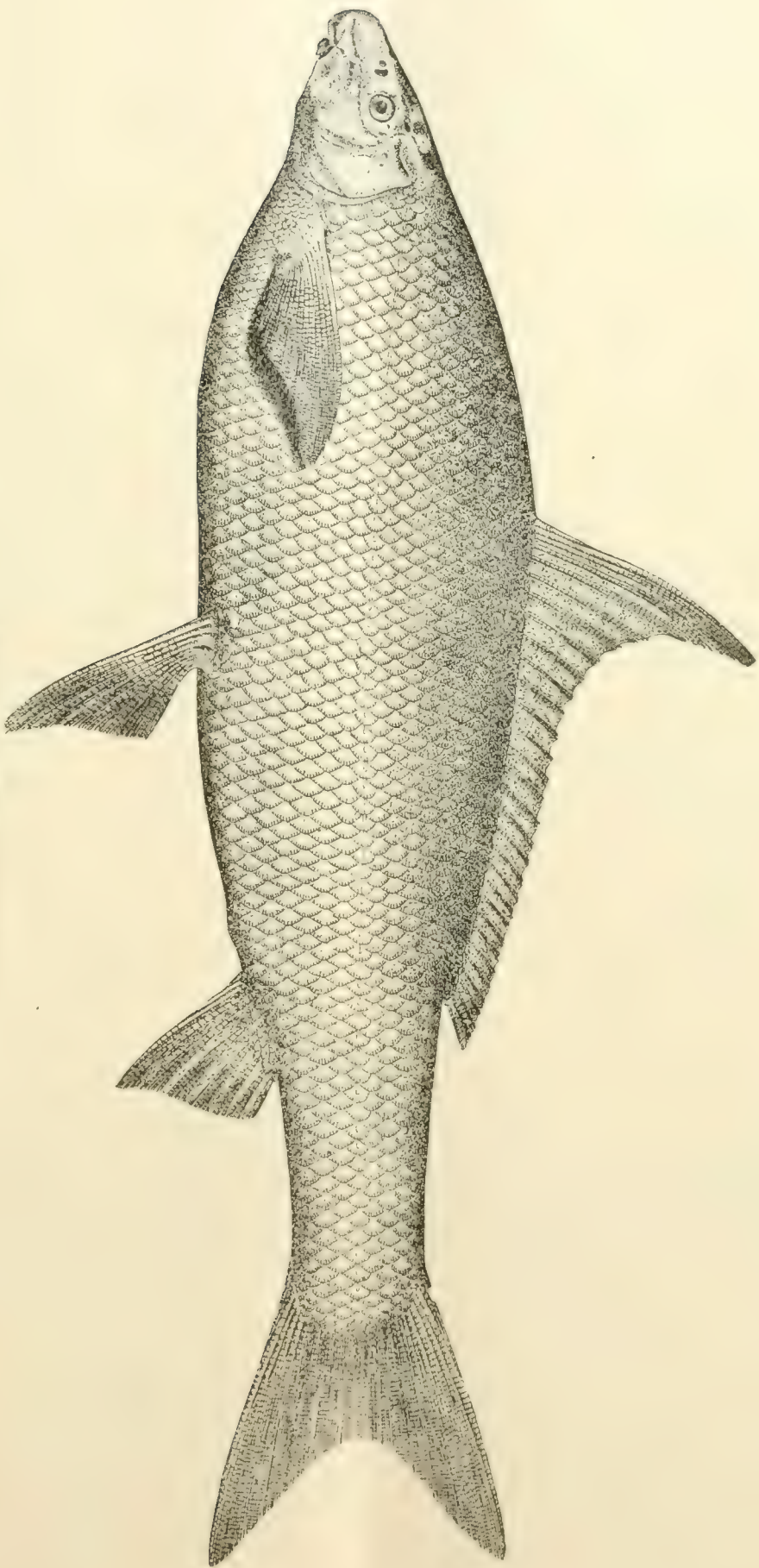
Dr. David S. Jordan describes another species of the red horses—*Moxostoma cervinum* (specific name from the Latin—"tawny like a deer")—under the common names of jump-rocks and jumping mullet. The professor states that it has a rather pointed, but very short, head; the mouth rather large and the lips strongly plicate or folded; eyes and fins small; color, greenish brown with a pale blotch on each scale, thus forming continuous streaks; upon the back are brownish blotches and the fins are brownish in color. There are eleven rays in the dorsal and forty-four scales along the lateral line. This fish is found from Virginia to Georgia, and is not rare.

There are at least eight additional species of the *Moxostomi*, or red horses, generally called mullets locally, the habitat of which is confined to Southern waters. I will briefly refer to these, with acknowledgment of dependence upon the text books, for I confess, not shamefacedly, that I am in ignorance of the life histories of this brood of fishes.

In waters located in South Carolina, and thence to Georgia, we find *M. popillosum* with a stout body, an elevated back, big eye, set well back and up, top of head flat, thick lips and deeply incised. It has twelve to fourteen rays in the dorsal fin and forty-two scales along the lateral line. The color is silvery, with smoky shadings on the back and white on the lower fins.

In the upper Mississippi valley, thence to Georgia and southward, will be found *M. velatum*, a sucker of large size, with a short head, flattish and broad on the top. The muzzle, or snout, is very prominent and bluntish, overhanging a very small mouth. The fins are very large, the dorsal being long and high, and the pectorals nearly

The Black Horse (*Catfish elongatus*)



reaching the ventral fins. The coloration is silvery, smoky above, and the lower fins are red.

M. pidiense is found in the Great Pedee river. It is characterized by its small size, nearly cylindrical body, olive color, with sometimes rows of faint spots along the series of scales. The dorsal and caudal fins are black-edged. It resembles very much the jumping mullet—*M. cervinum*—which has been described, but the mouth is entirely different.

The blue mullet—*M. coregonus*—has a cone-shaped snout, or muzzle, which projects considerably beyond the mouth. There are fourteen rays in the dorsal fin, and the body is flattened laterally and spindle-shaped, tapering at both ends, but more abruptly towards the head. The color is silvery, with leaden shadings, and the lower fins are white. It is of small size, and appears to be confined to North Carolina waters.

The white mullet—*M. album*—has a prominent snout, but less so than that in the fish described above, *M. coregonus*, with a mouth of moderate size. The dorsal rays number twelve to fourteen, and there are forty-five scales along the lateral line. The coloration is pale and the lower fins white. It is quite a large fish, growing up to four pounds or more, and like its congener named above, is restricted in habitat to the waters of North Carolina.

M. thalassinum is another sucker of North Carolina waters. It has a stout head, blunt snout, not very prominent, moderate sized mouth, and fourteen or fifteen rays in the dorsal fin. It is of sea-green color on the back and white below, the lower fins being also white. It is found in the Yadkin river.

M. conus, another denizen of the

Yadkin river, in North Carolina, is characterized by its flat body, elevated back, small head, shaped like a cone, and exceedingly small mouth, the snout far overpassing it. The eye is small, and the dorsal rays number fourteen. The coloration is smoky above, with some of the scales dusky at their basis; the sides are pale, and the lower fins white.

In Louisiana and Southern Mississippi, another of the sucker species occurs, *M. paccilurum*. It may be known by its elongated body, which is somewhat elevated forward and only moderately compressed by its dorsal rays, which are thirteen in number, and its forty-four scales along the lateral line. It is of small size, and the fins, with the exception of the caudal, are red, with blackish shadings.

The big-jawed sucker belongs to another genus, the *Placopharynx* (from two Greek words, signifying "a broad surface" and "pharynx," in allusion to the strong and broad development of the lower pharyngeal bones), and is known as *Placopharynx carinatus* (specific name from the Latin—"keeled"). Dr. Bean, who seems to have made a special study of this fish, states that the big-jawed sucker was, until recently, considered a very rare fish, but it has been found in numerous localities, and its range is now known to extend from Ohio to Georgia and Arkansas. It is a large-scaled fish, with a remarkably large mouth. Its color is brassy green, paler below, and the ventral and anal fins are red. Externally there is very little to distinguish this sucker from some species of buffalo fish, but the teeth in the pharynx are very different from those of other suckers. The lower seven to twelve teeth are very large, but slightly compressed, not

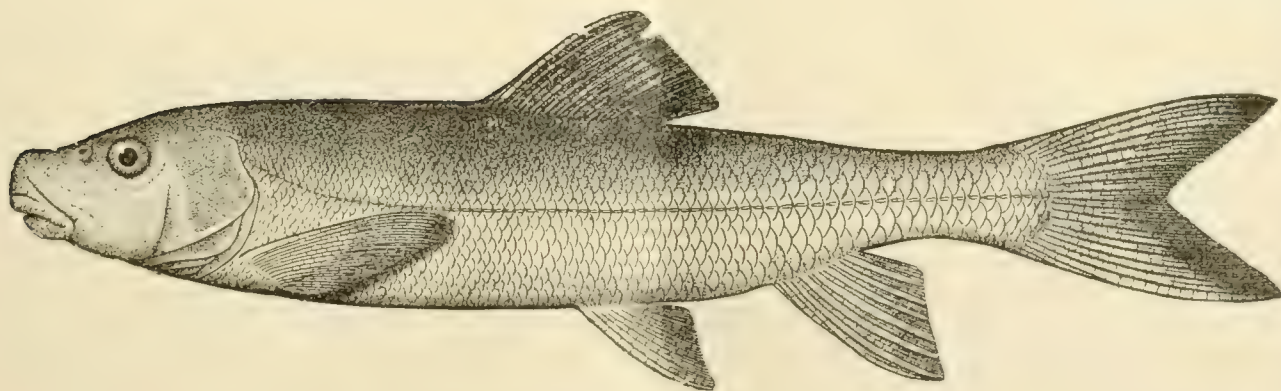
pointed, and resemble in appearance the teeth of some of the minnows rather than suckers. Recent collectors in Western streams have found this curious sucker to be a very common fish in numerous localities. It grows to a length of two feet, and is extensively used as food.

Another genus—*Lagochila* (from two Greek words, signifying “hare” and “lip”), has but one species of the red-horses—*Lagochila laccra* (specific name from the Latin—“torn”). It is a most singular fish, as its common names imply; it is called the hair-lipped sucker, rabbit-mouthed sucker, pea-lip sucker, and split-mouth. The angler will know it at once, if he has ever seen a human being with a “hair-lip mouth.” It is of pale coloration, with the lower fins slightly reddish, and has twelve

dorsal rays, and forty-five scales on the lateral line. It is quite common in some Arkansas waters, and grows to a length of eighteen inches.

In the waters of the Rocky Mountains and those of the Pacific slope, many species of suckers are found, but this field has not, as yet, been exhaustively explored. Utah lake, however, is reported as being “the sucker pond of the world,” and several genera inhabit it in great numbers. In Lake Tahoe, in the Sacramento, Columbia and other rivers and lakes of this region, a number of species abound, which are esteemed as food fish, but, so far as I can learn, are not sought after even by the hand-liners of the far West, hence need no description in a book written for the fishing fraternity.

(To be continued.)



The Red Horse of the Yellowstone—(*Catostomus ardens*.)

CONCERNING SPRING TROUT FISHING.

BY GEORGE H. PAYSON.

We, that is my fishing chum and I, have been trouting again. We have been through many troubles before, in each other's company, but this time we eclipsed our past records for general misery, and got such a dose of spring trout fishing that we came home feeling satisfied. We remarked that we had had enough. It is a great thing to know when you have had enough; some people never do, but we are smarter than the average run of humanity.

Our friends who make fun of us because we like to go trouting, and soak our legs in the rippling waters of the streams, think we are a little more idiotic than the average run of humanity, but that is only their individual opinion, and don't count for much.

I generally lay the blame for any trouble we get into on my friend, for he has originated quite a number of wild goose trips, but I don't suppose it would be fair to give him the credit of this trip, because if we had gone when he wanted to, we would have had lovely weather, and, doubtless, caught some trout. He waited a week to accommodate me, and now he says he will never be accommodating again, but he will, because he is good natured. He also says that I am a hoodoo. I don't think that is so, but if I am a hoodoo I am badly damaged from soaking in ice water, so I don't think my influence can be very strong hereafter, and he may go off again with me, some time, after we get over our rheumatism.

We wanted to get some early spring fishing this year, before all the big

trout lies were disposed of. We usually go after the frisky and uncertain trout in June. By that time the streams have been raked over so often that you can see a trout dodge when you cast your flies at him. There has been such a procession of anglers along the stream that the bank has been worn brush bare in places, and you can trace their devastating task by old lunch papers and tin bait cans. The trout have had such a variety of unwholesome food forced upon them by that time, that they regard eating as a suicidal occupation, and wag their tails at you in derision, as you present another fatal dinner to their notice.

The streams are getting low then, too, and there is no use fishing in the middle of the day, except for exercise. If it happens to be the time of full moon, the natives will tell you there is no use fishing, except at night, and in proof of it some local artist will turn up at breakfast time with a fine string of half pounders or over, which he caught "after midnight, just below the dam." You go out the next night, but you don't do likewise. The stream looks awfully black and gloomy, and you walk off a ledge of rocks into four feet of water before you have fairly got started. We have been all through this business and are chuck full of experience, and that is why we wanted some spring fishing, of the kind we read about in the sporting papers.

We had a spell of phenominally hot weather about the first of May, and there was no use trying to do any work

after that; we simply had to go fishing and we went. Everything seemed propitious as the train bore us swiftly away from the hot, dusty city, and we settled back in our parlor car chairs with sighs of enjoyment. The small boys were out in swarms, swimming in the canal, as we sped along, and the pink and white masses of apple blossoms said as plainly as possible: "Summer has come, let everybody go fishing." Everything was lovely, and we smiled sweetly on the parlor car porter, and forgot to tip him, we were so full of happiness.

We finally got well up into the wilds of Pennsylvania, and as we left the station and drove off to Spruce Cabin Inn, our host remarked that the fishing had been first rate, but the streams now were getting low. It sounded like old times, and our spirits began to go down, and we sneezed mournfully in the clouds of dust that rose around us. We felt better, though, when the driver cast his weather eye around the horizon, and thought "maybe we would get a little rain out of those clouds over there."

After supper we all sat on the front porch and wished for rain. We wished, too, because it seemed the correct thing to do, and the people there seemed to expect it of us. I didn't care for any rain myself. I don't particularly enjoy it on a trouting trip, although I can take it philosophically along with the salt pork and mosquitoes that usually go to make up one of these excursions. However, the experts all said rain would improve the fishing, to say nothing of the potato crop, so I put my personal feelings aside, and wished it would rain.

After it got pretty black overhead and the thunder began to mutter in the

distance, most of the rain makers adjourned to the office and started a social game of something they called "five cent ante," although I really think it was poker. I was sure that such performances, at that time Saturday night, would bring trouble, and it did. It brought a howling northeast rain storm, and about fifty degrees drop in the temperature, which lasted during our entire stay. If all those rain makers had let things alone, and hadn't tried to tinker with the weather, we would, doubtless, had some more warm sunshine and good fishing. As it was, the whole climatic condition got tangled up with all those fellows wishing for different degrees of rain, that it just settled in and rained right along. Of course, they tried to switch the storm off or side track it, or something, but they had got the thing started, and they couldn't stop it. Nature is a big thing to fool with, anyway; they ought to have left her alone in the first place.

We made a fishing record at that hotel. If there had been a prize offered, we would have captured it—that is a booby prize. My friend brought back three trout, the result of three days' labor in the cold and wet. I did not bring back one, therefore I am the worst fisherman, and hold the record. We did catch about a dozen little fellows one day, but they were numb with cold when they came out of the stream, and the icy rain that was coming down finished their misery at once. We made a fire to thaw out our frozen legs so that we could manage to walk home, and roasted the little fish so that they got warm at last anyway.

We related this catch to the circle of delicate fishermen who had been sitting before a big fire all day in the hotel office, playing five cent ante and abus-

ing each other. They intimated that the story would not hold water. It ought to, for everything else about us was holding a good deal of that fluid. We also told them that we had seen a bright blue snake, with a grass green tail, which was an honest fact, for we had, and I will stick to it. Whereupon they jeered at us, and made all kinds of scurrilous remarks about our veracity, which was unkind. They also said they believed we had "stopped somewhere" before seeing that snake, whatever they meant by that. A man's character seems to go all to pieces the minute he goes fishing. He can start out with quite a good one, and come back with hardly a shred of it left. It's tough.

We came to the conclusion that we did not like spring fishing.

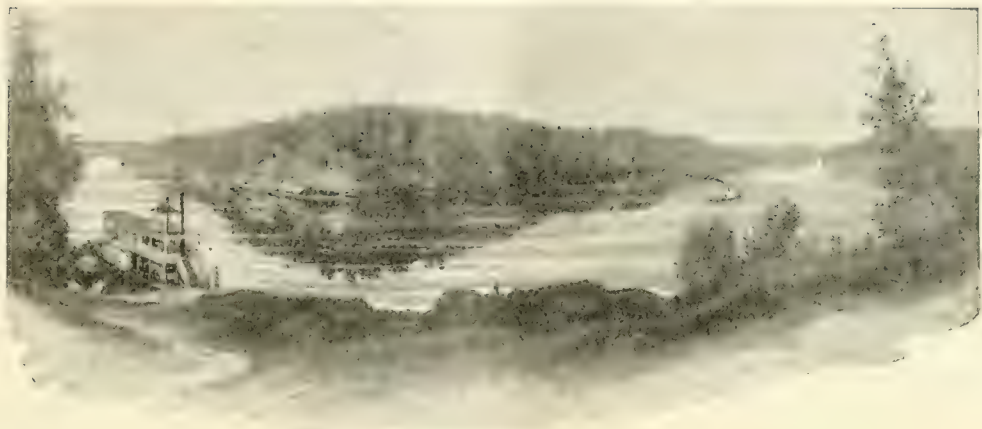
We had four days to spend away, and for four days the north wind howled down the valley, and we had so much rain that the brooks were coffee colored

and they had to dig the potatoes up and set them on stumps to dry. Spring fishing might be enjoyable if the water in the stream could be warmed. I think there is a big field open for some enterprising inventor and hotel keeper who could then advertise:

"The finest trout fishing in the state. Streams steam heated on all cold days."

It would be a drawing card and I think I will open a hotel and try it.

After this I am going fishing in June, and if the trout will not rise in the middle of the day, who cares! for I will pick out a soft spot in a grassy meadow, and lie in the shade of a tree and smoke my pipe, while the gentle hum of the insects and the musical ripple of the stream sing to me of the sweet peace that is over all nature, and overhead the soft fleecy clouds drift slowly in the summer breeze. This will I do, but I will not again go fishing in the spring time. I have had enough.



THE DELLS OF THE WISCONSIN RIVER.

BY ANNIE TURNER PRESTON.

"Kilbourn City!" That was all the brakeman said as our train drew near the station midway of an afternoon one summer day. The place, at first glance, looked just as ordinary and unattractive as the brakeman's words had sounded—commonplace, indeed. Our little party left the train and indifferently turned its faces toward the town, and although we did not in words give utterance to our thoughts, we were mentally asking ourselves if we were not sorry we came. Then, when was it and how was it that the spell came upon us? We found ourselves catching glimpses of scenery, here and there in the distance, that suggested warm admiration, upon nearer acquaintance. We remembered the old adage that "distance lends enchantment to the view," but 'twas false in this case, and it seemed discourteous to harbor that trite old saying in our minds for an instant.

Just how the miracle was wrought we never knew, but Kilbourn City seemed transformed before our very eyes. The narrow winding streets, rich in their wealth of shade, became attractive and

even fascinating, leading and luring us on—sometimes turning a corner to unfold a river before our eyes that was so sudden in its loveliness, we felt like apologizing for the thoughts that had flitted through our minds such a little while before.

Through the winding streets we finally wended our way to a very home-like appearing hotel, the Finch House by name, finding it just as hospitable and homelike as its exterior had given promise, and after refreshing ourselves and resting while the arrangements were being made for our trip up through the Dells, we sallied forth.

There are two steamers on the river, each making two daily trips through the Dells, but we had decided to make the trip in a row-boat. From the hotel to the river's edge was only a short distance, and our guide had waiting a boat of generous dimensions and comfortably cushioned. It was about 4:30 o'clock as our oars first dipped the water, and the row of five miles would just about bring us up into the Witch's Gulch by supper time, and supper up at "Robinson's," who lives in the Gulch,



Pulpit Rock, Head of Dells.

was something well worth going five miles to obtain, even leaving out the scenery, so we had been told.

Imagine a perfect summer afternoon, a hazy, lazy, dreamy summer day, and you are entering the Jaws of the Dells. The jaws are immense rocks, high, massive and forbidding, standing in such close proximity that the passage between seems hardly wide enough for our little boat, and causes us to wonder if the steamers, though of small proportions, can ever squeeze through at all. Once safely through these mighty jaws the real wonders of the Dells lie before us. On each side of this narrow, winding river, there is so much to see we are perplexed, not knowing which way to look, fearing to miss any part. "To have seen it, to have hung it up in the hall of imaginative memory, is to have become richer forevermore." How can one give any idea of what the Dells are really like to those who have never beheld them? To say that they consist of high, precipitous rocks and ledges on either side of the river, of fantastic shape and outline, sounds as if they were not so very wonderful after all, and, indeed, not half so beautiful as many other scenic

points we hear spoken of daily. But, let us portray a picture by word-painting as nearly true as we are able, and see if it is not pleasing. One may not make mention of all the points of interest along the way, but of some we must speak.

A short distance up the river, at our left, is Romance Cliff, fulfilling in picturesqueness all that the name implies. It defies description, for who has the eloquence to describe that potent word? The embodiment of the idea is expressed in the magnificent rock; it silently gives utterance to all that words cannot express. Just a little beyond, on the other side of the river, our guide suddenly steered the boat into a cave-like opening, and there was a spring of water, which came trickling out from the bed of rock, so white and clear and tempting that we all drank of it and decided to name it "Satisfaction Spring," for, strange to say, though so worthy, it had been nameless, and we unanimously agreed upon the name selected as the most fitting.

Looking across the river we see an opening among the rocks, and a little way up from the river's bank is a curious looking old house, having just the look and air about it that leads us unconsciously to ask our guide its history. We felt sure it was no ordinary house, where somebody had lived and died who had no particular history, and our inference was correct. We learned it was the old Pioneer Hotel. Long before the day of railroading, it had been the military post station between Green Bay and Prairie du Chien, having been built in 1844.

Again, our guide steers our small craft towards another opening among the rocks, and we find ourselves in Boat Cave. We are completely shut in

by the huge rocks, and seem separated from all the outside world, but it is so cool and inviting we think we would like to linger here, until we are reminded that we have come only a short distance as yet, and have not begun to dream of the beauties of the dells beyond. Next comes the Navy Yard. Here large boulders are standing out in the water and sharply outlined against the bank of the river, so very like "men-of-war," it does not seem possible Nature could have moulded them so accurately true in detail.

We are still marveling, when we come upon Allen's Hand. We did not need to have the hand pointed out to us, it was so very like a hand indeed; but we did not know it was Allen's Hand, until we listened to the sad story of one, poor Allen, who loved in vain, and whose hand, being spurned and rejected

by the object of his love, turned to stone, and one day these grand old rocks took on the outline of poor Allen's hand, forever to point with prophetic warning, lest some other thoughtless maiden should forget the lesson.

Into another cave the steady strokes of our oars brought us, and this was Skylight Cave. Straight up above us was a little crevice through which could be seen the blue sky and sunshine, and the rift of light—how it gladdened and made bright the surrounding darkness. Presently our little boat seemed to be surrounded by fire. Flames leaped up on all sides, and we could hardly believe it was just phosphorous we saw, caused by the guide pushing the oar quickly back and forth in the sand just beneath the boat's side. We came forth and continued our way up the river, passing Sturgeon Rock and Dev-



The Dells, at the Narrows.



Jaws of Dells.

il's Elbow, and soon arrived at the river's narrowest point. It is here only about fifty-two feet wide, yet our guide tells us that the water is over ninety feet deep.

Artist's Glen was next passed, and we came to Coldwater Cañon. Here, if one has the time, a landing may be made, and there's a walk of a half mile into the cañon, which repays one fully by its beauty. Then we find ourselves looking at the Devil's Armchair, and cannot refrain from remarking that the devil's possessions up in this region seem to be undisputed and numerous. Steamboat Rock stands on a little island about four miles up the river, and does, without stretch of the imagination, remind one of what it represents.

We next pass Rood's Glen, another picturesque point of which we catch only a glimpse in passing, though desiring a more extended view, and suddenly our boat is hugging close to the shore and there's a little cleared space between the rocks surely, but can this be our destination? Is this the Witch's

Gulch? Again our first impressions are disappointing, yet again, likewise, we are silent and await developments. Securing our boat, the guide tells us to follow him and we obey. We walk only a few rods when we come to a narrow path, which gradually grows more narrow, until it abruptly leads us into a sort of gorge or canon, and we enter the uncanny place single file, carefully picking our way and all the time full of wonderment. Certainly if we thought the Dells marvelous as we voyaged up the river, what were our thoughts now?

We had imagined, when we entered the place, that only a few steps would lead out into the world again. But no, more and more the huge rocks closed in upon us, until an arched cave of rocks enclosed us wholly. Once in a while, through an opening from above, the light came in, but it was most of the time dark, save the dim rays of light from the lantern which our guide swung back and forth as he led the way—and how dark it was! A narrow walk beside a rushing stream, every now and then steps to ascend or descend, sudden turns in the pathway, revealing by the dim light picturesque and romantic surroundings of the most weird and uncanny sort imaginable. Had we dared listen we felt sure the witch's voice might have been plainly heard. Without trying to hear, we several times felt sure she whispered something, but our interpretations of what we thought she said were all so different, we were finally forced to be prosaic enough to conclude it was only imagination after all. How beautiful and strange it all was. How long we kept walking on and on, yet did not come to the daylight. For half a mile we are in the gulch and the exit is as

unexpected as the entrance. Passing out into a small opening we come to "Robinson's."

It's such a quaint place. A cottage with ample piazza has been erected in the cleared space among and almost under the overhanging rocks, and the little stream we have followed through the gorge rushes along by the very door, as if bent upon some mission which our dull minds could never think of comprehending, even should it pause to explain. We glance up at the rocks on all sides and how forbidding they look. It's not sunset yet, but the sunlight never finds its way in here except for an hour or two at midday, and, to-night, could we have a more sweeping view of the sky above us, we should have due intimation of how our plans

for returning to Kilbourn City by moonlight were all to be shattered and laid in ruins. Our plan had been to have supper up in the gulch and then go down through the Dells by moonlight. Many a time, as we journeyed up the river, we had tried to fancy the Dells by moonlight, and had promised ourselves this pleasure without ever dreaming of its not being fulfilled; we had, however, no sooner finished our delicious supper than we heard the rumble of distant thunder, and, almost before we knew it, the rain came down in big drops and the storm was upon us. Will any of our little party ever forget that storm? It was an electric storm of unusual violence and fury. It swept through the gorge like some avenging Nemesis. One tall pine, im-



The Rocks.

bedded in the rocks high above us, fell prostrate, the bolt of forked lightning splitting it from top to bottom. We would not willingly have missed witnessing so grand a spectacle, and all alike were hushed and awed into silence during that very extraordinary combination of pyrotechnics and artillery. It is hardly necessary to say that we had no alternative but to accept the Robinson's proffered hospitality and spend the night with them. They made us very comfortable, even though it was a bit crowded for everybody, and, after a most refreshing sleep, we opened our eyes to behold the dawn of a perfect day. We drew in long breaths of the sweet, fresh air, and looked about us, wondering if we had not dreamed of that terrible storm.

An early breakfast, good-byes said,

and sincere promises that we would surely come again, and we turned our faces toward Kibourn City. True, we had to forego seeing the Dells by moonlight, yet they were very lovely in the early morning, and we felt that had we seen them by moonlight, we must have lost this revelation of their beauty, and we were therefore content.

One may also land at "The Larks," between Artist's Glen and Coldwater Cañon, where there is an excellent restaurant. And, it may be as well to mention, that before the season of 1895 has passed away, there will be erected, near the village, a fine, commodious hotel building, with accommodations for at least two hundred guests, so that thereafter no one need fear for lack of room and board at Kilbourn City, Wis.



The Jug, Cold Water Canon.

THE BLACK BASS OF THE POTOMAC RIVER.*

It is the opinion of many anglers that a law should be enacted by the legislature of Maryland making it a penal offense for any person to catch a bass in the Potomac by any means whatever from May 1 to June 15. This would effectually protect the fish while spawning. After that, when the fry are born, the bass can take care of themselves. Their breeding habits are interesting. When early spring returns the fish make their way up the river and its tributaries, where there are gravel and sand bars in the shallow water. The female will brush out a basin-like hole with her tail, and in this she will deposit her eggs. This is usually done early in May, and from this time until the fry appear the male and female fish never leave the vicinity.

Several years ago there were many spawning beds below Great Falls, and especially around Sycamore Island, but since the carp were introduced in the river such beds have been deserted. The carp, in its voracity and unsatisfied-like appetite for anything and everything, quickly discovered that bass roe was a delicacy, and from that time the big foreign fish has made bass nests his steady prey, swimming over them and gulping up the eggs, careless of the old bass, who are not able to protect their home from the overgrown marauder. Up near Woodmount, especially around Great Cacapon, thousands of bass spawn annually, but even up

there they are not free from the carp.

The fry make their appearance about the 20th of June, and from then until the 15th of July a fishing rod is a useless possession, so far as bass are concerned, for the newly arrived progeny are taking up the entire attention of Mr. and Mrs. Bass. It is amusing and interesting to watch a bass nest at this time, and study the methods of the old ones. The male takes up his position several yards away from the nest, and poises there, watching in every direction for the approach of possible danger. The female hovers over the nest and her precious young, and never leaves them until they get old enough to scoot around for themselves.

If a minnow is placed before her nose at this time, she will take it in her mouth, swim away four or five feet, drop it and return to her vigil. They have been known to do this a dozen times in an hour, and the male bass, while on parental watch, takes no notice of either food or snares. Three years ago seven anglers started in at Weverton, on the 25th of June, and fished down to the present site of the Blue Ridge club house. Among them were Dr. W. S. Harban and Messrs. Dressel and Gilmore of Baltimore. Each of the seven got from twenty to thirty strikes, and yet the total number caught was but ten fish.

After the middle of July, however, the bass are hungry and active in pursuit of food, and except in extremely hot weather they may be depended on to afford good sport whenever the water and the weather is propitious. The un-

* We are indebted to the editor of the Washington (D. C.) *Star* for this very interesting and practical article on the black bass. The writer has evidently made the subject a study, and has had an extended experience among these fish.—ED.

certainly of their dispositions, however, is not the least attractive thing about the bass, and there's no telling what kind of weather they most delight in running around in.

In the spring, on a bright, sunny day, they are apt to be found in shallow water. Indeed, experts who know how to properly cast a fly or bait invariably fish in the shallows. There are times when fish gather in deep water and can be caught there, but these same fish go into shallow water to feed. This is one of the reasons why fly fishermen do not begin to kill rapidly until evening. Bass at the bottom of an eight or ten-foot hole will not rise to a fly or minnow on the surface, but still the solemn belief exists among fishermen that neither a bass or any angler ever knows what a bass is going to do.

One hears so much of costly rods and reels and high-priced lines in bass fishing circles that the novice who has caught his first fish with borrowed tackle hesitates before securing a personal outfit, but there is no necessity for this. A very good set of tackle can be secured for a moderate outlay. Here it will be possible to get a good lance wood rod for, say, \$2, a reel for \$1, a line for \$1, and hooks, leaders, sinkers, etc., \$1 more. He will need a landing net and a bait bucket if he proposes to follow the sport through the season, but these can be obtained up the river where he makes his headquarters, if he is merely going to fish intermittently. Of course, if one has the means and inclination he can expend a considerable sum on fishing tackle, especially if he favors automatic reels and desires to use one of the new steel rods, which are becoming so popular on account of their combined lightness, toughness and marvelous flexibility.

After getting the tackle it is necessary to know where to go. If a person is so fortunate as to be invited up to one of the club houses his pleasure is assured, but there are numbers of places scattered along the river, where fishermen are accommodated and furnished with boats and guides to pole them for very moderate charges.

Reached by canal boat or driving is Great Falls, where there are excellent accommodations, while several miles above, at the mouth of Muddy branch, is famous old George Pennyfield's. He is the most ancient fisherman on the river. He entertained several years ago President Cleveland and Internal Revenue Commissioner Miller.

Still further up is Seneca, nine miles above Great Falls, and one may be always sure of finding remunerative sport there. The summer fishing is best in the rapids below the dam, while the deep water above is unequalled for fall fishing. There are islands here, known as "Sharp Shin," "Lady Finger," "Ten Foot" and "Miscalls," situated in the middle of the river, and are wonderful in their picturesque beauty, while the bass gather in numbers along their shelving banks. The mouth of the Monocacy, Edwards Ferry, Tuscarora, Weverton, Point of Rocks, Brunswick and Harper's Ferry all afford excellent opportunities for anglers that are eagerly taken advantage of all during the season.

Live bait is most generally depended upon by fishermen who frequent the Potomac to attract the bass and lure him to his doom, but there are scores of anglers who use the fly exclusively, and who are vehement in their declarations that the red ibis or the brown hackle, accurately and gracefully cast to the surface of a rock-guarded pool,

or the edge of a rippling eddy, is the proper manner to pursue in fishing for the gamest fish in the world. Live bait holds its place, however, in the estimation of the majority, and it consists of minnows, cray fish, young frogs and pike smelt, while the humble worm has been known to exercise fascination of a remarkable sort on the fish at various times. The term live bait, however, may be taken to mean minnows alone. The bait bucket, therefore, is a part of the equipment of nearly every angler, and much ingenuity has been exercised by inventors in perfecting the affair, for they must be so arranged as to keep their animated contents alive for a long time, as the minnows are almost invariably secured either in this city or at the point where the fishermen embark on the river. Some buckets are made to contain 100 or 150 minnows, and, with proper changes of water, the little fellows may be kept alive and lively, which is an important point, almost indefinitely.

The bull minnow and the pike smelt are most favored by bass fishermen, and the cray fish has many admirers. A minnow is placed upon the hook in this wise: The point of the barb is inserted in its back, about the middle fin, and pushed through until it emerges near the tail. This is apparently cruel, but the minnow doesn't appear to mind it much. Minnow and hook are then tossed lightly through the air toward some inviting spot on the surface beneath which a bass is likely to lie. The minnow upon striking his native element swims against the line which holds him, with tail rapidly moving, and if there is a bass in the immediate vicinity there is pretty apt to be a commotion in the water in a mighty little while.

Many bass are lost by the over-anx-

iety of the angler to strike before the opportune moment arrives. They are very particular fish, and when they are feeding they seize their food very much as a cat seizes a mouse, and spend a moment or two in exultation over their luck. When the minnow, for instance, first attracts the bass he rushes at it and seizes it in his strong jaws sideways. This is almost invariably the case. He will remain poised and trembling for a second, and will then move slowly off. Many anglers strike at this time, when they see their line going out, and merely pull the bait out of the fish's mouth. When he makes that first slow movement he is getting ready to swallow the minnow, and the way he operates is thus: The tongue of a bass is round and thick, like a man's thumb, and with this member he slowly turns the minnow in his mouth until its head is pointing directly down his throat. Then with an extension of the tongue he draws it in, and proceeds to swallow it. As he starts again then is the time for the fisherman to quickly draw back his rod and make the victorious stroke. Between the most successful anglers and the bass, there appears to be a sensitive telegraphy by means of the line and rod, by which the fisherman knows just when to strike, and the persons who possess this gift are fortunate indeed. It may be aptly termed nervous intelligence, and is similar to the power possessed by good billiard players and good shots, who perform such wonders with apparently no unusual exercise of care or aim.

When the bass is hooked then the sport begins. The small-mouthed black bass, which is generally known as the Potomac bass, because the stream is most favored by the species, both in number and in size, is a fearless, active, agile

fish, of great endurance and admirable pugnacity. With a hook imbedded in his jaw he will dart through the water for minutes at a time in a fine frenzy of fear; hither and thither while the reel whirls with sweet music, and the rod bends in a graceful loop that threatens self-demolition. Now writhing in splendid contortions, now lashing high in the air above the surface, the fish fights with heroic courage until he exhausts himself in his struggles, and lays prostrate in the landing net, beneath the eager gaze of his exultant captor.

It is not the biggest bass that gives best fight for existence, and thrills the angler with a strange mixture of hope and fear, assurance and despair. A two or three-pound bass is the king of game fishes when it comes to his sport-giving qualities. He is in the prime of his strength and vigor, and when he knows that his life is threatened he exerts every effort to avert the danger.

The fly fisherman need not bother with catching or buying and caring for minnows. He doesn't have to get up in the night two or three times, and change the water in a bait bucket. He never tears his hair and stirs the atmosphere with profanity when his bait are all dead and useless like the minnow fisherman does frequently. The fly fisherman takes his light rod, puts his book of flies in his pocket, and takes the train up the river ready to step in a boat and begin fishing as soon as he reaches his club or other destination. His eye is eagerly alert and skimming the surface of the water for inviting ripples or pleasing pools. He raises the tip of his rod, and with a graceful motion of arm and wrist sends his feathered hook far out to a remote spot that the less skillful live-bait angler would have

had to pole his boat closer to. The fly poises over the water like a thing of life, and then settles softly down like a butterfly seeking a sip. There is a streak of foam; a miniature whirlpool; a gleam of silver and a shower of crystal drops. The reel whirrs; the slender, almost weightless rod bends until it makes a segment in the air, and the battle royal between the bass and his pursuer is on.

The fly fisherman feels glorious then. He knows he has not fooled the bass with deceitful food, but that his skill and subtlety is being rewarded, and those numerous anglers who fish with both the fly and live bait will tell you that the thrill of exultation is much greater when a bass becomes victim to a fly.

Some fishermen use the spoon in fishing for bass, but fly and bait fishermen claim that they are not to be considered anglers any more than a gunner who shoots quail on the ground can be regarded as a sportsman. When a bass strikes a spoon he is gone. He has no chance for his life, no matter how gamely and courageously he may fight; so the man who uses a spoon merely fishes to make a big string, and cares but little for the real enjoyment of the uncertainty of the sport.

There are several scores of expert anglers in Washington who find relaxation and mental recuperation, when the cares of business will allow, in seeking the wily bass with fly or bait. The oldest is probably Mr. Nat Sardo. He is fond of taking a trip after bass whenever he can spare the time.

Dr. Walter S. Harban, who is a member of both the Woodmount and Blue Ridge clubs, is without question the best fisherman in Washington. He goes fishing oftener than any other en-

thusiast, and it is seldom that he returns in the evening without a big string of fish as the result of his day's work, almost invariably bigger than that of any of his companions. Although, as a rule, he prefers live bait fishing, he is not a novice at casting the fly. In September, 1893, after fishing with bait for half a day with no success whatever, he rigged up his fly rod, and before nightfall he had captured sixty-two bass.

The name of Mr. S. H. Kauffmann has always been coupled with Wade Hampton, when any one asks who is the most expert fly caster in this sec-

tion of the country. Mr. Kauffman, who never fishes with bait, probably has the record for fly fishing on the Potomac. At Woodmont, several years ago, he captured fifty-six bass in an hour and a half, many of them weighing two and three pounds. It is always claimed by bait fishermen that only small fish can be taken with the fly. This instance, as well as others, when three and four pounders were caught, tends to disapprove the claim, although it is unquestionably true that, as a rule, bait fishermen catch the biggest fish. The fly fishermen say, however, that they do not have as much fun.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Under this Department Heading queries relative to Angling, Ichthyology and Fish Culture will be answered.]

Angling as a Cosmopolitan Sport.

Englishmen are born sportsmen. They are what is termed "all round sportmen," for there is no department of outdoor recreation in which they do not indulge and, in many instances, excel. It is a part of their education, which, if neglected in their younger days, is apt to be cultivated, assiduously, when manhood is reached, for an Englishman who does not care to shoot or fish, or has neglected his opportunities to acquire the art to do so, finds himself outclassed, as it were, in his social intercourse with his comrades, and a sort of unintentional ostracism is apt to occur. He is out of gear with his fellows. This love of outdoor sport is most forcibly demonstrated in Great Britain by the anglers of that country. It is with them a national pastime, indulged in by nearly every man who can buy a fish hook and take a day off. It matters not to most of them what the quarry may chance to be, the tiny gudgeon of a few inches will enthuse the most skilled of them, and their "peg down matches," wherein a public contest for a few fish, of a few ounces weight, will gather an enthusiastic crowd of patient and all-ending rodsters. The love of angling pervades the entire people, and the result naturally occurs that in England may be found, not only the most ardent, but the most skilled of Waltonians. It is in the United Kingdom that the higher classes lead the middle and lower grades in the lines of recreation, and among the nobility may be found the most enthusiastic and expert of the craft. But it is not only in the practical use of angling gear that the British angler excels; he is an earnest student of the literature of the art, practical and historical. Scarcely a day passes, certainly not a month, that a book on fishing is not issued from the British press. It may be a modest booklet or a pretentious tome, but both alike are bought freely, read exhaustively, and subjected to the test of criticism as to their practical value to the fraternity. Hence, we can-

not wonder that the English angler is the highest type of the craft, despite the fact that he is apt to split hairs over grades of construction and the methods of using his angling gear.

Stepping across the channel into France we find a reversed condition of things. The Frenchman is not a sportsman by nature or by education. His vivacious temperament delights more in the convivialities of general social intercourse, than in the pursuit of special recreations which might lead him away from his favorite *salon*, or his dear Paris. He has neither the taste nor the skill, born of heredity, to indulge in the sports of fishing or shooting, and when he drops a line in the generally unfruitful waters of his native land, he is apt to handle his tackle like a plough boy, or land his quarry like a pot-fisher. Of course, exceptions occur to this rule, but we doubt if there is in all France a hundred fishermen equalling those produced in like number by every shire in England. Again, the literature of the art possesses for the Frenchman but little attraction. Their encyclopedias contain but few columns devoted to angling, nor do we find in their largest libraries any popular works of value, either description of the art or historical as to its literature, and what we do find is devoid of all enthusiasm as to the exhilarating effects of the pastime or its ennobling and health-giving quality. In fact fishing is, as a rule, relegated to the small boys who catch a species of gudgeon and some little sticklebacks in the fluvial waters of the country. Indeed, one of their writers on the art of angling originated Johnson's slur by writing that the rod was an instrument with an imbecile at one end and a brute at the other.

In Germany angling is not a national pastime, although many of its best citizen element are followers of the art, but when we consider that the United States contains many thousands of enthusiastic, intelligent and gifted fishermen, who are of German parentage or extraction, we are forced to believe that the

restricted opportunities to indulge in angling in Germany is the sole cause of the limited influence of the sport on the national pastimes of that country. The German is born with a love of outdoor sports and, of all classes of men who compose our cosmopolitan population, he is the most ardent of them all in pursuit of fishes on rod and line. But, if the Germans at home are comparatively behind England and America in indulgence in angling, they take almost a front rank in the progress and literature of ichthyology. The first work on fishes, with colored plates, ever issued, came from the German press, and the researches of her fish savans, and the practical teachings of her fish culturists, have placed her in the van of ichthyological knowledge and its practical results.

In Russia, but few people indulge in fishing as a pastime. Indeed, we know of but one man who has made it a study and recreation, Baron Tcherkasov, of Kasan, Russia. He tells us that it is not a recognized field of recreation in his country, but, through his practical and intelligent writings on the subject of angling, he has doubtless enlisted many of his countrymen in the sport, and the natural indulgence in it, although apparently of slow growth, will, before many years, become general, particularly in the southern sections, where the climate is more in accord with the recreation,

We place Italy on even on a lower plane than France in the matter of angling as a national pastime. The Italian is not an angler *sui generis*.

It is in America, particularly in the Eastern and Western states, that angling takes full rank as a progressive and thoroughly established pastime. Its votaries are almost beyond enumeration, and the rapid increase in the use of scientifically made tackle, and the growing interest in the development and protection of fishing waters, has placed this nation far beyond all others in the lead. The national government spends hundreds of thousands of dollars in the cultivation and distribution of fish; the local clubs an equal amount for a like purpose, and the majority of the states, through organized game and fish departments, expend from \$5,000 to \$40,000 each in hatching and protecting fish. With such encouragement and opportunities the American angler riots in the recreation of angling. Two hundred and fifty different species of fish come

to his lures, and fruitful fishing waters, both fluvial and lacustrine, lie almost at his doorsteps. Skilled and ingenious tackle makers cater to his wants, and supply him with gear adapted to his fish and waters, superior to that made in any other part of the globe. Out of New York city alone 30,000 people go-a-fishing every week in the season, and it is not beyond belief that 1,000,000 of fish hooks, on one of our national holidays, are cast into the waters of the country. And with this love of the actual sport, there is growing everywhere a love of its literature. In our large cities many libraries of exclusive angling books are in the process of collection, and no edition of the book of our grand master, Izaak Walton, fails to find the highest bidder or a more enthusiastic and loving owner than with us. Many Americans own several first editions of this work, and Mr. R. M. Whipple, of Chicago, Ill., has, in addition, copies of forty-two other editions. And so we find it all along the line. A young American angler saves his pennies to buy books on his favorite pastime, and, to illustrate nearer home, Harris' "Fishes of North America," costing \$60 a copy, has already booked an aggregate subscription of nearly \$25,000, and these subscriptions are not exclusively among the wealthier classes, many of them being mechanics and clerks who are saving their weekly wages to increase their knowledge of the quarry they love to lure.

Notes From Michigan.

A strange malady appears to afflict the fish in several of the Michigan streams this spring, to the dismay of fishermen and pisciculturists. In the Flint river, in Genessee county, particularly in the vicinity of Flushing, fish are dying in great numbers, and float along the stream, and pile up on the banks. Fine large fish are seen swimming along near shore, in a semi-conscious condition, and in many instances have been taken from the water by the hand. Many of them have what appear to be ulcers on their backs and sides.

There are various theories as to the cause of this state of things; some attribute it to the severe cold and heavy ice in the stream during the winter just passed, and the low stage of water this spring, others to the practice of using dynamite in the upper waters by unscrupulous persons. The malady, whatever it may be, is not general, and may be due to local

causes, possibly to poisonous substances introduced into the waters of these streams.

Fishing among the trout streams of the middle and northern portions of the state has been unprecedentedly fine this season. Since the opening of the season, on May 1, very large catches have been reported. In Lake county, and the waters along the lines of the F. & P. M. Railway, the G. R. & I. Railway, and the C. W. & M. Railway, have seen some lively sport. Brook trout, the German brown trout, and rainbow trout, weighing from 14 to 30 ounces, have been taken. On the first day of the open season, near Red City, about three thousand trout were taken.

The state board of fish commissioners have accomplished a great success in the propagation and stocking the streams of Michigan with these trout, and more than fifty counties have shared in the distribution of the small fry, of which about 8,000,000 were planted during the past two years.

The artificial propagation of the small-mouth black bass has only been undertaken during the past year by the commission, on account of the abundant natural stocking of the waters of Michigan by this fish, but the recent great increase in the fishing of the waters, and the consequent depletion, has seemed to render some attention necessary for the maintenance of the importance of this excellent fish. About 50,000 were hatched and planted in 1893, and with great success.

WALTON.

The Useless Carp.

I desire information regarding German carp; their effect, when planted in a stream, on pickerel, bass, and fish native to Southern New York waters. Are they destructive to other fish, their fry or spawn? What is the best way to get rid of them?

JOHN T. COLEMAN, Jr.

Under no circumstances place carp in your waters. They are worthless both as edible and rod fishes. They are also destructive of the spawn of other fishes, and if your streams or ponds are frequented by wild fowl, the carp will soon drive them away by eating the sprouts of all vegetable growth upon which wild fowl feed. If you have the carp already with you, seine, catch, kill and poison them out. The United States government has spent thousands upon thousands of dollars to introduce them, and the sportsmen of the country would be willing to be taxed an equal amount that the carp might be exterminated.

Personal.

The readers of *THE AMERICAN ANGLER* are cordially invited to visit room 36, 19 Park Place, and inspect the series of oil paintings (65) which have been painted under my personal supervision, at the moment the fish were taken from the water. These oil portraits are the originals of the colored lithographs now appearing in my book—"The Fishes of North America"—and the collection includes many species never before placed upon canvas in their life-like colors.

WM. C. HARRIS.

L. B. T.

APRIL 1, 1895.

He wandered by the river,
With a prehistoric pole;
Though the east winds made him shiver
Yet he bobbed with all his soul.

But all the fishes knew him,
By his beacon of a nose,
And the odor of a bottle
That he carried in his clothes.

So he never got a nibble,
Though he bobbed the live-long day;
For his odor and his beacon,
Drove the little fish away.

When night came down upon him,
He climbed up on a fence,
And indulged in deep potations,
At some liquor man's expense.

And his lumbent nose grew redder,
'Till its glory filled the air,
And played like an aurora
Round his close-cropped bristling hair.

Then with legs no longer weary,
He cork-screwed toward his nest,
With his creel and bottle empty,
And his fish worms in his vest.

But he never knew who put him
In his little bed that night,
To dream of troubled waters,
And of fish that wouldn't bite.

R. M. N.

Where To Go-a-Fishing.

A wonderful progress has been made during the last decade by transportation companies, particularly those of the West, in the matter of railroad literature, and the field that seems to be most ably filled is that of fishing and shooting. Nearly every transportation route has now its special descriptive guide book to its shooting grounds and fishing waters, and many of these publications are models of excellence in terseness of style and mechanical execution. The most elaborate and elegant of these is the one just issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, with its accompanying booklet, wherein full descriptions as to fishing for the game fish of the West are given. The plates are mainly half-tones and are superb, and the text is written not only by experts, but in the most pleasing style. For the interesting article contained in this issue, headed, "The Dells of the Wisconsin River," with its beautiful illustrations, we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. George H. Heafford of Chicago, general passenger agent of this road, who will doubtless be glad to furnish any of our readers with a copy of this elegant and useful book.

Excellent Appointments.

At a meeting of the New York State Fish, Game and Forestry Commission at Albany, on May 7, Mr. A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls, was appointed fish culturist, at a salary of \$3,000 per annum; and Mr. James Annin, of Caledonia, was appointed superintendent of hatcheries, salary \$2,500 per annum. Further appointments were made of game and fish protectors and foresters, for nine counties in the forest preserve, as follows: Clinton county, Bentley S. Morrell, of Plattsburg; Essex, Robert Bibbe, of Minerva; Franklin, James W. Littlejohn, of Franklin; Fulton, Emmet

J. Lobdell, of Northville; Herkimer, A. B. Klock, of Herkimer; Lewis, Eugene Hathaway, of Harrisville; St. Lawrence, Archie Muir, of Fine; Warren, Alvin Winslow, of Stony Creek; Hamilton, D. G. Helms, of Long Lake. In view of the frequency of forest fires, about forty fire wardens were confirmed for the counties of Warren, Essex and Lewis. The wardens are to be paid only for the time when actually engaged in fighting fires in the woods.

Summary of New York Fish Laws.

The legislature at its last session enacted the following named laws for fishing in this state. Polluting streams or taking fish by drawing off water or by dynamite, or taking from a stream to stock a private pond or stream prohibited. No fishing through the ice in waters inhabited by trout or salmon. Trout, open season from April 16 to August 31, with six-inch limit. Salmon trout and landlocked salmon, open season from May 1 to September 30. No trout of any kind or salmon to be transported unless accompanied by the owner. Bass, pickerel, pike or wall-eyed pike, open season in St. Lawrence river from May 30 to December 31; in Lake George from August 1 to December 31, and in the rest of the state from May 1 to January 31. Bass, eight-inch limit. Mascalonge, open season from May 30 to February 28. Fishing through the ice for pickerel, pike and wall-eyed pike with hook and line permitted during December, January and February in waters not inhabited by trout or salmon of any kind. Suckers, bullheads, eels and dogfish may be hooked or speared in any waters not inhabited by trout or salmon of any kind, mascalonge or bass. Minnows may be caught for bait with nets not exceeding forty feet in length, four feet wide, and having hauling ropes not exceeding thirty feet long.

THE ANGLING CYCLIST.

[The solicit for publication, under this department heading, contributions of interest to angling cyclists, particularly outings on the wheel to fishing waters].

To the Fishing Grounds at Bound Brook, N. J.

Referring to the remarks in the May ANGLER, regarding fishing on the bicycle, I wish to say that the wheel is much used by the Jersey men in their short fishing trips. For the past month, on any pleasant day, quite a number of bicycle riders could be seen in the neighborhood of Bound Brook.

The Raritan river, at this point, is full of white perch, and, when they are biting, it is great sport. The fish are small, but the number is great. Quite a lot of small black bass have been hooked lately, but they could not be kept, even if the law was up, as they were nearly all under eight inches in length.

Only a few days ago a fisherman landed a small-mouthed black bass that would probably weigh two pounds. He handled him with pride, but, with a sorrowful look on his face, returned the fish to the water. In speaking of it afterward, he said:

"I wanted to keep the fish awfully, but the law was not up until May 30, and there were so many fishermen around, you know, just watching to see what I did, that I *had* to throw him back."

Just as soon as the bass season opens, many a nice mess of black bass will be taken from this place.

This season quite a number of shad have been netted a little way below the dam, and I have been much surprised that some of the fly fishermen have not tried their luck at these fish. It is a well-known fact that the shad will rise to a white miller or an orange miller, and a number have been caught on a yellow fly.

In going out fishing for an hour or two, one does not need to carry much tackle. The ordinary coat rack in front of the handles of the bicycle will carry a small basket with bait, reel, etc., while the rod may be either slung over the shoulder or laid along the top bar of the wheel between the rider's legs.

This fishing on a bicycle is certainly a grand idea, as any fisherman who owns a wheel can

occasionally leave business a little early, take a spin on his wheel, have an hour or two of fishing, and be at home to supper. Many a business man, who is confined to his office nearly all day and feels that his health demands that he should take exercise on his wheel after business hours, can, by this means, wet a line many times during the season, when he otherwise would not see the way clear to do so.

I call particular attention to the Raritan river dam, one mile from Bound Brook and five miles from New Brunswick. Fishermen who either own or can borrow a wheel, try your luck. You will have lots of company, as the place is becoming quite popular; but don't be afraid of crowding anybody or of being crowded yourself. The river is large and it can be fished from the shore just as well as it can from boats. If you don't catch bass you will catch white or yellow perch, or chub, catfish, eels, and, once in a while, you may have the extreme good luck (?) to catch a noble carp.

S. K. P.

The Woman and the Bicycle.

Perhaps the best results of the intensely natural and still broadening habits of bicycle riding will come to the women of the country. It has been a source of gratulation that during the past decade the American woman has taken more to physical exercise than her sisters of the past generation, and that a vigorous habit of living more outdoors has been developed. This latter trait will work good to the sex in more ways than the wise individual who indulges in it is apt to consider. She is well aware of an increased physical strength that follows the daily custom of living, even a few hours, in the open air, but she is not apt to go farther into the pores of the matter, and consider its influence, which will become arbitrary, as her experience increases, upon her method of dressing. It will revolutionize her ideas in this respect.

A woman who habitually rides a wheel soon

finds out that her manner of dressing, so that her limbs may have full play, is an essential factor in the enjoyment of her outing. She must become indifferent to all the feats of fashion, and for the nonce become a law unto herself as to the fit of her costume, no matter how elaborately she may furbelow it. If the bicycle habit advances the woman to a point where she will ignore the iron clad laws of fashion, and permit those of hygiene to have full sway, the iron wheel will have conferred a natural blessing on the sex and the nation, the effects of which will show good fruit in all the generations to come.

How to Buy a Bicycle.

The makers of bicycles, like sheep, are all following the lines laid down by the first safety propelled by pedals, the changes and improvements since that time having been in details only. Those who attended the 1895 cycle show at Madison Square Garden, it is quite safe to say, saw the science of wheel-making practically perfected and the three grades of manufacture established—high, medium and low. So far this year, says *The New York World*, the medium-grade wheels have sold the best, chiefly owing to the slight difference in price between them and the high grade, and because there is nothing in their outward appearance to indicate the grade to any one but the bicycle connoisseur. Fine enamel and good nickel-plating covers a multitude of sins.

This year there are no less than fifteen "points" to be considered in purchasing a wheel, and they may be enumerated as follows: 1, tread; 2, tubing; 3, frame; 4, chain; 5, gear; 6, sprockets; 7, tires; 8, spokes; 9, rims; 10, bearings; 11, wheelbase; 12, crown; 13, handle bars; 14, weight; 15, pedals. The first and the twelfth are practically the only strictly new ones this year. The tread—that is, the distance the pedals are apart crosswise—should not exceed five and one-half inches, for it has been found that greater speed can be maintained when the feet are revolving closer together. This principle was introduced on racing wheels last year with great success, and is now to be found on all roadsters.

The crown is located where the two forks extending down to the hub of the front wheel are fastened to the bottom of the steering post. Some very severe strains fall on this point, and this year's improvement consists of a double

cross-piece through which the steering post runs. This year's wheel base is about forty-five inches. With the wheels this distance apart a great deal of jolting occasioned by rough roads is unnoticed.

In short, the features of your wheel this year should be as follows: Four to five and one-half inch tread, seamless steel tubing, reinforcing at the joints and giving forth a healthy ring when struck with a leadpencil, high frame, solid block-steel chain, narrow pattern, gear optional, according to roads intended to be ridden; straight, round sprocket, elliptical and dished sprockets not being a success as made last year; single-tube tires, tangent spokes, wood rims of second-growth ash, tool-steel bearings with large balls, forty-five inch wheelbase, dropped handle bars not more than eighteen inches apart, weight not more than twenty-three or less than seventeen pounds. This is about what you should find on a strictly high-grade wheel.

The tire question is perhaps the hardest of all, but one thing is certain. The tires should be either single tube or else have an inner air tube that is not endless, in order that a smooth motion of the wheel may be insured. Strange as it may seem, the air, when confined in a tube having two ends, is forced at each revolution of the wheel to one of these ends and becomes practically a lump, as though the tire were filled with a liquid. On a smooth road this lump is particularly noticeable and decidedly disagreeable.

Special Rights and Roads for Cyclers.

From all over the country the cry for special wheel roads is getting louder and more influential. In our own state concessions have been made by the legislators, and those approved by the mayor of this city are making the hearts of the cyclers glad. The force of the franchise is being felt in legislative halls and the value of a vote was never more strongly demonstrated than in the late action of our assembly and senate, the members of which are realizing the potency of the bicycle at the polls. We congratulate the country at large on the power of this new element in the economical administration of affairs, for the bicyclist wants nothing from legislation that will not result in good to the whole country. It is a good thing—pedal it along.

This "wheel craze," so called by many, and

erroneously, for it has come to stay, has very naturally become the subject of the wit of the paragrapher, who riots in the ridicule of its just demands for right of way and laws to insure its permanency. This is what one of those fellows, who is attached to *The Oregonian*, writes:

Portland bicycle riders, who think it a hardship that pedestrians are allowed on the sidewalks, may console themselves with the reflection that they do not live in New York. A legislator at Albany has introduced a bill compelling wheelmen to stop and signal as they approach anybody on foot or in a carriage, and making them liable for damages for runaways frightened by wheels.

"I suppose a man ought to get off the machine and go to a corner and flag the passerby, and then lug his wheel across," says a New Yorker of this bill. "What they want is a law that will make every wheelman carry a bass drum and a trombone and an E-flat cornet. When he comes to a crossing he could play 'Sweet Marie' on the horn and beat 'Comrades' on the drum. Then, if they insisted on his carrying a concertina on the pedals, he could do 'Rainbow' on it with his feet, while an automatic coffee mill could be hung on his suspenders, where he could grind by clock work. If noise is what these people want, what's the matter with attaching a fog horn to the pneumatic tires and getting melody that way? I'm going to hire a man to run ahead of me with a large American flag and a supply of Roman candles. Every time he sees a pedestrian he will wave the banner and let off a candle, and I will pause until he has sung a stanza of 'Oh, Say Can You See?' If the fellow can't see, I'm going to bump into him, feeling that I've done my full duty."

Patrons of the West Shore Railroad will be very much pleased at the great improvements made in the train service of that line, in connection with their new time table, which went into effect Sunday, May 19.

It will be noted that the local service is greatly improved, trains making much faster time and the suburban residents having more frequent trains on which to go to and fro. The express service to Albany and Buffalo, as well as its connections, has been made much faster.

The New York and Chicago limited express, formerly leaving at five o'clock in the evening, now leaves New York at six and will arrive in Chicago nearly two hours earlier than heretofore.

Another new departure is the running of a special train for the accommodation of the Boston sleepers, in connection with this fast train, and, in order to save time, the baggage and passenger cars will run through via N. Y., C. & St. L. Ry. (Nickel Plate) from New York without change. The return east-bound train from Chicago has been made equally as fast as the west-bound train.

It will be seen that the management of this popular road are ever anxious to serve the interests of their patrons.

Summer Homes and Tours—A beautifully illustrated book—list of over three thousand summer hotels and boarding houses in Catskill mountains and central New York. Send six cents in stamps to H. B. Jagoe, General Eastern Passenger Agent, West Shore Railroad, 364 Broadway, New York, or free upon application.

Change in Pier Number.—The Fall River Line Wharf in New York will, commencing June 1, be known as Pier 18, instead of 28, North River, foot of Murray street.

Double service (two boats each way daily), between New York and Fall River, will be operated, commencing June 17.



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The Bamboo is of the finest quality, specially selected for us by experts in Calcutta, and is of our own direct importation. Our Patent Ferrules render these rods *absolutely nonbreakable at the joint*. Best German Silver Mountings. All Workmanship of the very best style.

We call particular attention to the mechanical principle of our Kosmic Ferrules. Rods break most frequently at the point where the wood enters the ferrule. When the diameter of a joint is reduced to enter the smaller diameter of the ferrule, its strength is lessened 40 per cent. In the Kosmic ferrules this objection has been entirely overcome. **There is no reduction in the size, or change in the shape of the wood**, until it has passed a full half inch into the ferrules. (See Figures 1 and 2.)

An elastic Celluloid Band (Fig. 1) re-inforces the bamboo and extends inside the ferrule to Fig. 2, producing a **Very Strong and Flexible End**. The point of greatest strain (between Fig. 1 and Fig. 2) thus becomes *the strongest part of the rod*, and it cannot break at this point. *We guarantee every rod.* Fig. 3 represents our patent Waterproof Cap, which prevents the entrance of water into the joint.

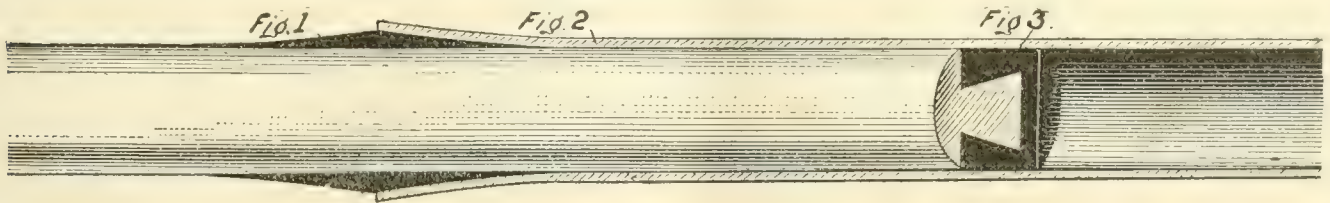


Fig. 1—Elastic Celluloid Band, re-inforcing the Bamboo. Fig. 2—German Silver Ferrule, Patented May 6 1890. Fig. 3—Patent Waterproof Cap, excluding all moisture.

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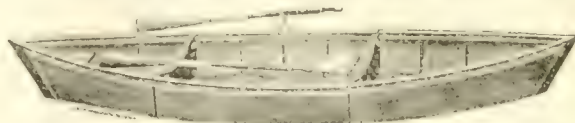
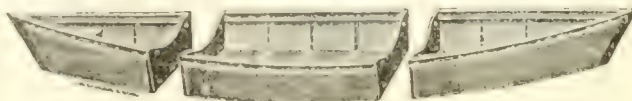
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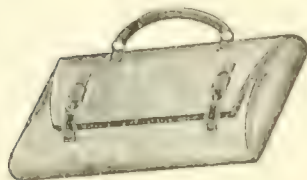
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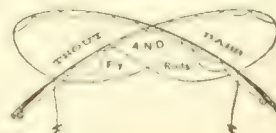
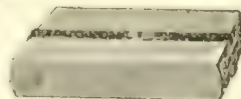
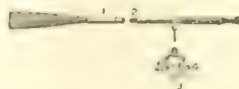
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Ordinary Trout	\$.40 per hank.
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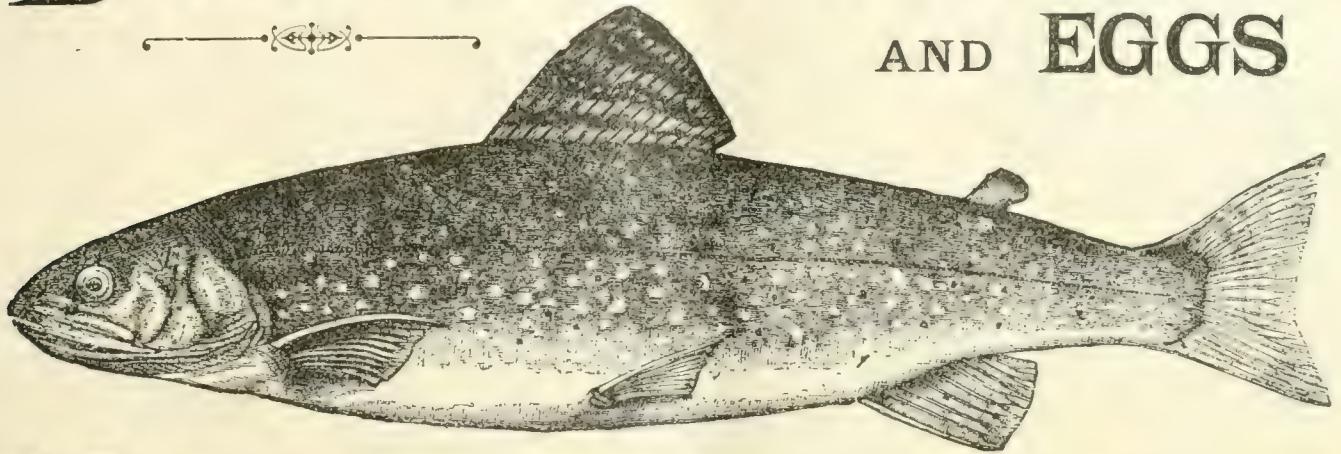
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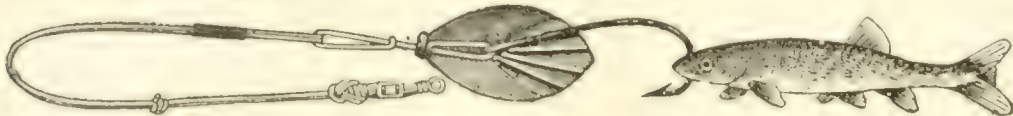
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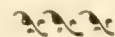
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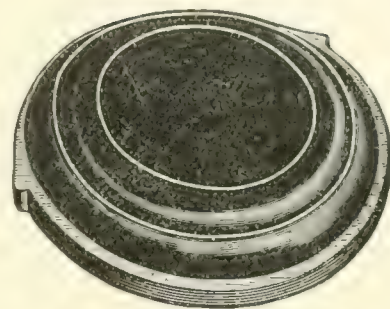
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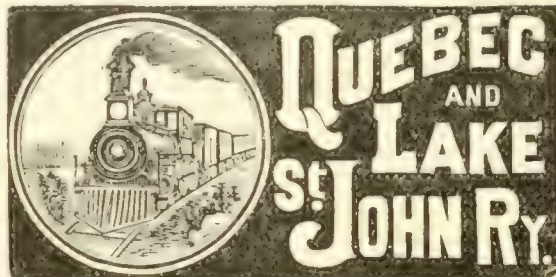
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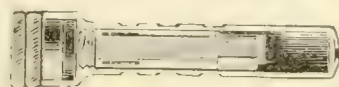
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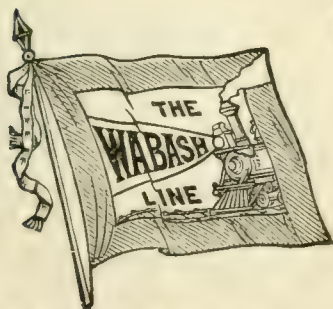
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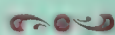
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AMERICAN ANGLER

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Bay Port, Looking from the South, Showing Bay in Distance.

THE AMERICAN ANGLER.

VOL. 25.

JULY, 1895.

No. 7

BAY PORT ON WILD FOWL BAY, LAKE HURON.

BY WILLIAM C. HARRIS.

Our many and sometimes erratic wanderings with rod and reel, during the past third of a century, have never landed us in a more restful or seductive spot than Bay Port on Lake Huron. It is situated on Wild Fowl bay, which is an inshoot of Saginaw bay, both names seeming to us like arbitrary geographical subdivisions of the waters of the great lake of Huron, for, if you stand on the shore at Bay Port, and look outward and also to the left, you see nothing but a waste of waters with two tiny dots of islands, which appear to add to the immensity of the view by their insignificance, particularly when a tempest comes and the wild tumult of the waters rushes alike over both these so-called bays, and seems to overwhelm the distant islets in the shoreward charge of foam and wave. To us the division marks of these two lesser bays were obliterated by the great waters of the big inland sea that roll into them. But be this as it may, the name of Wild Fowl bay carries with it more of phonetic force than most of the geographical names in use, for its waters in season swarm with wild fowl of nearly every species which are sought for by the Nimrods of all the adjacent states.

We went to Bay Port, accompanied by Mr. John L. Petrie, the artist, on in-

itation of Mr. W. L. Webber, of Saginaw, Mich., for the purpose of getting oil portraits of the pike-perch and the small-mouthed black bass of western waters. The fishes of the West vary in coloration from their Eastern congeners so greatly, that to complete our collections of oils of "The Fishes of North America," we are compelled to duplicate the portraits of such species as are found in both sections, and in no part of the West can be seen more symmetrical and beautifully colored specimens of the fishes named than in the waters of Wild Fowl bay, and it is to talk about these fish, and the conditions under which portraits of them were painted, that leads us to inflict upon you this desultory description of our visit to Bay Port. We found there two extensive commercial fisheries, both of which, however, were about taking up their "twine" (vernacular for "nets") when we arrived. From July to September the work of fisheries is suspended, but we neglected to inquire whether from legal enactment or not, yet from the unsatisfactory results of the "lift" of the nets, it appeared an entirely voluntary act on the part of the fisheries owners. The result of each "lift," even at the tail and unproductive end of the season, seemed to our angling eye enormous. Great

piles of catfish, wall-eyed pike, whitefish, "herring," covered the fish house floors, and from thence were put in trucks, in alternate layers of ice and



Heisterman Island, Looking West from R. R. Dock.

fish, and then shipped hither and yon, the catfish to Cincinnati, which city is the great mart of this fish, and sold at an average price of seven cents per pound.

It was at the shipping house of the Bay Port Fish Company that we once again met with the complex and confusing character of local names for fishes. The so-called "herring" at Bay Port, and all through the Great Lake region, is a small species of whitefish of several varieties, dignified, we think, unnecessarily as species, that of Lake Huron being known as *Coregonus artedii*, but the fishermen looked askance at us and we thought a little contemptuously at our ignorance when, upon being asked, we told them that their herring was a whitefish. But this little matter they speedily condoned, we thought, until we ventured to assert that their "pickerel" was a perch, the pike-perch, usually called wall-eyed pike, and almost at the moment an official of the company came in with an order to be shipped at once for No. 1 salmon from a Cincinnati house. Confusion confounded itself. The order

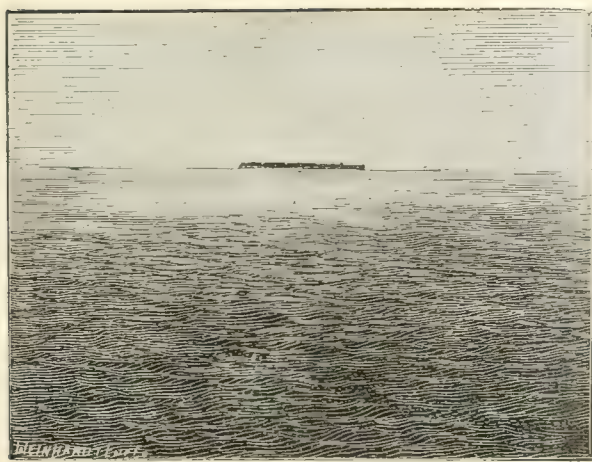
was filled by shipping pike-perch or wall-eyed pike, *Lucia perca*, to the Cincinnati firm. And thus it will go on until the world ends or all the fishes are gone from the waters of the earth.

A few rods from the hotel pier we found excellent fishing for the small-mouthed black bass, and had no difficulty in catching on our rod sufficient specimens for the artist to get a finished portrait of one of them in oil, and his demands are not few. First, we catch him a specimen from which he makes an exact drawing, mathematically and anatomically correct. When the drawing is finished this fish is laid aside, no further use being needed of it. We then catch him another (of course of the same species), from which he gets such colors as appear vivid, which usually are so but a few moments; if the slightest tone in coloration appears to change or fade upon the fish, it is discarded, and another is placed before the easel, and so on until the portrait is completed, each fish having been used when robed in all the beauty of its life colors. And it was thus we procured two grand portraits at Bay Port—that of the small-mouthed black bass and



On the Bay, Opposite Hotel.

the pike-perch or wall-eyed pike, the so-called "pickerel" of the Lake Huron region. For the past nine years we



North Island, Looking Northeast from
R. R. Dock.

have followed the above described method of painting portraits of the fishes of American waters, and our friends will doubtless be glad to learn that of the eighty typical fishes selected for this purpose, we have now about sixty-five completed. "It is not all of fishing to fish."

Bay Port is seventy miles from Saginaw and within twenty miles of the terminus of the Saginaw, Tuscola and Port Huron Railroad. It is a village town, embowered in foliage, except where the two large stores of the fisheries companies have been built, and these establishments constitute the only commercial element of the place. Outside of their location it has all the typical beauty of woods and water. The hotel, erected, owned and conducted by the railroad company, is an imposing structure, with most excellent and modern appointments, and is situated in the centre of a most beautiful grove, the foot of which is lapped by the waves of Huron. Here, in season, throng those who are in search of restful days and exemption from the ills of hay fever and like complaints. Here

they find delightful atmospheric conditions, which seem to be beyond the prophecies of "Old Probabilities" to mar or mutilate. There is always refreshment in the air of Bay Port, and the drinking water is a balm and gift which few watering places possess. In front of the hotel is a spring of pure natural water, which has only a percentage of thirteen of solid matter to the gallon, and an Artesian well, 328 feet deep, is near by it, whose waters, we should judge from the analysis of



At the Dock.

Professor A. B. Presscott, are highly beneficial to all who suffer from stomachic troubles. It always maintains a uniform temperature of 47° during summer and winter.

We never visit a section, should we happen to be successful in our efforts to get life-like portraits of fishes, that we do not remember it with pleasure and gratitude. It always has a charm for us, but after our brief sojourn at Bay Port, the conclusion gathers force that we should not regret our stay even if the fish didn't bite there and our canvasses had remained in blank.

RODS, LINES AND SPOONS.

BY THE LATE M. M. BACKUS.*

I wonder if he ever tried the remedy! This wonder arises in my mind whenever an angler raises a lament over the imperfection of rod ferrules as too tight or too loose, and as being liable, sometimes, to draw apart, and always to admit water to the wood or the spongy bamboo; the question then looms up before me in its largest proportions, does he ever use the remedy?

Does the machinist ever put metal where it must work in metal without a lubricant? I trow not. Does the locomotive engineer throw open his throttle valve to give wings to his lightning train unless he is confident there is oil galore in the journals? I trow not. Is it not the law of fitness and permanent existence for metal, that it must not be made to work in metal without a lubricant? I trow it is. Therefore, Brother Angler, provide things meet for the occasion; a bit of hard tallow—beef or mutton, deer's tallow is best, as being the hardest, and even stearine will answer—whittle it to fit in a tin case (such as the tackle dealers sell us holding split shot), carry it thus in your jacket when you go a-fishing, and rub the male ferrule lightly with the tallow when jointing up; the whole rod will wink a "thank you" at you, as

you insert one ferrule into its corresponding sheath, and will remember you all day long, suffering no drop of water to enter, and when you unjoint at night, it will say to you, "I am willing to come apart and out; I will not haggle about it nor worry you; you remembered the necessary conditions of my well-being, and you are my honest and worthy master."

After a while some little tallow will collect in the bottom of the sheath ferrule; and when you joint up you will find, in well-fitted machinery, that the air is driven out and you have the additional grip acquired from atmospheric pressure. The joint will not strain apart when casting the fly, and it will separate at evening with the gentle pressure of the thumb and forefinger. Try it; for once tried, it will never be abandoned. If you wish to be *very* careful of your rod—many an angler regards a tried and trusted rod as highly as he does a tried and trusted friend—get duplicate female ferrules for the joints, carry them in your pocket, and when you unjoint the rod, slip the extra sheath ferrule on the male rod ferrule to keep all grit from the tallow; and when you joint up, put the plug from the sheath rod ferrule into its duplicate, and slip both together into your pocket. A piece of tallow that will fill a split shot case will suffice all summer for a whole armory of rods, unless your armory is a branch tackle shop.

This duplicate ferrule I never used myself, regarding it as over-nice and fussy; wiping the ferrule when unjointed always insured cleanliness.

* M. M. Backus, who died nearly ten years ago, was an angler *sans tache*. He was not only an accomplished fisherman, but a man of gifts. A college graduate, thoroughly read, a fascinating conversationalist, overflowing with good humor and sympathy for his fellows, he was at his best when in camp or on a stream or lake, where his genial spirits and thorough knowledge of the art of angling made his companionship very dear to those who were fortunate to be with him on an angling outing. He wrote a good deal for us in the old days of THE ANGLER, and this article we find in manuscript form among our files and now give it to our readers, who will note the thoroughness of his practical knowledge of angling gear.—[ED.]

The fine braided silk line, No. 6, brought out the last season, is a success. It has a high test (6 lbs.), and being a new departure has not yet been cheapened in character by excessive competition. But all fine lines demand unremitting attention from the angler; that is, care to dry it always after use. Unreel it every evening on a small open frame, such a frame as fringe dealers use to wind their fringes on; it is inexpensive, compact and handy, twelve inches by ten by three.

Suddenly called away once, without time to care for a damp line, lost me, a week later, a four-pound bass that had seized my trolling minnow, and at the first leap snapped asunder the line at twenty feet from the leader. He leaped twice afterwards, but as I had parted company with that portion of the line to which he had become attached, I was unable to help him off or in. Next day he took the bait again, and was relieved of all his troubles. Life to him was not worth living, if it was to be burdened with such an impediment to free navigation.

Testing the remainder of the line and snapping off some ten yards more, the star of No. 6 was again in the ascendant. It will hold its own until competition gets it down to the level of No. 5; all No. 5 is not oleomargarine; but it has gotten to itself a bad name, and in many cases has too long been made of refuse and rejected silk.

The most taking spoon used by me last summer was an imperfect one. It was a mother of pearl bowl, about the size of a thumb nail. It would not spoon at all; that is, it would lie flat on its wire till the rod gave it a sharp jerk, and then it would fly round like an eye-servant, for a time, and then sit down on its wire to rest again. This fault

was its excellence, as the bass would swim alongside to inspect and see if it was alive, and then hesitate and doubt; but a little sharp motion given to the rod would wake up the dormant mother of pearl into action, and the bass then knew that it was a live thing, though a stranger, and accordingly he took it in, and I took him in. By means of the cutting pliers I removed the soft, cheap hooks, and attached to the brazed stump a gang of Sproat's oo, two inches apart; the machinery worked to a charm. Then one day a huge pickerel seized my bewitching finery, and carried the entire product of my ingenuity off into his department of the unknown. On examination a brass swivel had drawn out, so the tackle dealer can smile to learn that a cent's worth of poor brass lost me two thousand per cent. of its value, and I must recuperate at his profit. Moral: test every swivel next season.

Spoons are very pretty playthings, as we see them whirling in the water from above. Does the fish see them in the same light? In fact, does he see them in any light? Is he not usually below the spoon, and does it shine and glitter at all to him? To the human eye in the water under the spoon nickle and jet are nearly of one color. Reflection of light from the spoon may shoot upwards and sidewise, but not downward. Light may pass through mother of pearl, and so become scintillating beneath that lure. If so, glass with a metal rim would make a better bowl than any other. The new metal spoon of this year, with an aperture along its center, may work out the same effect. It is to be hoped it will; if so, take a punch and cut several small holes through the bowls of all kinds of metal spoons; it cannot hurt them, and may

make them an attraction. It seems to me that bass must have a circulating library of all fishing books, and take all the trade papers, and search out all the finimbrums of the tackle shops. After we have contrived all winter long, and concocted elaborate devices for their entrapment, they seem to be up to all of

it before we have been among them a fortnight. Winter is unco short for a perfect preparation to circumvent this intelligent fish; that ready wit of theirs, and that contempt of danger are the reasons why the gods love them so; and also the reason why so many of them die young.

NATURE'S REST.

O'er the lake's dark, mirrored face,
Shedding silvery light,
Moonbeams flitting, wanton chase,
Spirits of the night.

Pebbled shore now gently lapping,
Sportive ripples play;
Music soothing, soul enwrapping,
'Tuneful harmony.

Ghostly, shadowy, towering high,
Watchful, ever wake,
Hemlocks loom against the sky,
Guardians of the lake.

Whispering winds stir forest leaves,
Rustling boughs caressed,
Lazily their bosom heaves,
Breathing peaceful rest.

Hark! from yonder mist-veiled hill,
Borne on zephyr's wing,
Mournful note of whip-poor-will,
Night bird's wary king.

Fleecy clouds flit o'er the sky,
Luna bright disclose,
Watching e'er with kindly eye
Nature's deep repose.



Chaudiere Rapids, French River.

IN THE MUSKOKA REGION.

BY OLD FIN.

Thousands of devotees of the rod and reel are unaware of the grand fishing which can be had in the regions north of Lake Ontario and east of Georgian Bay. Simcoe, Couchiching, Muskoka, Ahmic, Cecebe, Nipissing, and many other lakes lie in this section, each noted for sport, which is of the best as regards abundance and variety of fish, in all the waters. The Severn, Muskoka, Magnetawan, French and other rivers drain an immense territory, and, as the country is only partially cleared and settled, every reach of water is alive with brook trout, pike, perch, mascalonge, and white bass. Charges at hotels and for guides are cheap, and every attention is given to sportsmen. There are comparatively few black flies, and poisonous snakes are unknown. Partridges and quail are almost as thick as blackbirds in a swamp, while deer and bear are frequently shot, and beaver, fox, and other fur-bearing animals are plenty. The heat of summer has no terrors there. My object in sending this article for publication is to give an unvarnished descrip-

tion of that section of this great sporting tract, known as the Muskoka region, or cluster of lakes.

These beautiful lakes are about 112 miles north of Toronto, and are reached by the Northern or Northwestern Division of the Grand Trunk Railway, connecting at Gravenhurst with steamers to any point on the lakes. These are three in number, Muskoka being the first and the largest; Rosseau, the second and next largest, and Joseph, the third, being somewhat smaller than Lake Rosseau. From Muskoka wharf to the junction of Lake Muskoka and Lake Rosseau it is twenty-one miles, thence to head of Lake Rosseau it is twelve miles, and to the farthest point on the three lakes, starting from Gravenhurst, at the foot of Lake Muskoka, it is forty-five miles. The width of these lakes vary from channel ways a few hundred miles in width to open stretches of water nearly five miles wide.

These lakes are fed by several rivers and streams, chief among them being the Muskoka river, which enters the

run regularly from point to point through the lakes, to Port Carling, distant twenty-one miles. But as we have placed the angler in charge of his guide, he had better work his way leisurely, and fishing here and there on his course, he can reach Port Carling in a few hours, as the distance is only about five to seven miles. When there, he will be at the head of Muskoka lake,

add apparent depth to the waters, which are spotted here and there with islets of charming and inviting beauty, and affording the most delightful spots for camping out purposes. From a practical angling standpoint, it also has the quality of affording the best fishing. It did to me. This of itself would settle the matter; but alas! another brother angler may visit the lake



Bala Falls.

and the foot of Lake Rosseau. Here is a busy point, for every craft that navigates the Muskoka lakes must pass through the Port Carling locks. Here also the angler will find most excellent black bass fishing, and big ones too, for they have been taken up to seven pounds in weight. They are caught in Silver Lake, about half a mile distant from Port Carling.

Lake Rosseau is to me, at least, the most attractive of the three large ones composing the chain. Its banks are most picturesque, and the lake being narrower, the shadows from the hills

and ill fortune may handicap his tour from start to finish. Were not such a condition always on tap how glorious an angler's life would be. Elysium would seem to be a second-rate pasture field when compared with it. The fishing in Lake Rosseau I found to be excellent every day we spent upon its bosom. We fished from head to foot of it, catching all the fishes we have named, and then passed up Rosseau river and saw its beautiful little falls of the same name, and caught a trout or two from the foam of its falling waters.

From Lake Rosseau we went to Lake Joseph, via Gregory, and camped on a small islet, a few miles above the last named town. Thence on to Port Cockburn, at the head of Lake Joseph, catching fish it seemed at nearly every cast of the line, certainly whenever we wanted them either to eat or put back into the water, for it is perfect bosh for an angler to tell me that he never catches more fish than he wants to use or eat. We all do it, and the best of us simply put back the darlings into their element, handling them as gently as a dove does its sucklings.

And now, dear Brother Angler, we

have reached the end of our talk and perhaps have wearied you with details, but I have been diffuse because I have often felt how little information of use to me I have got after reading so many of the delightfully written articles that have appeared in our paper—*THE AMERICAN ANGLER*—and determined when I sat down to write this imperfect contribution that it would not fail in one thing—detail. And now if you want more, cost of passage, time tables, etc., you will have to write to the general passenger agent of the Grand Trunk Railway at Montreal, Can.



A Muskoka Hunting Party.

DOWN BY THE SEA.

BY CHARLES HALLOCK.

The ebb tides on the Pacific Coast are something remarkable. As I stroll along the seething shore, with all the boulders and crags slippery and rank with the pervading odor from the uncovered repository of the sea, peering into clefts and crannies, opening out snarls of seaweed with my crooked stick, and lifting pendulous draperies of soggy kelp, I discover uncouth creatures with horny claws and bristling spines, which stare at me with glassy eyes, clinging defiantly to the place of their exposure. If I poke at them they rise up on edge and snap and dart and pinch the stick. Some pettishly withdraw, spitting spiteful jets of arimony, while others attach themselves by insidious discs or suckers which no small force or shrewd device is able to unloose. The spirit of evil clings not more tenaciously to human nature. If it had been my hand, nothing but shreds of flesh and blood would satisfy the grudge. With their protecting element—the sea—withdrawn, they are practically *hors de combat*, yet repellant. When the tide comes in they will be aggressive enough. It is not a nice place for a bath. Here are giant crabs, five inches wide by actual measurement, with mandibles two inches long armed with two teeth on each side, larger than a man's, and serrated claw-legs with points one-quarter of an inch high. Close by, moving inexplicably over the rocks, seems a pewter wash-basin, bottom up, dingy with use; but turn it over and we find it filled with a tangle of legs, sprawling and kicking—and it has a handle a foot long, three-sided like a bayonet,

serrated on the edges. It is a horse-shoe crab, more horrid than hurtful. All over the sodden premises, scattered among the parti-colored kelp and seaweeds, are conchs, abelones, periwinkles and spirals, with their protruding tenants gasping for the beneficent moisture of the tardy tides. Touch them ever so gently, and some will pull in their heads, and some thrust them out further. They have a bland, innocuous look; yet if one of them once shuts down its valve on a presumptuous hand, the creature will hold its grip until the tide comes in and drowns the man, for some of them are glued fast to the rocks so that no ordinary means will pry them off. Here also are many chances to find a specimen of that gigantic race of clams called *Tridacria gigantea*, four feet in diameter, with involuted edges, such as have been sometimes used as church basins for holy water. The shores are too bold for mud flats, but there are exceptional small areas where the gigantic geoduck, a soft-shell clam, which sometimes weighs eight pounds, vegetates in oozy retirement a foot beneath the surface, squirting aloft its tremendous jets, four feet high, whenever a passing foot chances to disturb its shellfish privacy; and there are also flats near the mouths of rivers which on gala days, when the festive clam luxuriates, seem to be filled with miniature fountains, squirting. In soft places sand-lances burrow deeply, leaving only their tails out; and fiddler crabs and crawfish have burrows into which they dart when frightened. In some pockets of standing water left by the ebb we sometimes see a clam or

scallop suddenly lift himself from the belittered bottom, and go by little convulsive jerks to another place a few feet off. Yes; the object which seemed so helpless and inanimate, almost like a stone, will actually rise up and swim! By opening and shutting his bivalves quickly, he inspires and expels the air from the membrane which joins the two in such a way that he can propel himself through the water clear of the ground. I suppose he knows why he wishes to change his position, but how can he tell when and where to go with his shell shut? or does he take the chances, happy-go-lucky, where he may land?

One cannot always tell for certain which are sentient living creatures, and which are inorganic and inanimate. Here, for instance, is a cluster of tubes like hollow stalks or reeds cut off six inches above the ground, and filled with water. Keep quiet for a while and blossoms of exquisite purple will begin to protrude from every one, and finally mature into a perfect bloom. It is like magic so to see things grow apace! We think they are natural flowers, but they are only senseless and slimy mollusks, capital for fish bait and agreeable for the table, and the purple fingers are their gills. So also one picks up rough substances like bits of rocks, and lo! they are coral insects in their cases, soft and juicy; or he finds on

strings of seaweed little bulbs like berries, which perchance are eggs of fishes. In wet caves, arched and smoothed by churning waves, are star fish of many hues and fingers—five, eight, ten, sixteen and even twenty-two of them,—and decapods, and cephalopods, and all the tribes of sepia and cuttle fish, sometimes growing to gigantic size, creatures such as we used to think were mere fictions of gross fable, but are terrible realities, but seldom seen. And yet the little ones, only a few inches long, perhaps, have all the villainous attributes of their superior race—malicious eyes aflame and yearning tentacles which seem to shrink while momentarily alert to fling out their execrable clasp upon the wrist or arm. And there are inkfish which, in their natural element, eject a liquid cloud to befog their pursuers or blind their victims—double-dyed scamps who advance backward, by jerks, and look one way when they are going the opposite. And on every landwash, when the tide is out, are stranded jelly-fish, limp and flabby, which blister where they touch the flesh and beautiful medusæ with stings like nettles, and great black sea-spiders, ugly but harmless, and sharks' eggs which looks like leather wallets! And there are lots of things.

How strange the marvels which the ebbing tide reveals!

PISCATORIAL IMPEDIMENTA.

BY GEORGE H. CHRISTY.

It is said that in the armies of ancient Rome; quartermaster's stores received the general name of "impedimenta"—things which *impeded* the army in its movements, and which, though sometimes a help, were generally a hindrance.

I have been hugely amused, at times, at observing the amount of "impedimenta"—useless tackle in other words—which anglers, and especially new beginners, encumber themselves with. In my own early experience, being probably a shade greener than the average, I bought and subsequently threw away, as nearly as I can estimate it, about a ton and a half of useless tackle, possibly a little more than that, and now, when I observe, as I occasionally do, the like mistake of new beginners, I smile inwardly, as doubtless many an old angler once smiled at me.

"*Forsan et hanc olim meminisse juvabit*," which, freely translated, means: "It's exceedingly pleasant to observe in other people the follies which we ourselves have outgrown."

When I first turned my attention to fishing—for fun—I had, of course, to procure and read all the catalogues of sporting goods which I could find. Their number was legion and their contents marvelous. But there was no remedy; the fever had to run its course, and it ran. About the most innocent and harmless thing which I saw illustrated was *the float*. There were pages of floats—quill floats, split floats, balloon floats, cork floats, patent floats, egg floats, taper floats, wood floats, spiral floats, barrel floats, enameled

floats, snake floats, adjustable floats, bound floats, unbound floats, painted floats, besides a host of others whose names I have forgotten; and as for colors, style and finish, they appealed to the eye with all the attractiveness of a barber's pole or a penitentiary outfit. Of course, I concluded that a float was absolutely essential—a kind of Waltonian *sine qua non*—and that no self-respecting, artistically-trained fish would take a bait which was not suspended from a float of some kind; and that the more ornate the float, the more highly and strongly the bait would appeal to the æsthetic instincts of the game, and lure him to his certain destruction. Accordingly, I bought three or four dozen, assorted sizes and variegated colors. Before that season was over they were for sale, cheap—dirt cheap. On the float exchange ever since that I have been a bear of the worst kind.

Not that a float is wholly useless—for it has its uses. So has a boil—when on somebody else; and the Jewish rite of circumcision has been declared to be conducive to longevity. But when in pursuit of health, I am not hankering after either of these hygienic agencies. I have fished in many waters and have never yet found but one place where the float was of the least use to a sportsman. In the warm, shallow waters of inland Florida, where the big-mouth bass (called trout down there, chiefly because that is not their name) wile away a lazy existence among the lily pads, it is sometimes necessary to anchor at a little distance away and toss in the bait close up by the lily pads,

because the bass are too lazy to come out far after it. And also when still-fishing in some favorite hole, my punter has sometimes fished a neighboring hole by getting its depth, putting on a float and tossing over into it. But, for the general purposes of fishing, I fail to see that a sportsman has any more use for a float than a pig has for a slipping noose tied to his tail. When it is used in ordinary game fishing, the angler may as well go to sleep until he has a bite—and if sleeping is what he wants, he might better stay at home and go to bed, though in tarpon fishing he might well take his bed out with him.

The rod-holder is another one of the many "impedimenta" which the genuine sportsman has no use for. A man who does not habitually hold his own rod, does not know what fishing is. I have often thought of making out a list or schedule or classification of "bites" or "rises"—the former under bait-fishing, and the latter under fly-casting. There are almost as many different kinds of bites as there are different kinds of game fish. I heard once of a sea captain—an old salt—a kind of a Simon Fisher sort of a genius, I suppose—who would go on deck each morning, smell the air, and immediately tell the latitude and longitude. He knew the odor of every cubic foot of air from the equator to the poles. He had breathed it all over and over again, and so often that he had all the varying marine odors regularly classified. A thoroughbred angler ought to have a like accomplishment. He ought to know not only the peculiar "bite" of every game fish that swims, but he ought also to be able to determine the state of mind of the fish from the manner and style of the "bite"—that is, whether the fish is hungry and merely wants food, or is

vicious and rapacious like a wolf and is more anxious to kill the bait than to eat it, or is already sated, having a full stomach, or is an epicure, or is timid, or suspicious, or over-confident. He should be able instantly to recognize a nibble which is a mere nibble, and nothing more, and should distinguish between it and a full bite. He should also know a bite which amounts to a grab, and should be able to recognize in advance a grab which is sure to become a gorge, and ought never to be caught napping when a gorge becomes a rush. The study of piscatorial psychology is one of the chief delights of the happy art. And how can this be carried on with profit and success when the rod is stuck in a holder and the angler is asleep, or perhaps is dividing his time between spoiling the pure water of heaven and poisoning the fish with tobacco juice, and exchanging obscene stories with his punter.

I had intended to say something about "clearing rings," but perhaps it were better not. If they have any use in angling except to constitute one of the numerous "impedimenta" which an angler is apt to load himself down with, I have fortunately failed to discover it. The last one I bought was a patented humbug—fearfully and wonderfully made. I use it now—when I use it at all—on a sounding-line. The line is old and rotten, and will probably break some day—and may God speed the day! It would afford me positive pleasure to lose it.

The finest exhibition I ever met with of an angler equipped with useless "impedimenta," was encountered one day on the upper Nepigon. His training, as a troutster, had been among the six and eight-inch *fontinalis* of the shallow, stony brooks of our northern

states, and accordingly he came to the Nepigon with a corresponding outfit. He had a small, short-handled landing net, which in Nepigon fishing was rather more useless than a soup-ladle. In the swift and rather deep waters of that mighty river, one of the large, muscular trout there taken, would pull the angler (if wading) off his feet and drown him before the angler could get the trout within reach of and into so diminutive a landing-net. And as for his creel—you couldn't crowd an average Nepigon trout into one, without first raising the lid, and also cutting the trout into three or four pieces. And so on throughout pretty much his whole list of tackle. Everything was too light or too small. The things he had

he didn't want, and the things he wanted he didn't have. I once met another party there who went to the opposite extreme. The big stories he had heard wrought on his imagination until he fitted himself out with a rig which would hold a moderate sized tarpon. As he was a man of enough sense to accept the inevitable, when he couldn't help himself, it did not take him long to unload. He gave his big sinkers to the Indians to be melted down into bullets, lost his "pole" while crossing one of the portages, threw his big hooks overboard, borrowed enough from an accommodating friend to help himself out, and ended up the trip with a good score and a big slice of knowledge.



A Fishing Lodge on Lake Rosseau.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Under this Department Heading queries relative to Angling, Ichthyology and Fish Culture will be answered.]

Trespass and the Trout Stream.

Is there not a law in this state which permits fishermen, with rod and reel, to fish any trout stream at public expense?

Can the owners of property, through which such streams flow, forbid, lawfully, by published notice or otherwise, persons from fishing therein? C.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., June 20.

We know of no law that opens to the public, indiscriminately, all the trout waters of New York state. If such a law should be passed, it would, without doubt, be declared unconstitutional, for the common law of trespass stands in the way of its execution. If a man's house is his castle, his right of ownership and exclusive use of lands, which he has paid for, is equally inviolable, being protected by the trespass laws. If the stream you have in mind has been "logged," it is, in the eye of the law, a navigable water and is open to the public for fishing, but you cannot pass over the property of another man to reach its banks without his consent. You must get into the stream as best you can, and wade or boat up and down, without landing at any point of land unless you have permission to do so. The penalties, however, for trespass are trifling, dependent in amount and annoyance upon the local justice of the peace who, in one county to our knowledge, never makes it more than six cents; but the annoyance runs into dollars of delay and discomfort.

Great Bass and Mascalonge Fishing.

We learned, during our recent visit West, that Chicago anglers who have returned from short trips to the fishing regions of Wisconsin and Michigan, report the most excellent sport. Two well-known Chicago gentlemen caught in two half days 158 black bass in Black Oak, Mamie and Big lakes, their headquarters, during their stay, being at Bent's Resort, near state line, Wis. Other parties returning from Pelican lake, Manitowish and the Trout lake district, brought with them some very fine specimens of mascalonge and black bass. The experience of these fishermen seems to indicate that the amended laws prohibiting fishing be-

fore June 1st are highly beneficial, as "good luck stories" are more universal than ever before.

The Tarpon—A Reply to Old Fin.

The lament of "Old Fin" has attracted my attention and my sympathy. Not only do I sorrow in the uttermost depths of my heart for the venerable "Fin," but also for those poor misguided mortals who "silently and resolutely sit under a broiling sun in an open boat" for days, and even weeks, without getting "a draw." No wonder their dispositions are spoiled; no wonder, when they do succeed, they puff up with pride, and look down upon common mortals with disdain. After the exercise of so much patience and self-control they are surely entitled to so act.

And, above all, it is so sportsmanlike, the very refinement of the angler's art to let the noble silver king take the bait and gorge it, and then strike the hook into a vital part, so as to kill him as quickly as possible, and give him the smallest show for his life. Why not take a harpoon and be done with it? I fain would weep when I read accounts of how these sportsmen "pot" their tarpon, for way down here in Texas we have a different mode; even in this land, popularly supposed to be the home of the barbarian, such tactics are not resorted to.

If "Old Fin" will join me at Aransas Pass next July, I will show him the exact opposite of his Florida sketch. I will put him in a skiff with an oarsman, who will row slowly up and

* The experience of most skilled Florida tarpon anglers is that ten fish out of a dozen are lost when hooked in the mouth, which is always the case when trolling for them. Commodore Falls is the only tarpon angler, in our knowledge, who practices trolling, and the above named percentage is according to his experience with these fish. Again, trolling is not, in the opinion of gentle anglers, a sportsmanlike method of taking fish. The highest branch of the art is to lure a fish; higher, indeed, than the actual killing of it, and, in trolling, your boatman generally finds the fish, and, in the handling of his boat, helps to kill it. But this matter, although not strictly irrelevant to the subject, is too broad to be discussed in a foot note. Will W. M. S. kindly tell us a little more about trolling for tarpon at Aransas Pass, what bait, etc.—ED.

down the pass, and if he waits two hours, or even one hour, on a favorable day without "a draw," I will pay his oarsman.* When he does hook his tarpon it will be in the mouth, and then he will have a contract on his hands of respectable proportions. One fish landed, he will be willing to rest; it is too much like work. If he prefers it he may fish in the Florida fashion, and without waiting a week either.

Excepting during the warm months of July and August, the tarpon swarm through the narrow bays and channels in such numbers that he is a lucky man indeed who does not lose two or three hooks a day while looking for the smaller denizens of the deep.

In July I am going. But I wish it was tomorrow. The fishing now is glorious. A friend writes me that the sportsmen of Aransas Pass caught twenty-six jewfish in one week, and that a jewfish weighing 1,015 lbs. was caught in a seine not long ago. Do you wonder that sometimes an angler loses his tackle?

Last week I received a letter from Uncle Wilson, who took me over to the Pass for a three days' trip last year. He says that he has two boats this season. The *Iola*, a sloop large enough to carry a camping party of eight or ten, and the *Edith*, the boat we used last year, and a good one, large enough for three on a camping trip. His rates are \$5 and \$3 a day respectively, although I suppose it is cheaper by the week.

SAN ANTONIA, Texas.

W. S. M.

A Dolphin on Rod and Reel.

Perhaps the first dolphin, certainly so in our knowledge, has been captured on rod and reel by Mr. W. H. Ingram, of Algona, Iowa, whose spirited account of the contest and its attendant surprises we give below. It is to be regretted that Mr. Ingram does not describe the tackle and lure with which the fish was taken. We hope, however, to hear from him again before our July issue. He says:

"Several of our tarpon party, at Myers, were over at Lake Worth, stopping at Flagler's princely hotel, the Royal Ponciana, and we were talking of catching kingfish with rod and reel. We were told that only one had ever been caught that way, and that the fish would break the best rod made. We decided to go out and try them, even if we should be obliged to come home without rod, reel or line, and the next day found us on the fishing

grounds very late, as the wind was unfavorable. We finally struck a school of kingfish, and the "strikes" came thick and fast, until one was hooked on my line. He jumped about eight feet and shook himself loose, but a friend with me, Mr. Miller, secured a fish. A few minutes later another strike was made on my line, and when the fish made his leap, our darkey Captain yelled out:

"'A dolphin! You will do mighty well to get dat fish.'

"The racing began, and I soon discovered that I had the liveliest fish on my line I ever attempted to pull in. Twenty minutes of racing and leaping put him in condition for landing, however, and then began a novel scene. When the fish was about twenty rods from the boat, Captain and his partner, with eyes wide open and voices keyed at the top pitch, yelled:

"'See dat shark! Colonel, be quick or dat shark get dat fish shuah.'

"Between the shark and the darkies it was a rattling time. As the shark would roll over on his back to swallow the fish, I would pull it away, and then he would right up and make a rapid rolling motion under the fish again. This was repeated several times, the darkies yelling constantly to remind me to be quick, when a lurch of the schooner threw my rod out of the rest. I told Captain to hand-line the fish in quick, and with both darkies working on the line and the shark likely to capture the dolphin any instant, it was a picture not soon to be forgotten. The shark was near the fish all the time, and came to the top of the water within two feet of the boat. If we had had a rifle we could have shot him easily. He appeared to be from ten to twelve feet long and about two feet through, of the man-eating variety. The dolphin was fair size, weighing fifteen pounds, but he was big enough to satisfy me, so that I do not want to try another. For beauty of color nothing can surpass him. While dying, every shade of the rainbow made its appearance on his sleek, smooth sides. He is rightly named the greyhound of the ocean, and Neptune could well afford to drive a team of these spirited little fellows in taking his fantastic rides. I learned one thing while out, and that is that however well darkies speak English while on dress parade, as soon as they become excited, they fall back to darkey dialect. Mr. Miller said he would not have missed the show, darkies,

shark, fish and all for \$1,000. It is the first dolphin, I guess, caught on rod and reel with these other accompaniments."

Mr. Ingham also sends us an interesting, but brief monograph of the dolphin by Professor C. C. Nutting, of the Iowa State University, who states:

"The far-famed colors of the dolphin are not exaggerated. Indeed, they could not be, so vivid and exquisite are they. One specimen was a monster of its kind, being four feet long and having the frontal prominence greatly developed—so much so that the eye appeared to be in about the middle of the head. A broad band running from the forehead nearly to the tail was a real glittering gold, just as true a gilt as could be made by laying on good leaf. This is the largest surface covered with this rare metallic color that I have seen in nature. The dorsal fin was a rich blue, the under surface was white, dotted with small, regularly distributed 'polka dots' of blue. Yellow, red and green also entered into the coloration of this gorgeous creature. The changing of hues, while dying, consisted in flushes of color passing rather slowly from one to another. It did not seem, however, to be so brilliant at any time while dying, as it was immediately upon coming out of the water. In a few minutes all the richness of color was gone forever, and nothing remained but a very ordinary fish. A good cast of this creature, made after the modern method and colored correctly, would be a most attractive object for a museum, although most of the visitors would doubtless consider it highly unnatural and impossible, a criticism often made by the ignorant in the presence of faithful reproductions of natural objects."

Since the above was in press, we have heard from Mr. Ingham, and he sends some interesting and additional notes of his experience among the kingfish.

The troll for kingfish mostly used is the bone and metal squid on a hand-line, with about 150 feet of line out. It needs a brisk wind to give the troll a quick motion, which serves to attract their attention best. In taking the line they usually bound into the air some six or eight feet high, and if they could be played with rod or reel, would make one of the best fighters of the sea. They undoubtedly belong to the mackerel family, and the ones I saw would range in weight from five to thirty, possibly thirty-five pounds.

A party of three from Chicago took in one day, on hand-lines, 133 fish, weighing in the aggregate between 2,300 and 2,400, and when seeing them standing on the schooner for a picture, with the rails and every available space of the boat covered with fish, I failed to see where the sport could possibly be while any amount of hard work was brisk in all directions.

As the fish were thrown upon the dock for whoever might want them, and as most of them were taken for fertilizing purposes, I then and there promised myself never to be one of a hand-line party for kingfishing. We used our tarpon rods, reels and lines; as the boats were moving fast, the only way to get them was to reel them in at once without any play whatever. This is an improvement on the hand-line, but does not afford the full pleasure that it would, could the fish be played. They are caught outside from one-half to two miles from shore. We used in trolling a tarpon snood with an 11-0 hook, and there tied six strips of white and red cloth, about seven inches long, on the snood so that they were about one and one-half inches from the point of the hook, which worked well. The snood was wired for about one foot to prevent their cutting it, as they have vicious teeth for that purpose or for anything else. The dolphin has a very small mouth, compared with its head, and as I have the one caught outlined fully, will inclose a copy of the head, showing mouth, etc., which may be of interest to you.

The kingfish and dolphin are never caught inside, so say the old timers. I think the hook I used, 11-0, was too large; about 3 or 4-0 would be preferable. I had some six or eight strikes before hooking one, and then he shook himself loose, all of which occurred inside of two or three minutes, and then the dolphin took the line, the hook fastening to the lip. Our captain told me he only knew of one dolphin being caught for the past year, and that one on a hand-line while kingfishing. As soon as he saw we had a dolphin he stopped the boat as quick as possible, when we had some fine sport. I wish your artist could paint a dolphin alive and dying. His fortune would be made.

Take Your Summer Vacation Trip to Colorado and the Yellowstone Park.—The Burlington Route will run special car, personally conducted tours to Colorado and the Yellowstone Park, leaving August 7 and 14. First-class service. Low rate, including all expenses. For descriptive pamphlet apply to T. A. Grady, Manager, 211 Clark street, Chicago.

The Delights of Spruce Cabin.

DEAR EDITOR HARRIS:—Some time ago I dropped into your office and asked about Canadensis, Penn., as a likely place to enjoy a few days' outing with our old friend the "trout fish." You advised me to go to "Spruce Cabin," and now I wish to tell the readers of THE ANGLER that we have never found a more delightful place to stay than at that managed by the Price Brothers. Unfortunately the weather was cold and poor for trout fishing, but we saw enough fish of good size to warrant splendid fishing when the conditions are at all favorable. Several fish of over a pound in weight have been taken this season.

The anglers who toast their feet before the big fire of logs at Spruce Cabin are entertaining "yarn spinners." We heard of the last "painter" killed in that part of the country. He took refuge on the top of a deserted house, and a Brooklyn sportsman secured him by boring an inch hole in the roof. When the animal's tail fell through, a knot in that member prevented escape and allowed plenty of time for many shots. That your readers may not think that this story hints at poor skill with the rifle, I will state that this same gentleman has invented a highly moral way of securing the large trout of the Broadhead. He selects a fine pool and attaches his tail fly to a branch on the other side. Drawing his line taut his dropper flies, of which he uses a round dozen, are held eighteen inches above the water. With a Stevens rifle he kills the rising trout, and seldom fails to fill his basket with the best fish of the stream.

In the broad pool near the house is a cunning old trout which has eluded the skill of Kit Clarke himself. This trout has risen so constantly to flies, natural and otherwise, that now he no longer fears to leave the water entirely, and, on sunny days, has been frequently seen resting on a large rock in mid-stream, enjoying the cool breezes. It is said that this fish has even chased the dogs from the pool through a meadow. That this is a fact seems likely, for I could not induce the dogs to go near the spot.

At Spruce Cabin the visiting angler who sleeps later than nine o'clock is justly disturbed in his slumbers by a salute of twenty-seven shots from pistols and guns. This is right, and gives one a healthy desire to rise in time for breakfast.

One little custom is so pleasant that I must

refer to it. When a guest returns to his evening meal after his pleasant toil in the stream, a large corner clock in the dining-room plays the most delightful and refreshing music and continues the tuneful concert for some time. Let me urge your readers to visit Spruce Cabin. It is a thoroughly pleasant place to stay and the streams at Canadensis are beautiful and well stocked with trout.

Yours, with regard,

G. L. PLUMLEY

Perfumed Trout.

"A chemical works on the banks of the Rhone, in the canton of Geneva, is devoted to the manufacture of artificial musk, and it is found that the fishes, more especially the trout, in the river, which are caught in the neighborhood, have a musky savor."

So says an exchange, but *in re* and *contra*, we have caught trout on the Willowemoc where the water was so tainted with the refuse acid waste from the mills as to pollute the atmosphere, and these trout, when cooked, were as sweet to the palate as any salmonoid we ever tasted.

Fishing.

BY J. W. TAYLOR.

Talk about your sperin'
Or fishin' with a net;
There's only one way to ketch fish
'Tis with a hook, you bet.

Not trollin' with a hook
Behind a leaky boat,
But with a rod and line;
You don't need any "float."

Get grasshoppers and flies,
Somewhat less than a peck—
And a pair of rubber boots
That come up to the neck.

Then get into the water
Where it seems to gently run,
And cast among the riffles,
Dancin' in the sun.

There's no fun in ketchin' suckers
In a greasy old felt hat;
If you want to know what fishin' is,
'Tis something more than that—

'Tis fallin' in and gettin' wet,
But always keepin' sober,
And thinkin what a fool you was
When fishin' days are over.

Fishing in Wisconsin and Michigan.

For your information I give below a synopsis of reports received from our agents in regard to fishing:

EAGLE RIVER, WIS.—A chain of twenty lakes can be reached from this station, fishing commencing within a short distance of the depot. The agent reports that fishing is excellent at present. Mascalonge are biting well, a number weighing from 15 to 26 pounds having been caught within the last few days. Pickerel and wall-eyed pike are also being caught in large numbers.

GILLETT, WIS.—There are a number of small lakes within two or three miles of this station, which abound in pickerel and bass. Kelly lake, about twelve miles distant, is also a good fishing resort. Little river, seven miles from Gillett, is an excellent trout stream. Teams and good hotel accommodations can be had.

GOGEBIC, MICH.—Excellent black bass fishing is reported from Gogebic lake. On the morning of June 13 ten black bass, weighing 37 pounds, were caught there. The agent reports that when the water gets lower fishing will be much improved.

GREEN LAKE, WIS.—The agent reports that parties visiting this resort will be reasonably certain of good fishing. A number of large scores have been made.

MANITOWISH AND MERCER, WIS.—A number of large catches have been made this season, and all who have visited the fishing grounds in this vicinity have been more than satisfied with their success. The present prospects for fishing are very favorable.

PRATT JUNCTION AND PELICAN, WIS.—Pelican and Post lakes are excellent fishing grounds. Post lake, about four miles from Pratt Junction, furnishes good bass, pike and mascalonge fishing. There is no hotel at the lake, but conveyances can be secured at Pratt Junction, where good hotel accommodations are also to be had. Boats can be rented at the lake. A hotel is located at Pelican, one mile from Pelican lake. A good catch of 130 pounds of pike and pickerel in two and a half hours is reported from this lake.

RHINELANDER, WIS.—Bass are biting well in all the lakes in this vicinity. A few days ago 30 Oswego bass, averaging 2 pounds apiece in weight, were caught in Tamarack lake. Mascalonge are biting fairly well, although no large catches have as yet been reported.

STATE LINE, WIS.—There are a large number of lakes in this vicinity, in all of which mascalonge and black bass are biting well. A catch of 202 black bass in three days, by a party of Chicago gentlemen, is reported from Pent Bros' resort. The mascalonge fishing at Lake Vieux Desert is excellent, a number of large catches having been made of mascalonge weighing from 15 to 29 pounds each.

THREE LAKES, WIS.—The fishing in this vicinity is much better than in previous years. Ex-Governor Grant, of Colorado, a few days ago caught a mascalonge weighing 34 pounds. A number of other large catches of mascalonge are reported, as well as some large black bass scores, 98 bass having having been caught in one day by a Chicago gentleman.

WATERSMEET, MICH.—Trout and bass fishing is excellent in this vicinity. About 100 bass were caught there recently in one day, most of which weighed over 3 pounds each, the largest weighing 4 pounds. It is expected that within the next thirty days a wagon road will be constructed from Watersmeet to Thousand Island lake, a distance of twelve miles. This will open additional excellent fishing grounds. Suitable conveyances can be obtained by those who desire to visit there.

WOODRUFF, WIS.—Mascalonge and bass fishing is good in this vicinity, a good catch of 4 mascalonge, averaging in weight from 10 to 25 pounds each, and 22 bass and pike, in three and one half days fishing, is reported.

W. B. KNISKERN, G. P. & T. A.,

Chicago and North Western Ry.

CHICAGO, June 28.

Tarpon at Aransas Pass.

Tarpon were never so plentiful at this time of the year as they are at present at Rockport and Aransas Pass.

Last Wednesday, May 8, our Hon. A. W. Houston, Mr. Reagon Houston, Mr. Albert Maverick, accompanied with M. P. H. Swearingen, of the law firm of Swearingen & Brooks, left for Rockport and Aransas Pass to try their hand at tarpon and other minor fish. Up to Friday afternoon they were fortunate to land five very large tarpon, each one a royal beauty that would send the blood of any man coursing through his veins at the rate of forty and a half miles an hour. Mr. Swearingen landed one, Mr. Reagen Houston two, and the Hon. A. W. Houston two. Mr. Albert Maverick hooked at least ten or twelve, but was unfor-

fortunate in landing on account of having a very delicate line. The news spread very rapidly to San Antonio, and on Saturday, May 11, the following party of gentlemen started for the tarpon grounds at Rockport and Aransas Pass, and a right merry party it was: Louis Frankel, William Hardie, Allen Irvin, general agent of the S. A. and A. P. Railway; E. C. Seng, E. K. Bixby, T. P. A., of the great and only Vandalia Line; Jacob Waelder (Honest Jakie), Fred. Dagget, P. Wooldridge, N. J. Goward, Ira N. Turner, J. A. McDonald, (Silent Jack), G. P. Spaulding, J. Hamer, W. Berry, J. C. Manghan, and L. F. Meyers. They expect to stay some time.

Mr. Swearingen's catch was his maiden tarpon, and he has grown at least a foot and several inches taller, and says that tarpon fishing beats practicing law. L. F. M.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

Ground Baiting in the Air.

We have all heard of the efficacious effects of ground baiting, a practice more followed in England than with us. It consists in judiciously throwing the natural bait, in more or less quantities, into the pools where the fish are in the habit of feeding. This is often done around a buoy, either in the night or early morning, previous to fishing the pool so baited. As we have stated, but few American anglers follow this practice, for by an unwritten law of the craft, it is considered rather "off color," though not illegal, and the objection made to it by the gentle rodster will find additional force after reading the annexed description of the vile effects of "ground baiting," which is, in a literal sense—feeding fish with catching intent. The laws forbid a part owner of a stream to corral the fish in his water, by the erection of obstruction to their free passage up and down stream, but this up-stream owner effectually hived the fish by feeding them on "gentles," otherwise maggots, which are the most killing lures for nearly every kind of fish. Of course such a man would be debarred from the fellowship of any club in the country, and should be legally punished, but how to do it is the question, for the law can't touch him, not having any provisions therein against ground baiting in the air:

Out on Long Island there is a trout stream celebrated for the size and numbers of its fish. Year after year great broad-backed, red-spotted fellows have been taken from its pools, and any who gained permission to cast a fly

anywhere on its dimpled reaches was sure of a day's good sport. But at the beginning of this season the angler with privileges at the lower end of the stream caught few fish and small. Every known fly and bait of all kinds were tried, but still fish were scarce.

From the headwaters of the brook, however, came reports of great catches of large fish. The man at the lower end of the stream could not understand it, until last week he went prospecting. Far up the brook, and on the brink of a deep pool, he ran afoul of an awe-inspiring odor. After sniffing about a bit, he discovered that it emanated from a cornucopia of oil-cloth, hanging from a twig that overcast the pool. About this oil-cloth buzzed a myriad of flies, and ever and anon beneath the swarm, a huge trout broke the still water of the brook with a splash. The curiosity of the angler was greater than his sense of smell, and he investigated. He found that the cornucopia contained the heart and liver of a beef-creature, dead many days. It was alive with fat grubs, and as they dropped one after the other into the pool, the trout arose and grabbed them. When the angler saw this, he knew why there were no trout in the lower end of the stream. He prospected further, and up the stream found a dozen similar devices.

When he had located all of them, he tied a handkerchief over his nose, and stringing all the cornucopias on a stick, carried them below, where he set them up over his own waters. In two days all the trout in the stream were feeding around the pendant hearts and livers, and when the man at the upper end of the brook turned up for a day's fishing he found that his fish had vamoosed. He found, also, that the other had carted away the bait, and now the two don't speak as they pass by.

An Extraordinary Trout Score.

At the moment of going to press we are in receipt of the following score of trout, made on one of the many grand waters along the line of the Chicago and North Western Railway:

"Telegram just received from our agent at Antigo, Wis., advises that on Friday last Mr. N. C. Bruce and George Brown, of Oshkosh, caught six hundred brook trout in the Evergreen waters, near Antigo. This is the banner catch of the season, so far as we are advised."

Fishing at Cedar Lake, Indiana.—There is no place near Chicago where a pleasanter outing can be spent than at Cedar Lake, Ind., thirty-eight miles from Chicago, on the Monon Route. The fishing this season is better than ever before. Hotel accommodations are first-class in every respect. Good boating and bathing. Rest and recreation, health and pleasure. Elegant picnic grounds. At Shelby (Water Valley), Ind., there is excellent fly fishing for black bass. For particulars call or address the city ticket office of the Monon Route, 232 Clark street, Chicago.

Bait the Devil Likes Best.

"What bait do you use?" said a saint to the devil,
 "When you fish where the souls of men abound?"
 "Well, for special tastes," said the King of Evil,
 "Gold and fame are the best I've found."
 "But for general use?" asked the saint. "Ah, then," said the demon,
 "I angle for man, not men,
 And a thing I hate
 Is to change my bait,
 So I fish with a woman the whole year round."

Munroe A. Green and The N. Y. Fish Commission.

It is with regret that we learn of the removal of Munroe A. Green from the position of superintendent of the N. Y. Hatchery at Caledonia. This action on the part of the fish commission removes the last link that connected fish culture in the state of New York with the name of Seth Green, the father of practical hatchery work in this country or in Europe. We do not understand this action of the commission, and can only fall back upon the statement of the local paper at Caledonia for even a partial solution of the case. This journal states:

The dismissal of Mr. Green, who for about ten years, since the death of his brother, Seth Green, has had charge of the state hatchery here, will be a surprise to most people who have not kept a close watch of affairs at the hatchery, and his retirement will be deeply regretted by almost everybody. He is a genial, companionable man, always kind and courteous to visitors, and thoroughly posted by years of close study, intelligent observation and practical experience in every detail of fish, frog and eel culture. Probably the man does not live who is better informed in pisciculture in all its branches, from a standpoint of practical experience, than Munroe A. Green. From boyhood up he has fished and studied fish. But Mr. Green's good nature has been sinned against. We do not know positively the cause of his retirement, but we

do know that from the day an outsider was first allowed to cast a fly on the Caledonia state reservation, whether that outsider happened to be Governor Flower and his staff and family, Commissioner Bowman or any other person, from the Emperor of Germany down to Samuel Wilder of tall building fame, that day marked his fate. If there is anything in the law creating the Caledonia state hatchery that sanctions favoritism relative to the fishing privilege at the Caledonia state hatchery, our eyes have failed to discover it. We take the position that one citizen of this state should have as many rights on these premises as another. There have been many complaints on this score, and we understand that it is the intention of the new commission to put a stop to the injustice.

The new superintendent, Mr. Redman, who took charge of the hatchery June 1, is thoroughly equipped in knowledge, experience and executive ability for the important duties and will no doubt give entire satisfaction.

Fine Fishing Near Cincinnati.

One day last week Mr. W. H. Dübke, manager Clearing house, and I left here at 8:11 A. M., via the Kansas City division of the L. & N. R. R., for Kenton station, eighteen miles from Cincinnati, arriving there at 9 o'clock. We were met by Mr. J. M. Armstrong, who owns a large farm three minutes' walk from the station, on which he has seven lakes, ranging from five to two acres each, and within a mile radius, stocked from Government ponds some four or five years since, and never fished until this season. I never had such a great day's sport before. We landed black bass and strawberry bass until we were tired out, arriving home at 5:50 P. M., with about thirty pounds of as nice fish as was ever caught. We received plenty of bait without any trouble on the grounds.

Cincinnati anglers do not know what a treat is in store for them until they have addressed Mr. J. M. Armstrong, secured the privileges and visited his place.

J. A. CASSELL.

CINCINNATI, July 1.

THE ANGLING CYCLIST.

[We solicit for publication, under this department heading, contributions of interest to Angling Cyclists, particularly outings on the wheel to fishing waters].

Cycling and the Fishing Tackle Trade.

The great popularity and indulgence in wheeling, which has caused such an immense manufacturing industry to start all over the country, has reacted on some branches of trade to an appreciable and, in some instances, unfortunate extent. Setting aside the visible effect that cycling has had upon the receipts of suburban transportation companies, and the equally evident result on the sale of Sunday papers, we find that the fishing tackle trade is also depressed by this new factor in the recreation of the people. Some houses have lost as much as twenty per cent. of their usual spring trade, and trace this loss direct to the wheel. Instead of going a-fishing, many anglers go a-wheeling. This condition will, we think, in a short time correct itself. A man, just now, with a wheel, is like a boy with a new mechanical toy—mere possession of it is a delight, but after a while he will get time to think and act upon the practical side of the matter, and will soon determine how to get the most enjoyment out of this expensive impedimenta of his pastimes. And don't fear but what he will turn to his first love and go a-fishing again. Once an angler, forever an angler, so long as he can crutch it along the stream or be carried to a boat. We believe that the introduction of cycling as a national pastime, by increasing a love of outdoor recreation, will multiply the number of rod and line fishermen during the next half decade.

On Staten Island.

Please tell me if I will find a good wheel road to the Great Kills on Staten Island, and if there are the same to the by-fishing places between St. George and the Kills.

L. D. W.

NEW YORK, July 1.

If you take the most direct route from St. George you will have a fair country road all the way to the Great Kills, or if you go via Castleton Corners and the Bradley road and Gifford's lane to Gifford's Station, you will have a macadamized road nearly all the way. With the exception of South Beach, where the weakfish sometimes run large and in numbers, there is

no place between St. George and the Great Kills on the south shore, at which we can advise you to stop for fishing purposes.

Stop Fast Wheeling.

"Wheelmen enjoy so many privileges on public highways," said one of the most prominent local riders to us, "that they should be scrupulous in respecting the rights of those using other vehicles and regardful also of the rights of other bicyclers. On Saturdays, Sundays and holidays when the weather is fine everybody who owns or can hire a wheel is likely to go out on it, and in consequence all the good roads near the city are thronged with riders of the silent steed. In these circumstances serious mishaps may easily occur from fast or careless riding. The chief danger is not when parties of riders are approaching each other, as the situation then can clearly be seen on both sides; but when a company of 'scorchers' swoop down from behind upon riders going at a moderate speed, the latter know nothing of what is overtaking them until the wheel goes whizzing by, for it is the custom of this class of riders to give no warning of their coming, and often to run as close as possible to the slower wheelmen, apparently in order to give them a scare. It is a most reprehensible practice. Common courtesy demands that a bicycle rider should sound a warning, either by bell or whistle, when about to pass another, particularly at close quarters, so that the latter may make room for the former, or at least not swerve from his course and increase the chances of a collision. When meeting, too, wheelmen may well exercise caution and give each other plenty of leeway. The men who 'take the whole road' are becoming known as 'bicycle hogs.' The mere fact of such a name is a grave reproach to the whole cycling fraternity."

Women and the Wheel.

Under the "craze" for wheeling which has taken hold of all classes of the community, here is a recklessness of indulgence which is apt to result in harm to the ardent partici-

pants, but it is encouraging to note that even at this early stage of growth, the pastime is becoming the subject of study among the medical fraternity, and that hygienic laws will not be broken without a protest from them. Anna T. Dunn-Roe, a doctor of medicine living in Detroit, seems to have made a special study of cycling for women, and talks very sensibly to her sister cyclers. She says:

"At first a woman should take no long rides, and should climb none but the most gentle ascents. Right here is the danger of excessive fatigue. A woman should take a long time to habituate her muscles to the new exercise, and even when she is perfectly at home on her wheel she should remember her sex is not intended by nature for violent muscular exertion, and that bicycle riding is suited to her needs only for the reason that it spares any serious effort. Disdaining this precaution, she is in greater danger than a man of subjecting herself to extreme exhaustion. Her speed should never be that of an adult man in full muscular vigor.

"It is stupid and absurd to compare the sewing machine to the bicycle. The sewing machine has a short rapid movement, limited to the muscles of the thigh. Then in the majority of cases it is utilized in a restricted space during long hours, and from amid melancholy surroundings. It possesses no analogy to the bicycle, where the different movements of locomotion are so varied.

"Some hold that women need no extra exercise, that they have enough when attending to their home duties. This opinion is fallacious. Daily exercise in the open air gives to women and girls of the poorer classes physical superiority and good health, despite unhygienic surroundings.

"Physical exercise is a necessity; in fact it is imperative. Believing in muscular exercise for our women and girls of to-day, I think the bicycle is the ideal instrument for the purpose. It entails little exertion, the effort is gentle, and the muscles are at no time in a state of great tension. Almost all the muscles of the body are brought into play, especially those of the legs and thighs, when employed in propelling the bicycle, at the same time the muscles of the arms and shoulders, the handle bar acting as a brace to exercise those muscles. The muscles of the back and loins are made to contribute power to the propelling movement. The inspiratory muscles

and those of the thorax are forced into exercise to keep pace with the exaggerated movements of inspiration and expiration. Finally, all the muscles of the trunk are brought into play to maintain the equilibrium of the wheel. Here is its chief characteristic. The bicycle is the most perfect apparatus requiring the maintenance of equilibrium, and it is easy to operate the wheel when you have learned to balance. The exercise imparts suppleness, precision and address to the movement, besides cultivating courage and quickness of eye. It introduces new ideas into life and education, and the entire family may partake of its pleasures.

"I do not approve of racing for women, and sojourn in the saddle should be frequently interrupted, especially where the country abounds in hills, for woman is made more subject than man to stiffness and cramps in muscles. Women are more readily "winded" than men; the heart is more sensitive, and they are more sensitive to exposure, as they are less accustomed to it. She must, therefore, guard against excessive cold or heat. Chilling, after exercise, is an enemy, and women should be careful to avoid its danger.

Women's costumes deserve serious consideration. I cannot suggest the proper costume, as people's ideas and tastes differ so materially in that respect. And many are governed by the conservatism which oppose the adoption of any new fashion or costume. One necessary requisite is complete freedom of movement. The suppression of the corsets is a necessity of the first importance, or it should be so reduced as to lose all likeness to those which women are now in the habit of wearing, because the one necessary requisite being complete freedom of movement, the corset does not permit free expansion of the chest, as it should when the gait is accelerated. It impedes the circulation in the lower members, and the veins of the legs may be engorged, as a consequence of constricting the waist.

"On the shoulders and arms the garment must be loose and easy. Numbness, cramps and even inability to hold the handles for a long time may result from tight-fitting clothing. The foot is best protected by a high shoe, not too tight; the stockings should not be secured by garters. The veins of a woman's leg are much more disposed to engorgement than those of a man's, and care must be taken to avoid constriction of the calf.

"Next to the skin, women should always wear flannel or flexible tricot. At all events, on returnning home the fair rider should follow the example of all men who are accustomed to exercise. She should change her moist underwear at once for dry ones, adopting on entering on an unfamiliar form of exercise, the hygienic habits so beneficial to health, and to the utilization of new muscular powers.

"Properly to advise any woman or girl to ride the bicycle, the physician must take into account her age, weight, facilities for learning to ride, and the subsequent training. Her dietary regime and general conditions, acting rationally, the improvement in woman's health will be found more striking than in man's. More striking because we are not accustomed to studying in woman the happy effect of muscular activity. The thorax, and especially the muscles of the arms, neck and shoulders, grow hard and enlarge in a woman truly surprising. Concurrently there is an augmented resistance to fatigue, the degree of this resistance surpassing all expectation. But for my part I am convinced that we shall go farther.

"After noting that the wheel gives benefit and not injury to the female riders, the machine will be used in many maladies, especially

those which result from retarded activity of nutrition. From the wheel I shall expect the cure of a host of nervous symptoms, which now cause so much embarrassment in our treatment of women, because we are at a loss for a suitable form of muscular activity. Bicycle exercise will strengthen the nervous system, and for curvature of the spine is excellent. In general anemia and lung trouble it is beneficial, as it oxidizes the blood. It will counteract a precocious obesity, and used in moderation it will do a vast amount of good.

"I would not advise riding where there is serious heart complication, as it accelerates the heart's action. It will improve the general health, and radically modify many of the forms of malaise, begotten by a too sedentary life.

"A light rigid safety, with pneumatic tires for rigidity and lightness, can be combined in a bicycle, and a light wheel is propelled with greater ease. The saddle must be adjusted so the rider will be seated squarely, without risk of gliding forward on the saddle, even when going down hill; the handle adjusted so as to sit erect and not lean forward.

"The bicycle used in moderation is one of the most wholesome and exhilarating exercises that women and girls can indulge in."

AN OUTING ON A COASTER.

To a young man who has a bit of that spice in his nature which used to animate the American youth of the earlier part of this century, there is a strong attraction in the sea. Now, anybody can go to sea, and the way to do so is made plain and expensive by lines of steamers operating over every part of the globe, where it is worth while to run them. That is not going to sea though, in the old and proper sense, and there is a new experience in store for the tourist who wants to take his ocean strong, so to speak, and live directly in contact with it. He can get that experience, writes an editor of *Bullinger's Monitor Guide*, from a week in a coasting schooner, although it is not every one who can or will take him, because the multiplying and improvement of steamships has made it less and less of an advantage to sailing vessels to carry passengers. A generation ago it was no unusual thing for captains of small

vessels to take passengers on trips to their destinations—up to the British Provinces, into the labyrinthine gulfs of Maine, down to Florida, or over to the Bermudas. The Nova Scotia girls who were valued as housemaids in the days before we got to looking to Europe for our help—and precious little help most of it is—came to our cities on coasters, as incidents to the trade in lumber, stone and fish.

Compared with going to sea in an ocean liner, a trip in a 'long shore schooner is as camping out in the woods is to stopping at a five-dollar-a-day hotel. And that is the charm of the whole thing: it is roughing it, with a vengeance. Passage, when it can be secured, is low in price. On such vessels it used to average hardly more than a dollar a hundred miles, and when one thinks how much time that means, and how many meals it incurs, it will be seen that nothing farther could be expected

in the way of cheapness. The captain will probably be unable to understand why you want to go with him when there are so many comfortable boats running, but if you succeed in talking him over, you will enjoy your trip, if you enjoy the sturdy, unconventional side of things.

In a voyage of this sort it is impossible to reckon accurately on the time it will take. With favoring breezes you can make a run in a day over a course that perhaps you will spend a week in covering on the return. The route to the northward is to be preferred, ordinarily, to a run in a southerly direction, because the coast north of Cape Cod is picturesque all the way to the Arctic, while the coast that stretches southward from the same Cape is dull and flat, agreeable for bathing and lounging, but utterly wanting in scenic interest. These small vessels do not stand out so far to sea in their trips as larger ones, and in such a run as that from Boston to St. John a schooner will keep so well in to shore that a panoramic view of the whole Maine coast will be afforded, and that view is a matchless one.

Let it be understood that this voyage is not commended to women nor to delicate young men. Old men are too settled in their habits to enjoy it, and dudes are too tender to endure it. It is distinctly a sort of vacation that appeals to the young, strong and adventurous. The life will be rough, the crew may be rough, though good hearted, the meals will range from poor to awful, the smells in the cabin (which in most of these schooners is likewise the fore-castle) will not be appetizing, the motion in a heavy sea will be so violent that the plunging of an ocean grey hound will seem in comparison as a drowsy loll in a rocking chair; but the voyager will return strong and tough and brown, and full of knowledge about sea life that he would not get if he crossed to Europe in the finest "Liner" twice a year.

The outfit for such a trip can be as inexpensive as the trip itself. Simply take your oldest clothes. A warm overcoat is desirable, and if any article is bought expressly for the trip it might be a sou'wester, to protect the head from cold rains and drenching mists. The clothes sold to sailors at what are deservedly called "slop shops," along the water front, are commonly frauds. They are made of shoddy, and even their sou'westers leak like sieves. A valise will hold all that need be taken, and if you are foolish enough to take anything of more

value than novels, whiskey and cigars, let the lock on that valise be strong, for it is a grievous fact that some sailors were not brought up in a Sunday-school. At the same time, a few of those cigars, and perhaps a sly nip at that whiskey, will make them friends of yours from the start.

It will be found desirable to take a few delicacies in the way of pickles, lemons, sardines, cheese, lime juice or raspberry vinegar, for the water on board is warm, being dipped from a barrel that stands in the sun all day, and the cuisine has commonly to do with salt pork, salt mackerel, potatoes, hard tack, fresh biscuit and alleged tea and coffee. It will be a mercy to the officers and crew if you will share some of these delicacies with them. By going aboard a day before sailing, spying out the state of the larder and having a comprehensive interview with the cook, a better idea will be obtained of what to take and what to omit, for it happens once in a while that a coaster goes out with a food supply that would really be a credit to a boarding house, and has a man for a cook who is content to kill his associates with simple indigestion instead of active poison.

Another precaution needful to a proper enjoyment of the voyage is a fair supply of insect powder. Let the bedding be shaken out and aired every day, for this is a matter in which sailors are lax, and they do not seem to mind, as a landsman does, the mouldy odor that pervades the spaces below decks. Having thus assured himself that he is neither to be frozen or starved, the passenger can now turn his attention to enjoyment, and there is a good deal of it, of a new kind, especially for the jaded city man. The bracing sea air, the free, hearty life, the long sleeps, the exercise at the wheel, at the halliards and the capstan; the tremendous yarns spun by the older salts; the sight of passing vessels, of rocky coasts, of tumbling porpoise and other strange marine life; the passing lights and shadows that make the sea as changeable as a piece of silk; the trumpeting of the storm, the stars above the rocking masts, the sun rising out of the flood, the moon tracking across the crisping waves, the milky phosphorescence on dark nights; the clang of bells, tooting of whistles in a fog; the trolling alongside, the spearing of dolphins, porpoises or sunfishes; the warm lazy mornings, curled up before the break of the cabin with a pipe, or the greater security for privacy and quiet that is afforded by the cross-trees, given over to light

reading or to dreams; the daily discoveries anent the life on the deep and those who go to sea in ships; the tricks of the elements—these are factors in a vacation that probably not one young man in twenty thousand has even undertaken. All depends, of course, on finding a captain who will agree to take you. If you get his consent you must be prepared to undergo some discomforts—no more, probably, than you would encounter in camp—and you will get on much better, if you will submit to them with hearty good nature, since they are inevitable under the circumstances. Take what bunk can be spared for you, do not demand pie at a table where flap-jacks are a luxury, do not scold and complain and make yourself a wonder and a subject for ridicule among the sailors, and if you have any “sporting blood” in you, the vacation in the cabin and on deck of a coasting schooner will be one to look back upon with genuine satisfaction; bearing fruits of struggles with the inner and the outer man. A new man, with appetite tutored and sharpened by denials; with a vitality and nerve force revived and strengthened by contact with nature in her most beautiful and refreshing phases; with power to take up and accomplish more than any other possible life would give; the experience, like the beacon lights that have been seen sending their silver sheen over the waters, will illumine many an after hour.

The expense of such an outing should be very moderate. The extras to be taken along can be measured up by one's own inclinations—they are not necessary, merely pleasurable. The fare that will be charged will not probably be more than one dollar a day, and if you can load up with a lot of yarns, jokes and canned laughter, you will be so welcome that the fare will become a minor consideration; a sailor dearly loves a yarn, a laugh and fun of any sort, and it will not hurt you a bit to drop the “shop” and burst off a few of your own buttons with a roaring, old fashioned guffaw.

Information about coasting vessels in port can be obtained at the Port Warden's office, 17 South street, and from the following firms of ship brokers: George C. Blairs Son, 62 South street, Jed Frye & Co., 47 Water street; Rackett & Bro., 62 South street; H. B. Rawson & Co., 45 South street; a personal call on the above will be better than inquiries by letter.

In case the time for the outing is limited to a certain number of days, it may be wise to select a vessel bound for some port from which a

return to New York can be made by direct steamboat line, such as New London, Providence, Fall River, Newport, Boston or Portland. The possibility of fogs, headwinds or other delays will thus be discounted by the opportunity of returning home at once by the most economical service.

The Incomparable Chicago and Alton.—In these United States of America at least, and it is highly probable that throughout the entire world, the official record for the safety and welfare of its passengers made and maintained by the Chicago and Alton Railroad cannot be surpassed if, indeed, it can be equaled.

Over its completely rock-ballasted, dustless roadway between Chicago and Kansas City, Chicago and St. Louis and St. Louis and Kansas City, eighteen magnificently appointed express trains are run on uniformly fast time every day. But, in spite of this heavy passenger traffic, the official records show that from December 4, 1879, to December 4, 1890, eleven years, there was no passenger, who was in place as a passenger, killed on Chicago and Alton trains. Moreover, there was not a passenger seriously injured, to the extent of losing a limb, an eye or a member of any kind during that time.

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Improved Train Service on West Shore Railroad.—Commencing Monday, June 24, the West Shore Railroad inaugurates its regular summer service, which is greatly improved over former years, many new local trains having been added to the schedule.

The Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Long Branch, New York, Catskill Mountains, Lake Minnewaska, Saratoga and Lake George cars commenced their regular trips on this date. The local train service has been greatly improved. The time of the through buffet, drawing and sleeping-car service to Toronto, Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago and St. Louis has been greatly shortened, arrangements having been made to run the day coaches and baggage cars on the New York Central and St. Louis (limited), through without change. From this it will be seen it will be of great benefit to the patrons of this line.

Civil Service Examination for Fish Culturist.—An open competitive examination to fill a vacancy in the position of fish culturist in the Department of the

State Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, will be held at the rooms of the State Civil Service Commission, Albany, N. Y., on Wednesday, August 7, 1895, beginning at 10 o'clock, A. M. Salary, \$3,000.

Candidates must be at least 21 years of age and residents and citizens of the State of New York. The examination will be confined to the technical knowledge requisite for the performance of the duties of the position. For application blank address the New York Civil Service Commission, Albany, N. Y.

THOMAS CARMODY,
Chief Examiner.

Summer Service via the Fall River Line.—The mid-summer schedule of the Fall River Line became effective on Monday, June 17, and the great steam-

boats Priscilla, Puritan, Plymouth and Pilgrim have been placed in commission and operated together. Steamers will leave New York week-days at 5:30 and 6:30 P. M. (Sundays, 5:30 P. M. only), the early steamer running direct to Fall River, the latter touching at Newport, and remaining there until 6 A. M. before proceeding to Fall River. Connecting Vestibuled trains leave the steamboat wharf, Fall River, at 5:30 and 7:40 A. M., being due in Boston at 6:50 and 9 A. M. Trains for all other points on the Old Colony System leave the steamboat wharf, Fall River, at convenient hours. The record of the Fall River Line is one of supremacy, and the traveler, whether intent on business or pleasure, who has not enjoyed a trip by this wonderfully popular route, has a delightful experience yet to realize.



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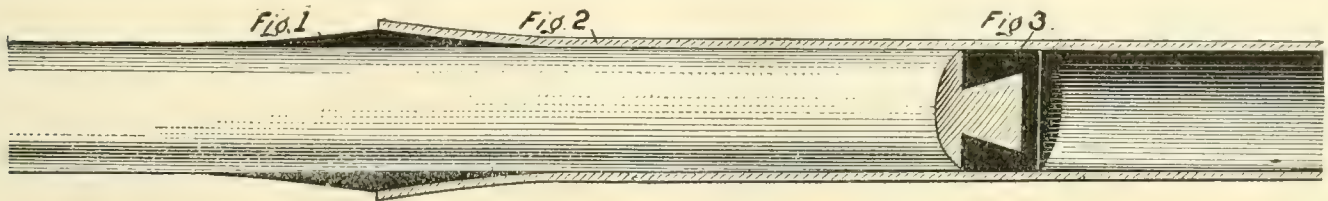


Fig. 1—Elastic Celluloid Band, re-inforcing the Bamboo. Fig. 2—German Silver Ferrule, Patented May 6 1890. Fig. 3—Patent Waterproof Cap, excluding all moisture.

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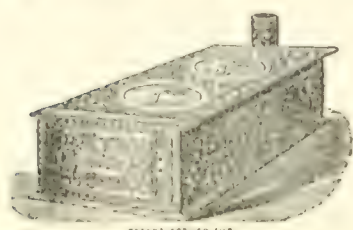
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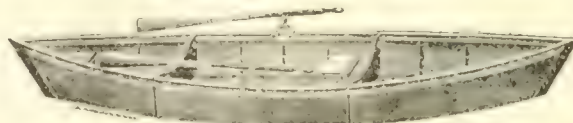
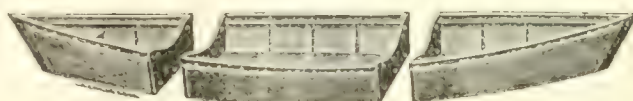
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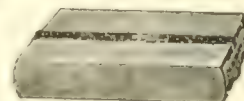
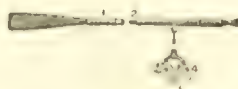
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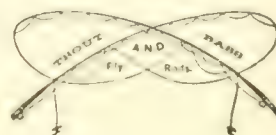


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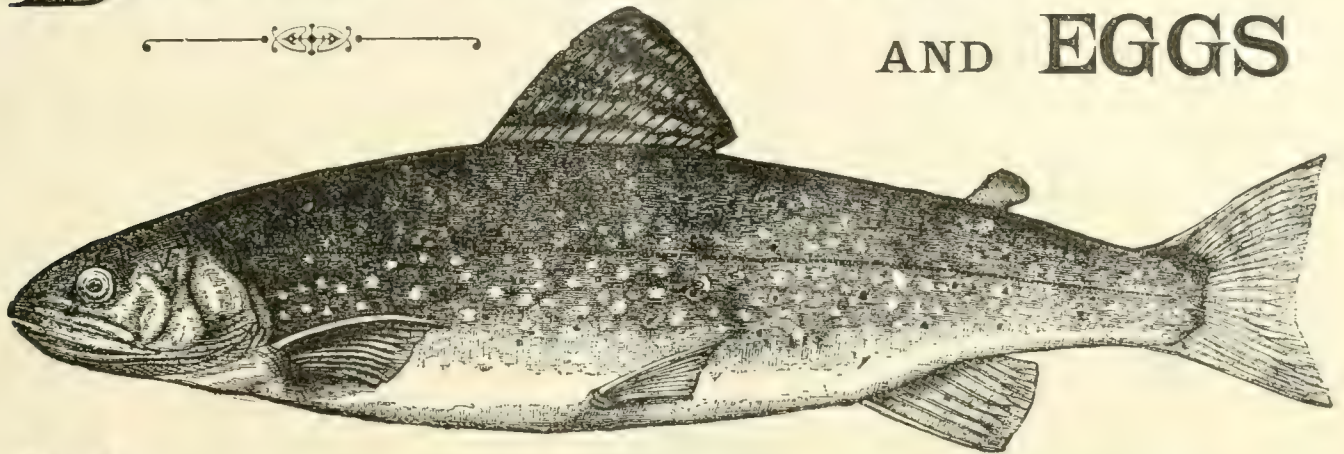
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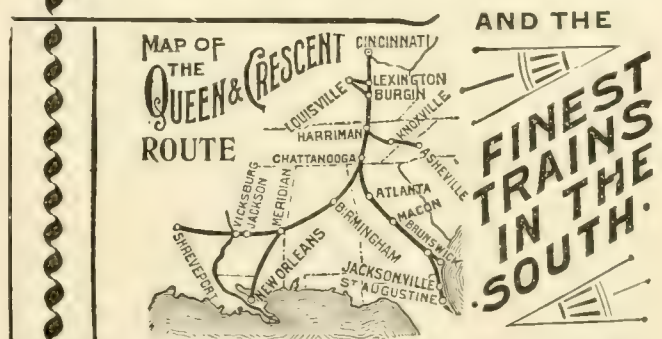
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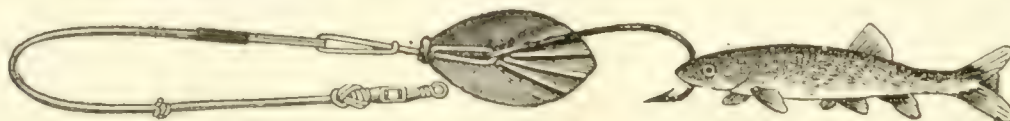
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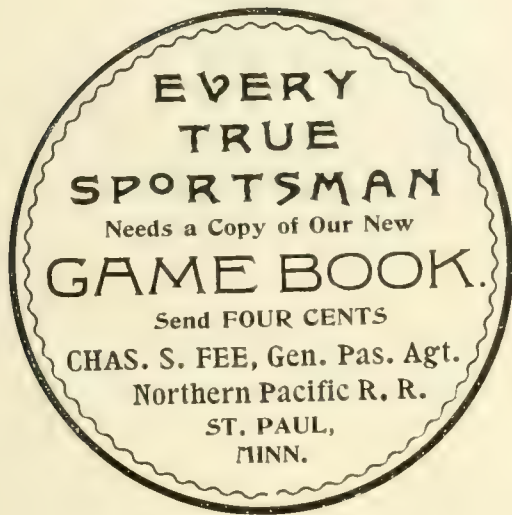
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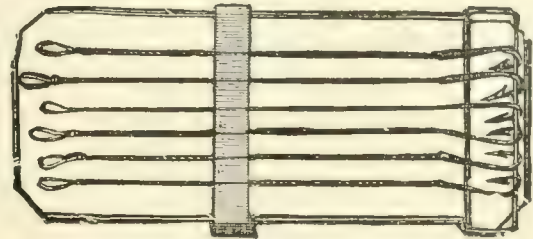
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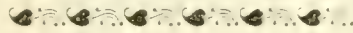
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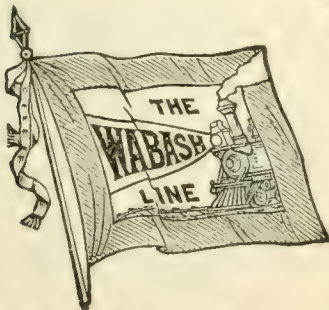


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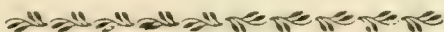
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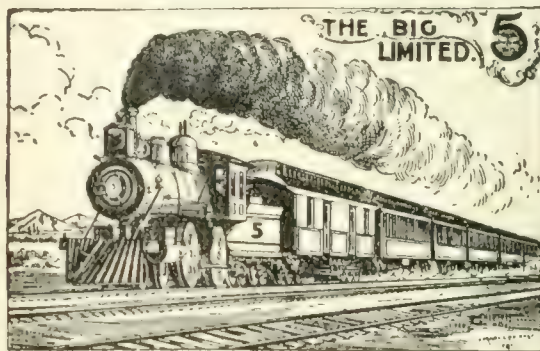
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Junction of Willowemoc and Beaverkill Rivers near Rockland, Sullivan Co., N. Y.

THE AMERICAN ANGLER.

VOL. 25.

AUGUST, 1895.

No. 8

FISHING AND HUNTING IN SULLIVAN COUNTY, NEW YORK.

BY GEORGE J. MANSON.

The map of Sullivan County, New York, is dotted over with lakes (many of them modestly called "ponds," though they are large enough to be called lakes), while brooks and rivers are found in equal profusion. It is the opinion of David Avery, President of Monticello, the county seat, himself a sportsman, that fishing in this section has improved very much within the last few years. About twenty years ago a great many tanneries were located in this county. The water from these tanneries contaminated the brooks and smaller ponds, and for a time nearly destroyed the fishing. After a while, however, the supply of hemlock bark in the county gave out, the tanneries quit business for want of a supply of this material with which to work, the streams again became clear, and now old Sullivan County is regaining its reputation as one of the best fishing grounds in the State.

Another reason why the fishing is improving in this section is because there has lately been established in the county, in the town of Roscoe in the northwestern section of the county on the Ontario and Western Railroad, a State hatchery, carried on and supported by the State. From this hatchery the streams and lakes of the county have been stocked (principally with trout),

scarcely one of them failing to receive its quota during the year.

Of the trout streams in this county, one of the first in importance is the Neversink river which runs a distance of more than forty miles through the county. This can be reached from Fallsburg station on the Ontario and Western Railroad. From this point the visitor goes back to Woodbourne, a beautifully situated little village on the banks of the river, or further up to Neversink or Claryville. Next, in the scale of importance, is the Beaverkill, also in the northwestern part of the county, reached from Rockland station or Livingston Manor on the same line of railroad. For twenty miles this long stream runs through the county, finally emptying into the Delaware river at East Branch, Delaware County, New York. In the same neighborhood is the Willowemoc, about twenty-five miles long, running through Neversink and Rockland. Shin creek, in this town, is a small but good stream.

Another famous trout stream is the Mongaup river. This stream is divided into three branches—the east, west and middle—which meet in Mongaup valley, about five miles from Monticello, and form the river proper. This trout stream is well known, and on the first day of the season its banks are

lined with city anglers. It is considered one of the best trout streams in the county. The river proper and its branches run through the towns of Bethel, Thompson and Forrestburg. There is also good trout fishing in the Bashers Kill (named after a squaw), in the town of Mamakating, and a few miles from Wurtsboro station on the Ontario and Western Railroad. The

some of them so small that they are not named upon the map. These cannot be found by the visiting sportsman without the aid of a guide, who charges \$2 or \$3 a day for his services. One good stream that is quite well known, and that is fished by persons hailing from Port Jervis as well as from Monticello, is the Bush Kill. The head of this stream is about a mile and a half

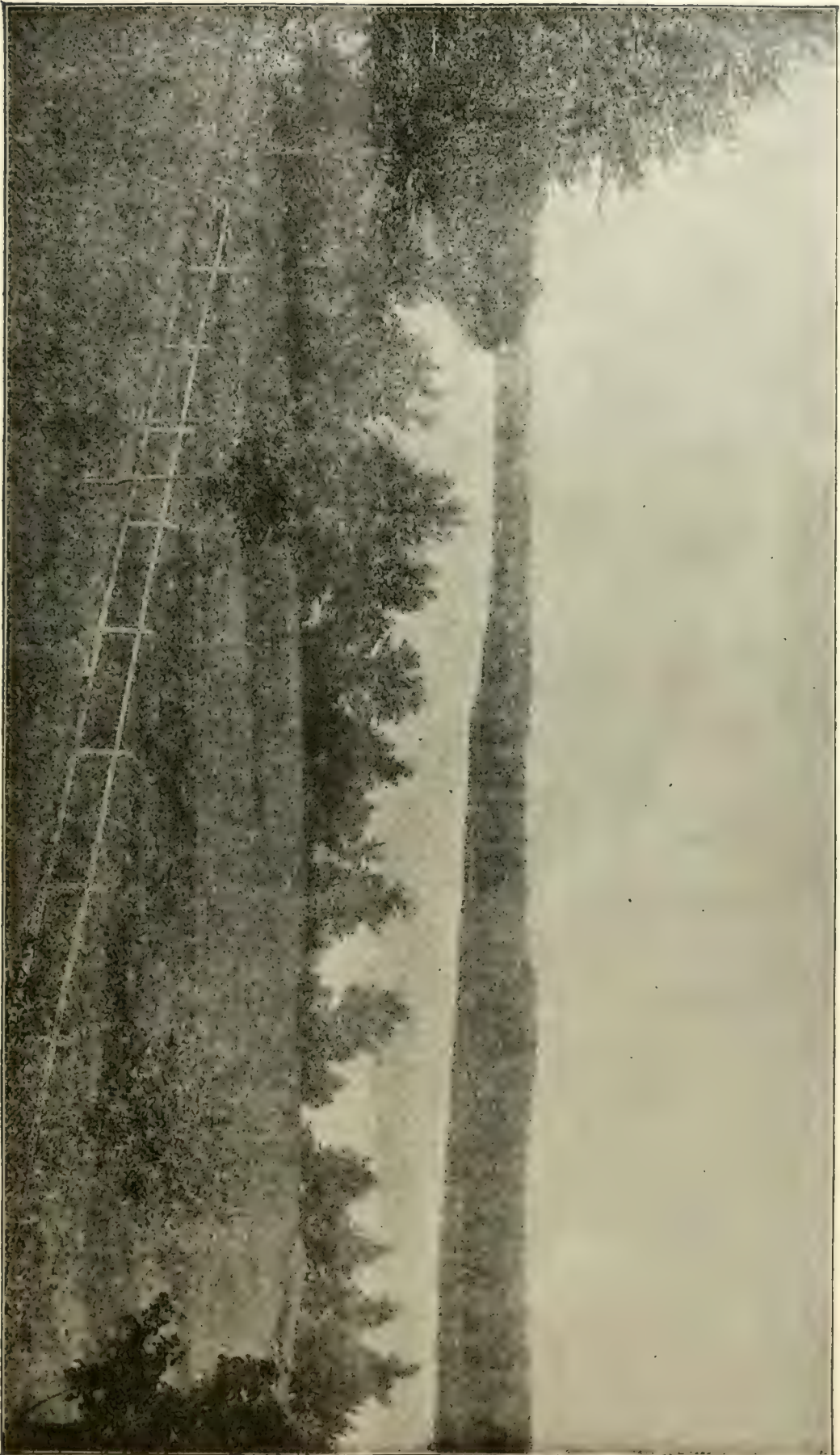


Hanging Rock Falls, Ellenville, Sullivan Co., N. Y.

Kinney brook is another good stream, about a mile and a half from Monticello. This stream is about eight miles long and empties into the Mongaup. Another favorite resort is Callicoon creek in the town of Callicoon. This stream empties into the Delaware river.

There are several good trout streams in the immediate vicinity of Monticello,

south of the village of Monticello. It is eight or nine miles long, follows the line of the branch railroad from Port Jervis to the county seat, crosses the railroad at Hartwood, and empties into the Neversink river at Oakland. One enthusiastic and successful fisherman, Lewis Weed, of Monticello, tells me he has taken several good messes of



White Lake.

fish from this stream this season. Another good stream southeast of Monticello is Barnum brook. Charles Barnum, the editor of *The Monticello Republican-Watchman*, lives in this section; the stream runs through his property, upon which he has made a trout pond.

Good bass fishing can be enjoyed in White lake, Sackett's lake, Pleasant lake, Dutch pond (about a mile from Hurleyville), Black lake and Lake Superior; also Indian Field lake, near Black lake in the town of Bethel. In the vicinity of Wurtsboro good pickerel fishing will be found in Masten lake, Lord's pond, McKee's pond, Wolf pond and Yankee pond. Pickerel weighing eight pounds have been caught in some of these lakes. Sackett lake is about five miles from Monticello, and is noted for its black bass fishing. These fish do not come off their beds until about the middle of July, and should be caught during the months of August and September.

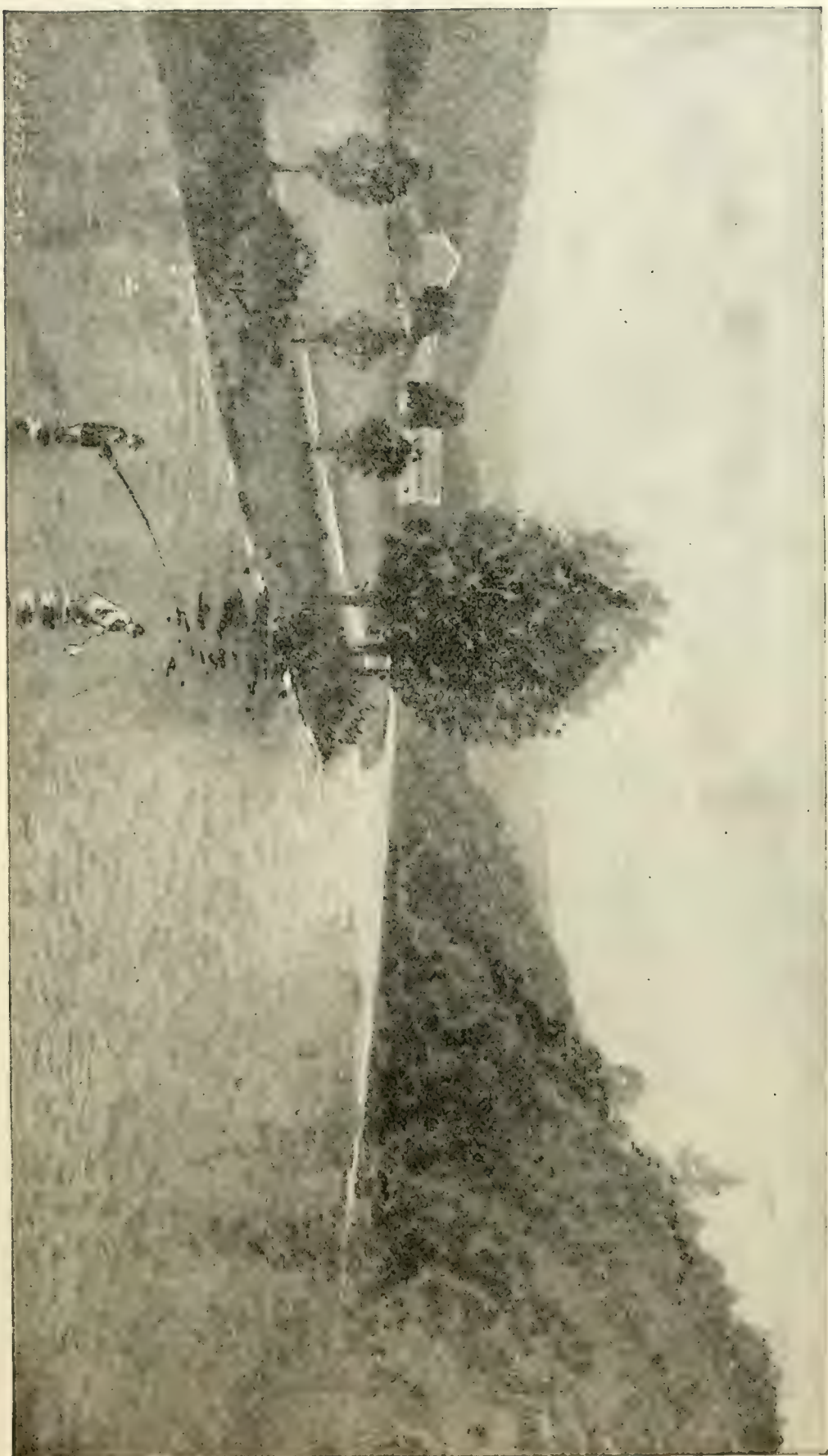
All of these lakes contain fish other than the species mentioned—perch, catfish, eels, etc. In "Merriwold Park," in the town of Forrestburg, where the distinguished reformer, Henry George, spends the summer season, is De Kay pond, where there is good fishing for the members of the Park association and their friends.

In addition to these ponds and lakes, there are several canal reservoirs owned by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, where the perch and pickerel fishing is very good.

The County of Sullivan, perhaps, excels almost any other county for partridge shooting. There is scarcely a piece of woods of any size where you cannot find more or less of this species of game. There are excellent reasons

why hunting should be good in this section. Much of the county is very wild, the stony character of the ground making it unfit for agricultural purposes. At one time it was covered with hemlock trees. As already stated, they have been cut down by the farmers who owned the land for the sake of the bark, which was sold to the tanneries, which have moved to other sections where there is a better supply of this necessary article. As soon as the bark was sold, the trees were sent to the saw-mill, or cut up for cord-wood. Since then the land has been left to itself. Gradually there has grown upon it a thick covering of underbrush and small trees. This makes the very best sort of covering for birds and all small game. In fact, in some place the covering is so dense and thick that the hunter, at some seasons of the year, finds it impossible to get at the game. There are many sections of woods where you cannot reach the partridge until November. Then they will come up to the openings on the edge of the woods, and you can get at them.

Bear and deer are found in the towns of Mamakating, Forrestburg, Highland, Cumberland, Bethel, Neversink, Rockland, and even in the Town of Thompson, in which the county seat is situated, they are occasionally seen. Wild-cats can be found in nearly all sections of the county. They can, of course, be killed at any time, but they are usually hunted during the winter season, when there is snow on the ground. There is a bounty of \$1.50 on each wild-cat killed. They are usually found in swamps and around the ledge of rocks, and are hunted with hounds. Rabbits and foxes are plentiful, in fact the supply of both is entirely too large to please the farmer. Many rab-



Trout Fishing in the Beaverkill.

bits were killed during the famous blizzard of a few years ago, and it was thought, for a time, that the little pests were almost exterminated, but they seem to be as plentiful as ever

Snipe are occasionally seen, and there is some wild-duck shooting in the fall. It frequently happens that birds common to salt-water districts are driven back inland. Mr. Lewis Weed says that he has several times killed birds that he knew were not common to Sullivan county. He also gives it as his opinion that, all things considered, the sportsman can find more enjoyment in Sullivan county than he can in any other county in the State. He says that he has been duck shooting as far south as Alabama, on the Tombigby and the Alabama rivers: he

has been in districts where the quail were so plentiful that it was not necessary to have a dog, but he likes the hunting in Sullivan county because the game is not so plentiful as to make hunting monotonous and take away the zest of the sport. After all, all the pleasure of hunting is in the pursuit of the game. The hunter, in his opinion, should give the bird a chance for his life; let the dog start up the bird, then, if he gets away, it is all right, and only shows that you are not a good huntsman. The trouble with many city sportsmen who come to Sullivan county, and who do not succeed in quickly catching a big mess of fish or bagging a lot of game, is that they lack the necessary skill and patience which should be leading characteristics of the true sportsman.



Pleasant Lake, Sullivan County, N. Y.



AMONG THE GRAYLING, TROUT AND RAINBOW OF MICHIGAN.

BY WILLIAM C. HARRIS.

In June last, through the courtesy of Mr. Hershel Whitaker, president of the Michigan State Fish Commission, and the kind help of Mr. L. D. Alexander, of Grayling, Mich., we were introduced to the grayling, the rainbow trout, and the red-spotted trout of the Au Sable river. I had, in 1885, spent a week on the upper Manistee among the grayling, and was, naturally, deeply interested in observing the habits of the fish in their two habitats. Mr. Alexander has one of the most complete camping outfits we have ever used, and the comfort of our brief stay on the river was not handicapped by an untoward incident, and the outing was well rounded up by the artist, Mr. J. L. Petrie, who happily succeeded in getting a portrait, in oil, of the grayling, perfect in form and true to nature in coloration, a difficult task, as the violet-rose bloom on this fish fades or changes

quicker than the tint of a dying rainbow in a clearing sky.

The Au Sable grayling has some traits not possessed by his Manistee congener, and when handled on the rod he is not a leaper. Only in one instance did we have a fish throw himself entirely out of the water when hooked and played, and in that case we held hard and doubtless forced the fish to an aerial flight. The Manistee grayling repeatedly leaps, and does so on a slack line. The mouth of the Au Sable fish is not as tender as that of his brother of the more western part of the State, and he has not to the same extent the delicate rose-violet tint that gives such beauty to the Manistee fish. The latter run much smaller, as a rule, when taken with the feathers, and are not, I think, such hard fighters as the grayling of the Au Sable, which is much the broader fish of the two, being thick at the

shoulders, a physical mark which may be seen in all the Montana grayling weighing over a quarter of a pound. The Au Sable fish take a larger fly and are caught more readily with it than those of the Manistee, where we found the standard trout feathers tied on Nos. 10 and 12 Sproat to be killing, but the Au Sable fish took brighter flies tied on Nos. 6 and 8 hooks most readily. We also found the last named fish to be very frequently in the deeper pools and stretches, catching but few of them in shallow "swims," as we have often done on the Manistee.

So much has been written by scores of enthusiastic and accomplished fishermen about this beautiful fish, which has for the true angler a sentimental attraction beyond all other of the waters of the earth, that I do not propose to dwell upon this subject, referring those interested to the former issues of *THE AMERICAN ANGLER*, which contains hundreds of columns of printed matter descriptive of the grayling, its habits and methods of lure. But one phase of the subject cannot be dismissed summarily, and that is as to the probable extinction of this fish in the near future.

For years the decrease of grayling in Michigan streams has been a matter of concern with the craft of anglers. That they have grown less in number, year after year, and in some of the smaller waters have been exterminated, is conceded, and the reasons why we found as earnestly and anxiously discussed on the Au Sable, in last June, as we found them to be on the Manistee in 1885. We must confess that we cannot come to a satisfactory conclusion in this matter. It is true that the logging of all the grayling streams has been carried on for years, and that this practice

is greatly destructive to the spawning-beds of the grayling, as it is in the spring of the year these fish spawn and when the logging of the streams takes place. Moreover, the building of temporary dams to hold back the water which, as we hear, is generally done by the loggers to increase the volume of the down flow when the dam is opened or broken up, is certainly destructive, to an appreciable extent, of fish life, not only directly but by destroying or washing away the larva or matured insects upon which the grayling mainly feed. The grayling anglers, to a man, in Michigan appear to be building their hopes upon the early stoppage of logging in the Au Sable, the Manistee and their tributaries; until this is done, we will all be at a loss to define the limits of its influence on the decrease of this grand rod-fish.

Many are disposed to attribute solely to the red-spotted trout the decadence of the grayling. These fish and the rainbow trout have certainly found a strong foothold in the Au Sable, but until the logging entirely ceases, it will be impossible to assign the true reasons for the decrease of the grayling. It is now a mere matter of conjecture, and has only one happy phase about it; it furnishes the loving angler an inexhaustable theme for discussion, and any phase of the life of a grayling is to him, when in camp or on the stream, more fascinating than the melodies of the spheres or getting together the dollars of our daddies. That trout eat young grayling is doubtless true, for they eat their own fry; that they destroy great quantities of grayling eggs is also true, but there is another side of the question—when trout spawn, the grayling is in fine form, lusty in his autumn vigor, and hungrier than at

any other season of the year, for insect life, in larval or winged form, is in less abundance, and our *Thymallus* doubtless revels in the luscious spawn of the breeding trout. And so it is, tit for tat the world over, on the earth and in the water.

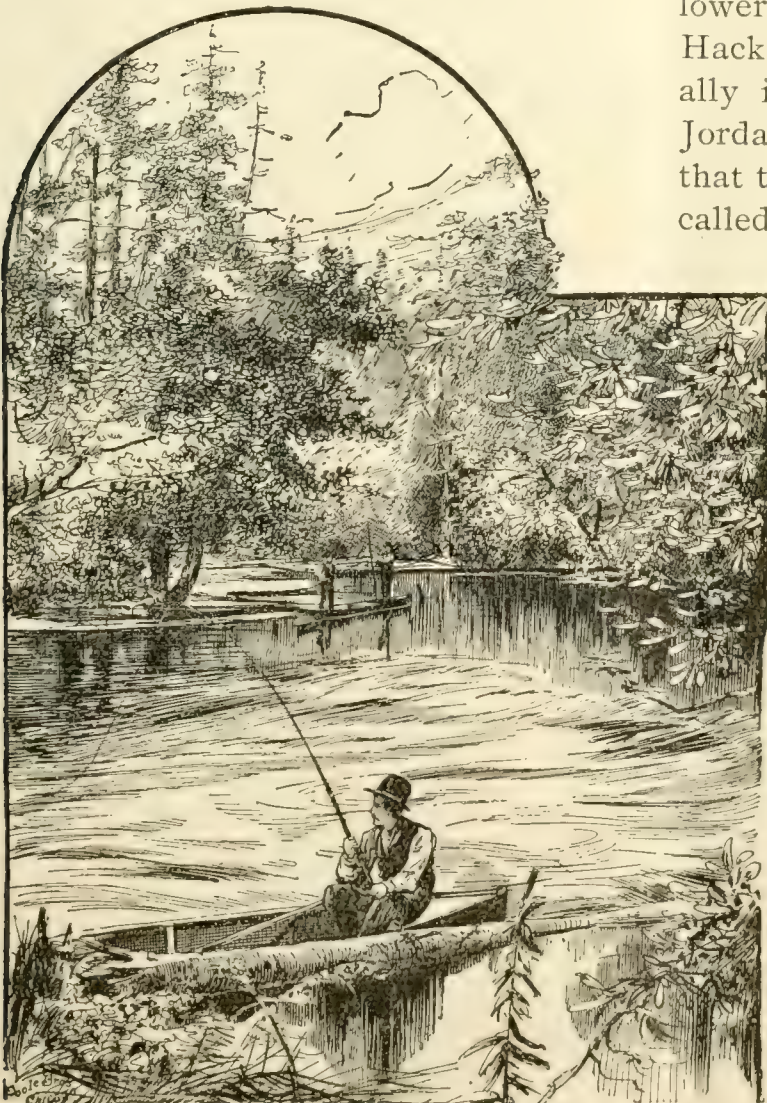
We leave the subject to more argumentative minds than we possess, being content to wait until the logging, which we hear is happily nearing its end, ceases to be practiced on the beautiful and productive streams of Northern Michigan.

Anent the rainbow: Eastern anglers have seldom had the opportunity of creeling the rainbow trout east of the Alleghanies. These fish do not thrive with us. True, in Caledonia creek, N.

Y., where the State Fish Hatchery is located, a few of these fish are taken, and in a limited number of deeper and broader waters an occasional specimen is caught, but of all the millions of fry that have been planted in public streams and club waters in the East, only a mature fish, here and there, has been reported as captured on the rod. For instance, we placed for three seasons successively about 20,000 fry, and five hundred yearlings of the rainbow in the head-waters of the Hackensack river, in New Jersey, upon which the Quaspeake Club is located. These plantings were made in 1891, 1892 and 1893 and the waters thoroughly protected, and yet not a single fish has been taken by the club members, nor reported from the lower, deeper and longer waters of the Hackensack river, which flows eventually into New York bay. If Doctor Jordan is correct in his announcement that the steel-head trout (or salmon so-called) is the matured sea-running form

of the rainbow, we can easily account for the disappearance of these fish through their instinct to go to salt water, as the streams west of the Alleghanies afford them easy access to the ocean. But then again, in the French Broad (N. C.), and its tributaries, the rainbows are numerous and constant, and these waters flow into the Atlantic at only a slightly increased mileage over the waters of Central New York. This matter of rainbow habitat is as vexed a muddle to clarify as the grayling question—logs vs. fish or trout vs. grayling.

If the rainbow stays not in waters east of the Alleghanies, he does so in those west of these



Grayling Fishing in a Big Eddy.

mountains, and is found in all his beauty and gameness in the streams of Northern Wisconsin and Michigan, and none surpass, in these qualities, the crimson barred fish of the Au Sable river. We caught them of all sizes, from the fingerling, with its strongly defined parr markings, to the robust fighter of two pounds, and an authenticated catch of one weighing over five pounds was reported to us.

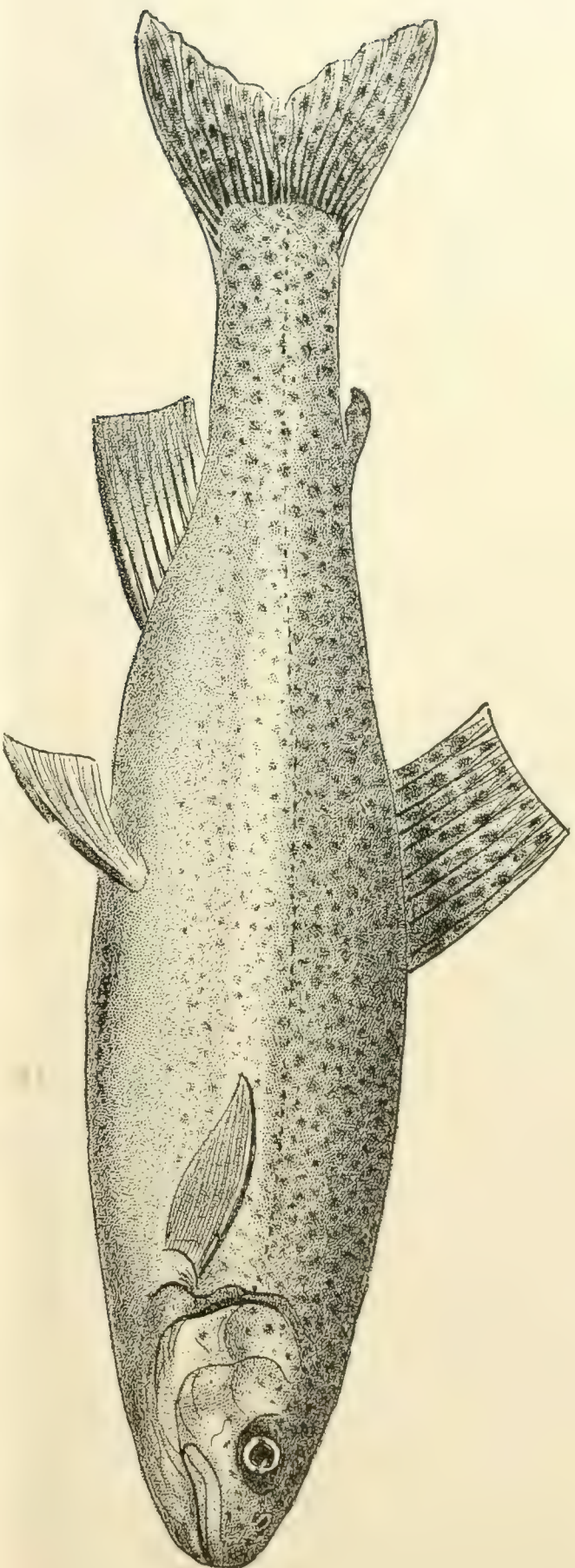
It is a matter for earnest gratulation among anglers, particularly those of the Western States, that a comparatively new game fish, abounding in good qualities on the rod, has been given to them. For years past, the failure of the rainbow to maintain itself in our eastern waters has been the origin of reflection upon the judgment of that sterling fish culturist, the late Seth Green, who was the first man to bring the fish from the Pacific slope and breed them in the Eastern State hatcheries. Their great numbers in some waters, excellent food quality and unusual gameness, indicate that the father of practical fish culture in America was, as he had always been in other cases, correct in his knowledge of the adaptability of the rainbow to many waters east of the Mississippi river. In his grand and useful life, had he done nothing else for the craft, for he was of our guild as well as a skilled fish culturist for the public good, the anglers east of the Rocky mountains should erect a memorial in evidence of their gratitude to him for the gift of the rainbow trout, than which, in our judgment, no gamer fish exists when he is found in the spring waters of Michigan and Wisconsin.

We have caught, with feathers, the rainbow beauty in his native wild waters of Washington, and in THE

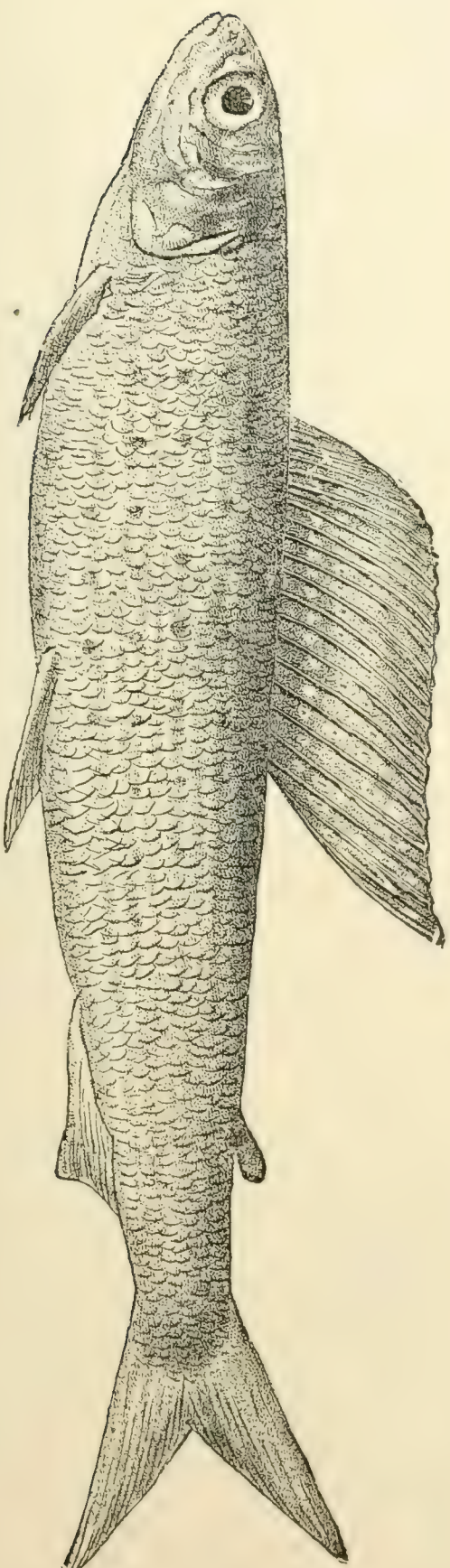
AMERICAN ANGLER of December 8, 1888, printed the annexed brief notes:

"The rainbow trout is called 'red sides' in many sections of the Pacific slope, and other names such as 'mountain trout,' 'brook trout,' 'golden trout,' etc., are locally used. These fish, we think, are the most game of any we met with during our Western outing. They made a sturdier fight than the Rocky mountain black spotted trout, or the grayling of Montana, leaping frequently into the air and surging stronger than the proud brook beauty of the Alleghanies. I caught the rainbow on similar flies to those that lure the black spotted trout and the grayling of the Rockies. They were, we thought, more indifferent to shades of color and forms of flies than either of the two fishes named, and they were equally numerous and eager in all conditions of the stream; the quiet pools, the rifts or rushing rapids, the long stretches of either still or foaming reaches, the eddies below out-jutting rocks or the swift and narrow waters between them, all yielded the red sides. I noted that they were much quicker in their movements than the black spotted trout and the grayling, particularly in seeking the shelter of neighboring rocks or holes, reminding one somewhat of the mangrove snapper of Floridian waters, but only in that trait, when first hooked, as, under the restraining line, upon being foiled, they came grandly from the water, leaping once, at least, nearly two feet into the air."

We have but little to add to the above in praise of the rainbow as a rod fish, except that in Michigan he is a greater fighter, when hooked, than we found him to be in his native waters. He appeared to be a stronger fish, and



The Rainbow Trout *Salmo gairdneri*.

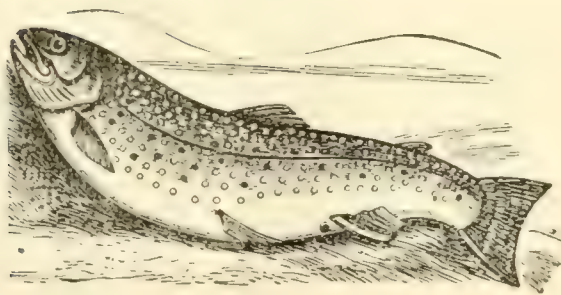


The Michigan Grayling—*Thymallus signifer ontariensis*.

certainly leaped more frequently from the water. The improvement in the qualities of transplanted fish for food, and, in nearly all instances, for angling, is not unusual. If a fish thrives at all in waters foreign to his native habitat, a striking change will be noticed either in its size or flavor. The transplanted black bass from Western waters, as a rule, grows larger in the East than in the West, and at least holds his own, when on the hook, with the parent fish west of the Alleghanies. The abhorrent carp brought from the Faderland gets bigger, but more obnoxious as food with us, the more we see of him; the imported brown or German trout, which is becoming the butcher-

tiger of our beautiful brook trout, bids fair to become the Daniel Lambert of our spring waters, as he certainly is the tamest of our salmonoids when on the rod.

The brook trout (*fontinalis*) of the Au Sable are rapidly increasing, and so far as our stream observation went, appeared to be living in harmony with the grayling and the rainbow. We saw dozens of each in the pool beside our camping ground, lying side by side either in repose or meditation, for scarcely a wave of their pectoral fins could be noted, and later on in the day as the shadows spread over the pool, we caught from it successively a brook trout, a rainbow and a grayling.



UNCLE AND THE BASS.

BY W. C. KEPLER.

It was about 3 o'clock when, glancing from my boat where I was busily engaged in casting for bass, I saw a party of three gentlemen just stepping from a carriage. They were at the boat landing, but a short distance away, and I recognized them at once. One was an uncle of mine, and the others, two friends.

I at once took up the oars and, rowing in, shook hands with them and invited them to a share in the sport. We divided the party, Uncle going with me, and our friends securing another boat, we started in different directions.

Uncle had come provided with a very good outfit, consisting of a lancewood casting rod and a fair multiplying reel belonging to his son, but he was in absolute ignorance of the proper manner in which to use them. I at once gave him a practical illustration, and soon had him casting after a fashion.

To cast a nice line, like riding a bicycle, looks very easy to the onlooker, but there are difficulties. Uncle found this true, and the time he occupied in untangling his line was much greater than that he used in fishing. I would say:

"Now, Uncle, see that little bunch of lily pads over there? Drop your frog close to them; it is a favorable place."

Uncle would draw back his rod as he had seen me do, and with a mighty effort slap his frog down on the water, about fifteen feet from the boat, with a concussion that would have killed any fish within a radius of ten rods, let his reel spin out enough line for a hundred and fifty feet cast, and then sit down

and patiently untangle what he called one of "them things." As he was using his own rod and reel it was only fun for me, but I had to enjoy it in a very quiet manner indeed, and listen, during the operation, to a lecture upon the old style of fishing, in which strong tackle and brute strength were the means employed.

Patience in any pursuit is always more or less rewarded, and at last Uncle had gained sufficient skill to make about every third cast in a respectable manner. Now the bait that I had on hand was frogs, as I think I have mentioned before, and very large ones. It has been my experience that if one wants large bass or pike—numbers not being a consideration—extra large bait is the thing to use. My conversion to this practice was brought about in this manner:

I had been camping on this lake about two weeks and, as I could not obtain minnows, had been using frogs continually. At first I used small grass frogs three to four inches in length, taking with them a nice catch of bass, so far as numbers went, averaging from one-half to one and one-half pounds in weight. One forenoon I ran out of these small frogs, and having one with me plenty large enough to eat—in other words, a genuine bullfrog—I placed it on my hook more for the pleasure of continuing my casting than with the expectation of catching anything with it. A few casts were made and behold, a strike. I gave him plenty of line, and when I judged the proper moment had arrived, sent the hook home. At once I knew that I

had a large fellow, and, handling him with extra precaution, finally landed a nice bass of three-pounds weight. Of course this is not an extra large bass, especially of the large-mouthed variety, but it was much larger than any I had taken up to this time.

I turned matters over in my mind, and concluded that if a three-pound bass could take a frog of the size I had used, perhaps there were bass that could take a still larger one. Acting upon this theory, I procured and used frogs as large as I could handle upon my rod. From this time on I caught nothing but large bass, seldom getting any less than three pounds, and from that up to seven and a quarter, the largest one taken.

This then was the kind of bait I had on hand, and of course the intervals between strikes were considerable. Uncle, however, succeeded in getting one three pounder close to the boat upon one of his awkward casts and, wonderfully encouraged, worked away with right good will.

Just as it began to get dusk and the shadows from the trees deepening the twilight that had already spread over the lake, giving a peculiarly lonesome effect that water always has upon the approach of night, Uncle succeeded in getting out the longest cast he had yet made—about seventy-five feet. Unfortunately, or perhaps I should say fortunately, his reel over-ran and back-lashed for him. Patiently he set about untangling his line; I resting the oars and holding the boat stationary. He worked at it for some time and at last said: "Well, Billy, I shall have to set down to it!" at the same time seating himself and putting on his spectacles.

It was a bad tangle and took quite a spell to loosen.

Everything has an end, and after quite a long time he stood up and commenced reeling in the slack. This was completed in a moment or two, but the hook and bait refused to come.

"Guess I'm stuck in the moss, Billy"; said Uncle, "you will have to row in."

Just about this time Uncle's load of moss developed a very frisky motion and commenced making things very lively at the other end of his line.

"Great Jehosaphat! there's something on there," said Uncle.

I had already realized this, and had commenced pushing for deep water, where we might be free from anything that would interfere with playing the fish; or, perhaps I had better say, free from anything to prevent the fish playing with Uncle.

The very moment Uncle realized he had hooked a fish, he commenced reeling in and giving the butt, only to have the reel handle jerked out of his hand and his knuckles severely rapped, as Mr. Bass made a lunge for deep water. A repetition of this several times and Uncle grew very much excited, and would try to go to the bass by way of the line, running the rod up under his arm, where the reel and butt would wildly wave in the air, threatening every moment to break off, but a vigorous warning from me and back he would go to the other end and again attempt to reel in, with the same old result of having the reel handle jerked out of his fingers. Down the rod he would go once more, the reel wildly waving in the air, and again I would warn him and back he would come to repeat the same old tactics. By this time I had reached pretty deep water, and at times all Uncle could display of his whole outfit above water was the hand grasp and reel.

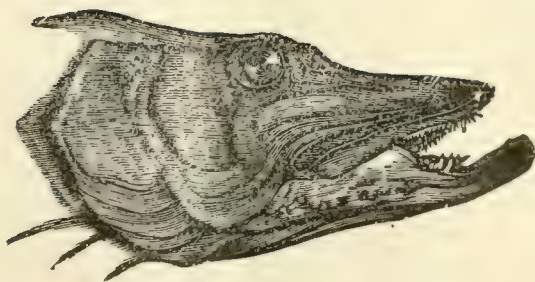
How long we threshed around I do not know. Amused as I felt at Uncle's actions, I could not help but feel worried for fear he would lose the fish, for from the very beginning he had held on with all his strength, and every moment I expected the hook to give away.

At last, almost trembling from excitement, Uncle swung the fish close enough for me to give him the assistance he so badly needed. I hooked my thumb and fingers firmly in its monstrous open mouth—for we were without either landing net or gaff—and swung him into the boat. There he lay, a beautiful bass that afterwards

we found tipped the scales at just six pounds, with distended gills and quivering tail, while Uncle wiped the perspiration from his face and cheered delightedly.

If the fish had been hooked in any ordinary manner, of course we should have lost him, but he had pouched the frog and was hooked far down the gullet, and nothing short of turning him wrongside out would ever have loosened the hook—which I think Uncle pretty nearly did.

Well satisfied, we quit with three bass, the aggregate weight of which was twelve pounds.





Lower Virgin Falls on the Nepigon River.

A TRIP ON THE NEPIGON.

BY LAUREN KELLOGG.

After making arrangement with Mr. Mathewson, agent for the Hudson Bay Co., for guides and all the paraphernalia pertaining to a camp outfit, and accompanied by Mr. George Kellogg and H. O. Chase of this city, we set forth for a visit to the finest trouting country in the world, which statement we now stand ready to vouch for.

After a delightful ride over the Canadian Pacific, we arrived at our destination, as far as railroads could be used, and found everything in readiness for the journey up the river Nepigon. The start was made in three birch-bark canoes in charge of the following named guides: Alex. DeLamonde, Alex. and George Skinaway, Patrick McHanutt and Joseph Ketchenie. Our plan was to push through to Virgin Falls, located at the head of the river, and not do much real fishing until the return trip, but while the guides were making portages we could not resist the temptation to try our luck, satisfy our curiosity, and be convinced that the Nepigon really did contain a bounteous supply of large trout.

It is needless to say that we were fully convinced, for our efforts were crowded by a catch of one each of 5, $4\frac{3}{4}$ and 3 lb. brook trout and numerous others, none of which weighed less than two pounds. At Hamilton Pool we found, in a neat camp such as these Indian guides well know how to pitch, a party of gentlemen consisting of Judge T. A. Gill, R. M. Snyder and M. M. Evans, of Kansas City, and John A. Sea, of Independence, Mo. They were making their way down the river

and reported the fishing good, their largest catch being a 7 lb. brook trout.

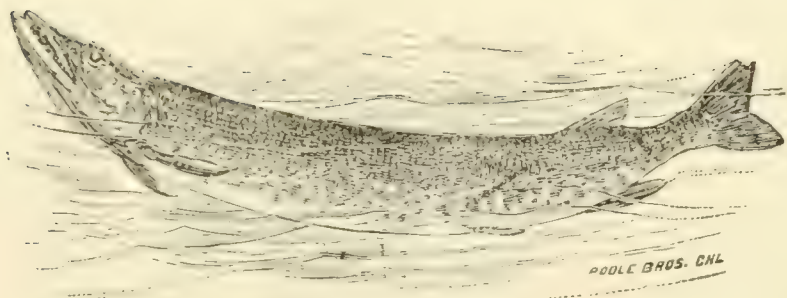
The third day out we arrived at Virgin Falls, a distance of forty miles, and were now ready to devote our whole time in the endeavor to break the season's record, which was a trout of $7\frac{3}{4}$ lbs., but our largest catch was a six pounder, which is in reality quite large enough to satisfy the heart of any fisherman less fortunate than we in not having visited this spot.

Perhaps the reader will consider me to be a modern Munchausen, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that, while our party were endeavoring to break this season's record, we returned to the stream seventy-five fish, some of them weighing $5\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. each. This may read strange, but it goes to prove the glorious sport to be had on this stream by a lover of the rod and reel. Being hundreds of miles from home, it was impossible to take them with us, therefore it would have been a very mean sportsman who would have killed all these fish with no other object than that of record breaking, for within fifty yards of our camp, where the water comes plunging over a magnificent fall, we could at any time look down and see hundreds of these speckled beauties, ranging from two to six pounds each. This letter is written in the interest of true sport, and the above can be verified by the following gentlemen who were camping at Camp Minor, one mile below us: D. P. Kingsley, 346 Broadway, New York; Louis J. Wortham, Austin, Tex.; Daniel and John F. Boone, St. Louis, Mo. Mr. Kingsley of this party should have the

prize for making the most remarkable catch of the season, having made three doubles: First, $2\frac{1}{4}$ and $4\frac{3}{4}$ lb.; second, 3 and $2\frac{3}{4}$ lb.; third, $3\frac{1}{4}$ and 2 lb., making a total of $17\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

We remained at this enchanting spot for four days, enjoying the beauties of nature and regretting much that we could not remain longer. We broke camp and proceeded down the river, and right here permit me to sing the praise of the birch-bark canoe. I have been in the Peterboro, the Adirondack, and a number of other water craft, but for comfort, pleasure and general

utility, give me the canoe. We ran a number of rapids in them, but in order to fully demonstrate how nicely this boat behaves in rough waters, guide De Lamonde volunteered to conduct a canoe through the Alexandria rapids, and this skillful Indian handled his canoe in such a manner and with such apparent ease, that a person standing on the bank could scarce realize the danger incurred in making the run. We arrived safely at the Nepigon station, after an absence of ten days well spent upon one of the grandest brook trout streams in the world.



NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Under this Department Heading queries relative to Angling, Ichthyology and Fish Culture will be answered.]

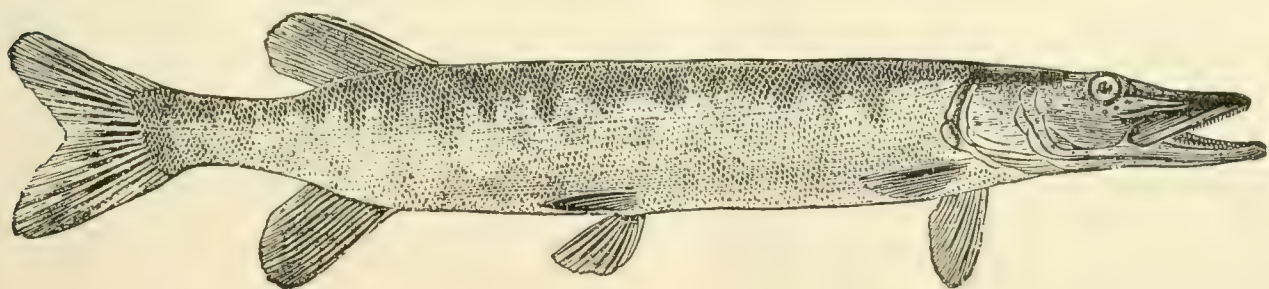
The Pike-Pickerel Muddle Again.

[We print the annexed letter with editorial comments to show the utter impossibility of ever clarifying the muddle caused by anglers clinging so persistently to local nomenclature in the identification and classification of fishes. Some weeks ago, upon request, we sent this correspondent a copy of our magazine containing a full description of the markings of all the fishes of the pike family, and their differentiation, illustrated by drawings, one from the other. Included in this paper was an illustration of the pike-perch, and notes on its coloration, etc. With this kindergarten study before him, we thought everything was satisfac-

tionerel. In other words your pike-perch is nothing like your pike, and whence the name?

A friend of mine landed a fish on our last trip, about fourteen inches long. I looked it over and asked him to name it. He called it a pickerel. I told him no such miserable looking fish ever disgraced the waters of Lake Superior, and doubted his right to call it a pickerel. Immediately back of the head was its thickest part, and it tapered straight to the tail, both on the back and tail, and at the same angle. All the fins were round. Had no first dorsal, and the whole body was very light in color. This was the first fish of the kind I have ever seen, and might have been about fourth cousin to your pike.

I find nothing in your article to fit my pike. It is not like your picture of pike-perch, but very much stouter. I have caught plenty of



tory, and the matter ended; but it seems that he still clings to his opinion, and we are apparently powerless to bring him from darkness into light, but we shall not halt in the effort of doing it:]

Have just returned from a Lake St. Claire fishing trip, and received your letter and copy of ANGLER. My strongest desire, after reading your article on the pike-pickerel question, was to destroy it and say nothing. The article helped my friend's side of the argument, and in their opinion routed mine. Had your pike been my pickerel the subject would have ended, but I am now loaded for whales, and do not know where it will all end.

What you call a pike-perch I do not remember ever having seen. The pike and perch are two different families. Why not give this fish a distinct name, and place it in a proper family, and so classify it? It has some points resembling a perch, and it has some like a Lake Superior pike, but it resembles in no way a Lake Superior pickerel, and what you call a pike is an exact picture of a Lake Superior

pike-perch. They will weigh up to twenty-five pounds. I may be all wrong, but your pike-perch comes the nearest to our wall-eyed pike.

P.
DETROIT, July 26.

Our pike-perch, as shown in the illustration sent you, is your wall-eyed pike, also known as the "glass-eye." In the upper lakes, particularly along Lake Huron, it is known as the "pickerel." In northern Wisconsin the prefix of wall-eye is dropped and it is simply called "pike." In Pennsylvania it is known as the "Susquehanna salmon," and in Ohio as the "Ohio salmon," and in the Southern States the name "Jack" is applied to this fish as well as to the pike proper. In Canada it is known as the "dory." We have given this local nomenclature at length, in the effort to convince you that no reliance, for the purpose of identification or classification, can be placed upon the local names of any fish in any water in America.

Now as to the distinctive markings by which you can tell the pike fishes from the perches—pike-perches or any other species. All of the pike family are formed, *with one fin only on the back*, like the drawing here given. All the perches *have two fins on the back*. Surely this is sufficient for your use in the identification of a pike when you see it. The specific markings of each species of the family are given in the paper we sent you, hence we do not repeat them. But you write that your pike don't look like the drawing we sent you of the true pike. Probably not if you are disposed to split hairs and figure in decimals as to the fractions of an inch difference in thickness of body, length of snout, size of head, etc. In the whole white variety of the genus *homo*, you will meet with long bodies, short bodies, big heads, small heads, big noses and little noses crooked and straight, and if you look closely at ten fish of the same species (closing their mouths) you will find as great a variety of expression as you see daily in any ten men you meet on the street. To be more plain—your pike has but one fin on the back or else it is not a pike, and it may be that you are writing about another different fish from the pike, and, as is usual, local nomenclature makes confusion worse confounded. Send us a pencil drawing of your fish and we will try to get at the bottom of this muddle. But we beg you to remember that the centuries of ichthyological investigation and study, and the millions of money spent thereon have been so made and expended that a knowledge of fishes, particularly as food, might be given to man, and that this great expenditure of time and money would have been useless if our fish savants had not told us how to distinguish one fish from the other. They have done so lucidly, but could only do it by ignoring local nomenclature, and classifying each family, genus or species, by its anatomical construction, and we wish to impress upon you that the drawing of the pike, in the paper sent you last week, is recognized by the ichthyologists of America and Europe as the pike (*Lucia perca*) of Asian, European and American waters.

Finally, the fish you describe as having been caught by your friend, *if it was without distinct spots on its body* of irregular size and shape, was, probably, the small pickerel (*Lucius vermiculatus*) of western waters which never grows larger than a pound in weight. It is not found in waters east of the Alleghany mountains.

Bluefish and Weakfish on the Fly.

Will you kindly tell me whether it is "foolishness" to put flies on your leader when fishing for weakfish or bluefish with bait on the bare hook at the end? In other words, have flies on leader above the baited hook?

I suppose bluefish would cut things to pieces, unless leader and fly snells were made of wire, which could easily be done, of course.

I do not remember reading whether weak or bluefish ever take the fly, hence my question.

NEW YORK, July 30.

H. B.

[Bluefish will destroy five out of six artificial flies, even if tied on gimp snoods, before a single fish is taken. It is waste of time and material to fish for them with the ordinary feathers. Again, except at (possibly) the Inlet of Barnegat Bay, you will find no water, north of Florida, sufficiently pellucid to insure success when casting the fly on a light rod in the usual way. We have taken weakfish (salt water trout), cavalli, pompano, snook, channe bass, lady or bony fish and other species in the clear waters of the Gulf of Mexico with the artificial fly, but lost more tackle in a week there than would have served for many seasons on a trout or bass water in the north.—ED.]

Roiling the Water to Catch Fish.

A correspondent of *The Fishing Gazette* (London) writes:

It certainly does seem contrary to the general laws, but a little experience of my own tends, I think, to show that fish may be caught after the water has been disturbed. Myself and a friend were fishing a fairly wide stream only last Saturday week. We fished one portion of the water, wading up the centre, and casting up in front of us to left and right. We did not get a fish or a sign of one. Arriving at the top of the piece of water, we decided to fish down, and I was told off to start first, and my friend would fish down directly after me. I began, and when I had got a little on my way my friend started, and in four consecutive casts got four fish, one a trout of $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., being hooked almost just behind my legs. I had not touched a fish. On telling this to an old angler afterwards, he made the remark that in a case like that he always liked to fish after a person rather than before.

[Years ago, over a third of a century, during the first season of our trout fishing, we passed day after day on Trout Run, Lycoming county, Pa., in company with Inskeep, of Philadelphia, that old veteran of 75 years, now gone from us. He fished with fly and we used worms. Our creel at the end of each outing always

showed larger fish and more of them than his did. The old gentleman, for he was one to the bone, never would admit that the seductive quality of the earth worm did the work, but attributed our larger catch entirely to the fact that we followed him down the stream, and that he had put the water in better fishing condition by disturbing it. We believed him then and still do, and always prefer following rather than leading an angler down stream, provided, of course, that the water fished is not narrow between banks, in which case the fish are extremely scary and scud away, up or down stream, too frightened to take a lure until considerable time has elapsed.

An incident which occurred to us many years ago, and printed in our journal at least a decade ago, will bear resuscitation in connection with this subject. We had gone to Pleasant Stream, Lycoming county, Pa., for an outing with a young friend who had never trout-fished before. Arriving at a favorable point to enter the stream, and the day being very warm, we thirsted for the swash of the stream on our legs, and stepped into a little rapid, about five feet above a pool, which was ten feet wide and fifteen feet in length. Here we made up our friends' cast of flies and paddled around, in all probably consuming ten minutes. Our movements clouded the water below with the drift we made, so that we could not see the bottom of this usually pellucid pool. Upon completing the cast, we swung the rod to feel the action of it, and the leader fly lit not more than eight feet from where we stood, and was immediately taken by the largest trout (1¼ lbs.) that we killed during our outing of a week. That fish was hunting for food, which he knew was always found in a changing and disturbed condition of the water.

It is the practice of our most experienced salt water fishermen, when they are after flounders particularly, to anchor a few rods down tide from where the oystermen are dredging, and when these cannot be found at work, we have known occasions when the persistent and deserve-to-be-rewarded anglers have taken a rake in the boat with them, and did their own fouling of the water by stirring up the bottom of the fishing grounds. From these instances, of old-time occurrence on this side of the water, it would seem that our English brethren are at this late date just finding out the efficacy of some American

methods of fishing. In the case of trout fishing, the results following one angler leading the other is certainly an argument in favor of down-stream vs. up-stream fishing.—ED.]

Erratic "Rising" of Black Bass.

A correspondent wrote recently to a sportsman's paper asking a solution of the annexed puzzle, but it seemed to bewilder the editor (for he made no attempt at replying) as well as the querist; it certainly does many other anglers besides myself. I want to know why it is that black bass will take the artificial fly in some lakes and not in others, all of them located but a few miles apart, and the bass in them all being surface feeders. I never saw *THE AMERICAN ANGLER* until last week, but, judging from the practical answers to your correspondents, I have come to the right place for information.

L. H. D.

NEW YORK, July 30.

[Thanks for your confidence and good words, but we fear we shall fall below your standard after you read our notes on this subject. First, we believe that black bass, especially the small-mouthed variety, will take an artificial fly in all waters they live in, if fished for under proper physical and atmospheric conditions. Second, we do not think that you have given the fish a fair trial with the feathers, hence have come to a hasty conclusion in the matter.

We commenced our fly fishing for black bass in 1873. It was at Westport, on Lake Champlain, and at the mouth of a small brook emptying into the lake. Here we caught, on sober dressed flies tied on No. 4 Limerick, eleven bass, averaging one pound each, in less than an hour. From 1873 to 1895, we have fished for black bass nearly every season, in waters located from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, and from Maine to Virginia, and in these sections have never failed to boat more or less of these fish with artificial flies whenever the conditions were favorable. We have taken them in midsummer, in late November, and in one instance (experimentally) as early as March, when the ice fringed the banks of the pools on the Schuylkill river, just above the city of Philadelphia. You will understand that we never essayed to catch this fish with the feathers unless the environment was favorable; and now as to these conditions:

There are times when the black bass will take the fly, particularly in running waters, at all hours of the day, in the glare of sunlight nearly as fiercely as under a lowering

sky, but these occasions are very widely apart. We never fish for them in streams until dusk, or when the day is very dark, and then we use a medium size of fly, what is known usually as a large trout fly, say, tied on a No. 6 Sproat. With two of these flies dressed in subdued colors, we whip the head, middle and tail end of the pools, never the rapids, although we have caught many fish in the eddies on the sides of the very swift water and in one instance had a bass jump four feet across a little rapid at our flies trailing on the opposite side from where he was lying, *perdu*.

Now as to lakes. It is waste of time, we think, to fish broad waters for black bass with a fly, unless you find shallow ledges of rocks, where the water is not over five or six feet deep, and if less the better for your outlook. True, the bass, lacking a food supply in such places, will forage near the shore, particularly around the water vegetation in the little bays, and, more likely, even than there, at the mouths of the small brooks that flow into the lake. Under such conditions, get out of your boat, put on your wading trousers and approach the spot within fifty to sixty feet—black bass fly fishing requires long casting—and let your fly sink an inch or two, then draw your cast slowly in with the dropper just touching the surface of the water. Should you see the swirl of a rise, cast instantly into it and let your flies sink at once. On one occasion, in a deep pool on the Schuylkill, we caught twenty-eight bass in the morning of a misty, hazy day by using this method, and if our memory does not play traitor, we saw in the flesh but two or three of these fish as they rose, for they were lazy in feeding, scarcely reaching the surface, as if the atmospheric conditions had affected their usually vigorous condition or temperament. Again, if black bass are caught on lakes with the artificial fly, on a bright day, the occasions are exceptional, and the fish are taken only when cloud shadows are passing now and then, but when the gloom of the fading day spreads over the water, or before sunrise, the bass feed, and at such times they, like all other fish that come to the surface, will take a trailing lure, be it of feathers, metal or of nature's build. We have caught at least twenty-five species, including thirteen varieties of Southern salt-water fish, with the artificial fly, and never failed to lure any fish to the moving feathers,

provided the water was clear enough for the fish to see them. Even catfish and suckers have fallen a prey to them.

We hope "L. H. D." will not misunderstand these imperfect notes. We do not claim that black bass will take the artificial fly in preference to the spinner or natural baits, although we have known instances where they did so. We simply say to him and to other doubters that, if this fish is fished for under the proper conditions, he can be taken with the feathers with more or less success in all his native waters. Difference in habitat will affect measureably, and in limited instances, the habits of fish, their hours of feeding, action when hooked, coloration and, even to a slight degree, their physical structure, but a hungry bass in any water will seize a moving lure, if it approaches in its action to that of a living creature.—ED.]

On a New Brunswick Stream.

A gray cloudy moon found me early at work tempting the salmon trout to try the worm. This was my first attempt at trout fishing in this province of the good Queen Victoria, and not far from the head of the Bay of Funday.

The scene of my first cast was the site of a ruined mill, where the dam had washed away, and near the mouth of a small stream. The bait had hardly touched the water, when a splash was heard, and away went the line, and quick on the bank lay a half pounder. Soon the big ones were noticed splashing in the stream, above and below me, and the next throw resulted in bagging another weighing over a pound. At this spot several were caught of various sizes, but all things of beauty.

Moving up stream to where a tree had fallen across the stream, on either side of which was a deep hole, and where my imagination pictured the penciled beauties of great size, a cast was made and soon on the grassy bank was one whose weight was reckoned by pounds instead of ounces. Again the line was in the water, a jerk and just in sight came a three pounder, judging from the drag. But, alas! I just beheld the prize, when off he slipped and was gone; shall we say forever? I hope not. Next, one seized the bait who meant business from the start, but soon up the high bank he landed, clear and free from the hook. Now began a battle for freedom on one side and possession on the other. Down the slippery

bank he came headed for the water he had just left. I caught him as he came, but through my fingers he went as though he had been buttered; another grab with both hands and it seemed as though I had him foul, but away he went, struggling for dear life, and the freedom of his native brook. Down, down he went, tumbling straight for the water which he seemed in a fair way of reaching, when the only resource of mine appeared to be to throw myself bodily upon him, which I did, and we both lay panting after the contest. Move, I dare not yet, for fear he would bound for the water, not far off. Thus I lay until I located the beauty, when, rolling towards the water, I made a dam of my body, and with the energy of desperation seized the victim, who was about to renew the struggle, and rising, threw him to safe quarters, high above me.

From each side of the log, before mentioned, I drew pound after pound of the toothsome fish in quick succession, until a lull came, as if the disappearance of so many was being discussed by those who remained in the waters below. The stream to the right and left of my battle ground was still alive with trout chasing the numerous flies on the surface of the water; but now in this narrow space in front it seemed as though the fisher and his device were cast off forever. There were miles of the brook still unfished by me, but nearly a half hundred of the big-fellows were in my bag, and I wound up the line, waiting the day of further triumph.

JOHN C. CRANE.

DORCHESTER, N. B., June 29, 1895.

The Indian Origin of Fish Names.

Mr. W. R. Gerard, in an elaborate and instructive article just published in *The Sun* (N. Y.), on "Adopted Indian Words," devotes considerable space to the origin of fish names from the same source. We quote with editorial notes:

"It is perhaps not generally known that within the limits of the United States alone there are represented fifty-eight distinct stocks or families of Indian languages, which are as different from each other as they are from the Aryan or Semitic. The various districts of these families have supplied us, not only with a very large number of geographical terms, but with the names of many animals and plants indigenous to the country, of peculiar preparations of food, of articles known to and used by the aborigines, and which were strange to the Europeans, as well as the names applied by

the natives to themselves in their various political and social relations. Confining myself strictly to words of North American Indian origin, I shall give a list of such of these as have come under my observation, and divide them into three classes—animal names, plant names, and miscellaneous."

NAMES OF FISHES [SELECTED].

Chebog, a name for the fish called the mossbunker, or menhaden; from one of the Algonquian dialects of the Eastern States. [The name "chebog" is new to fish nomenclature. The names of "porgy" and "menhaden" are said to be derived from the Indians; the first from the Abnaki name of "pookagan" or "pog-haden," which means "fertilizer," and the latter from the Narragansett dialect modified, and signifying "that which enriches the earth."—ED.]

Chogset, an eastern Algonquian name for the blue perch or burgall. The word apparently means "that which is flabby," referring to the soggy flesh of the fish. [This fish is sometimes called "cachogset," which is also of Indian origin.—ED.]

Longe, a name of the Mackinaw trout, from Nipissing (Algonq.) "kinonge," "long snout." The name properly belongs to the pike. [The name "longe" or "lunge" is of Canadian (Indian) origin, and is applied indiscriminately, in different sections, to the lake trout of Canada and upper New England, and to the mascalonge or maskinonge of Canadian statutes. In Canadian *patois* it is *masque allongé*—"long nose."—ED.]

Malashagany, a name of the sheepshead of Lake Huron, the "bass" of the English of Canada, and the "gros bossu" (from its rounded back) of the French of the same country. The name is, through Canadian French, "malachegané," from Nipissing "manashigan," "the ill-formed bass."

Menhaden, a corruption of the Narragansett name of the mossbunker—"munhawhat," "that which fertilizes," plural "munhawhatteaug." The fish was used by the Indians of the Atlantic coast for fertilizing their cornfields.

Mummachog, a name of the barred killifish, a corruption of the plural form of the Narragansett name of the fish, "Moamitteaug," implying a "fish that is marked with black." [This name is usually spelled "mummichog" by ichthyologists; the name of "brook fish" or "killifish" is a legacy from the early Dutch colonies, as stated by Prof. G. Brown Goode in "Fishing Industries of the U. S."—ED.]

Muskallunge, muskallonge, maskallonge,

muskelunjeh, maskinonge, names of the pike of the northern lakes; corrupted from Nipissing "mashkinonge," "strong pickerel" or "robust pickerel."

Namaycush, a name of the Mackinaw trout of the northern lakes, from Cree "namaykoos."

Neshaw, a local name in Massachusetts for a species of eel; from Narragansett "neshau," plural "neshanog," "there are two," probably referring to the fins, of which there seem to be but two (the pectoral), the ventral being absent, and the dorsal, anal and caudal being united.

Oulachan, a name in Oregon for the candlefish, from the Chinook name "oolakan." [Generally pronounced "hoolakins" by the English at Victoria.—ED.]

Panhagen, panhangen, panhagan, names of the mossbunker corrupted from the Abnaki name "Pookangane," "split fin."

Paugie, pogy, poggy. These names have been thought by some to be derived from the "characteristic" "p" and the verbal and plural suffixes "au -[-og]" of the Indian name of the fish, "mishcuppau." The word porgee, however, was in use in Massachusetts at an early period, and was probably introduced by the colonists from England, where it is the popular name of a related fish. The name is probably from Latin "pargus," whence also Spanish "pargo," and French "pagre." Whether the above words are Indian or only corruptions of porgee is, therefore, doubtful. [This fish is also called "scup" or "scuppang," which is an abbreviation of "mishcuppang," a name applied to it by the Narragansett Indians.—ED.]

Pogy, porgie, poggie, names of the mossbunker, probably transferred from the big porgee.

Quinat, an Oregon name for a species of salmon; from "t'kwinnat," the Selish name of the fish. [This fish is known to the Russians as the "choweecha" or "tchawytcha," a name, says Dr. Jordan, more easy to pronounce than to spell. In the Chinook jargon it is the "Tyee."—ED.]

Squeteague, a name of the weakfish, variously corrupted to squettee, squitie, squit, scuteeg, chequet, chickwit, and chickwick. The name probably stands for "m'skwiteague," "stained with red," referring to the bright salmon-colored tint of the fish's chin. [To these corruptions may be added the word "succoteague," also of Indian origin.—ED.]

Tautog, a name for the blackfish, from the plural form "tautanog," of the Narragansett

name "tautau." [It may be of interest to note that these fish are called, on the eastern shore of Virginia, "Moll" and "Will George."—ED.]

Tullibee, tulibee, a name of the *Coregonus artedi*, a congener of the whitefish (*C. albus*) of the rivers and lakes of the northwest; corrupted from Cree "attonibis" (Objibway, "odonabee"), "mouth water," a name that may possibly allude to the character of the flesh of the fish, which is lean and watery, and greatly inferior as an article of food to that of the whitefish. [The writer errs in stating that "tullibee" is the name of *Coregonus artedi*. It is a different species and is considered by many naturalists as a hybrid between the whitefish *C. albus*, and a lake herring. In this connection we refer those interested in the popular nomenclature of fish to that excellent book, "American Fishes," by Dr. G. Brown Goode, curator of the National Museum at Washington.—ED.]

Tittameg, a Canadian name of the whitefish, from Cree "atikkameg," "cariboufish."

Wininish, the name of a fish of the northern lakes, from Objibway "winin," "fat," and the derogatory suffix "ish."

Angling "Donts."

Semi-occasionally, and only so, do we find good things and practical about angling in the daily press, and when we do we always record them. Here is a pyramid of good ones taken from *The New York World*, which journal has evidently netted an angler. We have boiled down the matter slightly to make a column of it, but not a line of it misses the mark:

DON'T yank.

DON'T get snagged.

DON'T troll too fast.

DON'T forget the bait.

DON'T try fancy casts.

DON'T step on your rod.

DON'T try to cast too far.

DON'T sit on your rod tips.

DON'T buy "cheap" tackle.

DON'T let your reel overrun.

DON'T strike on a slack line.

DON'T lie; it's been overdone.

DON'T forget the proper tides.

DON'T fish with untried tackle.

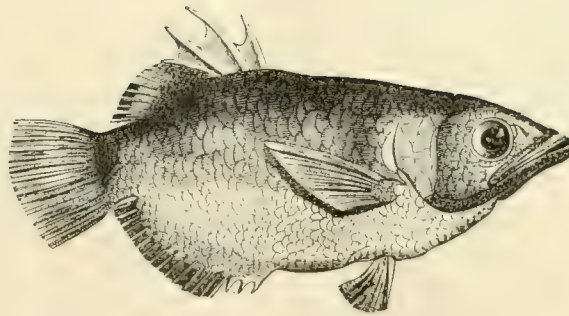
DON'T put your fish in the sun.

DON'T grab a catfish by the fins.

DON'T keep your bait in the sun.

DON'T neglect to dry your lines.
DON'T try to land your fish too soon.
DON'T put pickerel in trout streams.
DON'T let your fish run under the boat.
DON'T snap off your bait when you cast.
DON'T give 'slack line to a fighting fish.
DON'T stamp in the bottom of the boat.
DON'T let your shadow fall on the brook.
DON'T keep too many lines going at once.
DON'T drop a fish into your creel tail first.
DON'T think that it is all fishing to catch fish.
DON'T fail to clean fish which are to be kept.
DON'T store your rods next to a steam pipe.
DON'T buy patent "catch-alls"; they never work.

DON'T leave oars sticking over the sides of the boat.
DON'T yell "I've got one" until you've landed him.
DON'T try to lift a big fish into the boat by the line.
DON'T leave your rod tips in the bottom of the boat.
DON'T anchor within casting distance of another boat.
DON'T despise a faint nibble; it may be your biggest fish.
DON'T pick out the best pools; give your friend a chance.
DON'T race along the bank when a friend is following you.



THE ANGLING CYCLIST.

[We solicit for publication, under this department heading, contributions of interest to Angling Cyclists, particularly outings on the wheel to fishing waters].

The Increasing Number of Angling Cyclists.

Scarcely a day passes that several robust knee-breeched young fellows do not stride into our office with the greeting:

"I'm off for a fish, and I want to get a point or two about"—such and such a place.

And we sit down and have a chat over where and how to go, what bait to use, the fish likely to be caught, etc., etc., and the communing does us all good, for the intending outer brings into our sanctum the fresh air feeling of the woods and streams, and the visitor gets into his storehouse all that we know about the locality and fish that he purposes to visit and catch. Now in this connection we want to let every angler, and particularly every angling cyclist (for his field of sport is as yet a virgin one), know that we have no latch strings on the door of our editorial room, for it always stands wide open.

Every day we see evidences of the increased use of the wheel for angling purposes. Last week we paid a visit to a friend, whose life-lines are threaded with golden strands, and there is not a sharp edged stone along his smooth macadamized road to puncture his pneumatic, no matter where he goes. Standing upright and against the broad verandah was a wheel, as well groomed as the blooded horses in his stable, for the nickle mountings were brighter than sunlight on a pellucid trout pool. Knowing the number of horses he had, and his love of speeding them, we asked what use he could possibly make of "that bike."

"Why, my dear fellow," said he, "I go a-fishing on it. Don't you know that we are within two miles of excellent salt water fishing, and about twice a week I strap a fishing rod in front of the handle bar and run down to our club house to spend an afternoon among the squeetaugue and the tautog. There I meet at least a dozen club members, who live in our town, who have taken a spin down on their wheels to go a-fishing."

And so it goes on, just as we predicted some time ago in THE ANGLER, when a fishing tackle dealer bemoaned the loss in his spring trade through what he called "This new bicycle fad." We told him then that matters would

adjust themselves, and that in less than three years there would be more angling cyclists than railroaders or steamboaters for a like purpose. The only mistake we made was in the time set. We should have said next year, not three.

Trouble Ahead for the "Scorcher" Cyclist.

"There's a man that is going some day to experience one of the evils caused by riding a bicycle," remarked a well-known Buffalo physician the other day to an *Express* reporter, as he pointed to a youthful rider who was rushing along in the familiar scorching attitude.

"Kypnosis Bicycleistarium?" queried the reporter.

"No," was the reply, "that scare has had its day. We don't hear anything nowadays of any such affection, but there is a real danger in the position assumed by such would-be crackajacks as that fellow, and the worst of it is few realize it until they are so far gone that there is no hope of reeovery, except by painful and slow processes of cure. I refer to what I have named cyclists' paralysis. It is a most peculiar affection, and I have at present three cases of the disease under treatment."

"Why do you call it cyclists' paralysis, doctor, and how does it differ from any other form of that disease?" asked the reporter.

"I call the disease cyclists' paralysis, although scorchers' paralysis would be a better name, because it rarely affects any but those who ride bicycles in the humpbacked position known as scorching. Yet, there have been cases known where the patient had never ridden a mile on a bicycle in his life. The disease attacks the nerves of the hand and forearm, and is primarily caused by the pressure on the palm, due to the effort of sustaining the weight of the body on the hands. Of course, similar pressure on anything else, like the head of a walking stick, would produce the same results, but these cases are rare, because few persons use a cane enough for any deleterious effect to make itself felt. But with bicyclists it is different. They will ride sometimes for ten or

fifteen miles, or even more, without once lifting the weight of the body from the handle-bars, and it is this class that is most frequently attacked by the disease.

"The symptoms of the disease are a gradually spreading numbness of the fingers in one or both hands, usually the left, for the reason that the left arm and hand have not been trained to do as much work as the right, but in scorching they sustain the same amount of weight, and consequently feel the strain first. This numbness may not be noticed for a long time, so insidious is the progress of the affection, and, again, if the shape of the handle and the rider's attitude has been such as to tend to produce unusual pressure on the nerves and blood vessels of the hand, the numbness will be pronounced at the end of a short ride of ten miles or so.

"Following the numbness, unless something is done to prevent further progress of the disease, comes a weakness of the principal muscles of the fingers, making the act of holding anything with a tight grip almost impossible and very painful. A trembling like palsy follows this stage, and the sufferer ends by losing the use of the member entirely.

"There is only one way to cure this disease, and that is to prevent it. As soon as the slightest numbness, if even only in one finger, is noticed after a ride on the wheel, the position of the handles should be changed or the handle-bar bent in a different manner, so that the pressure of the palms will fall in a different spot. Of course, it would be better to ride upright, resting all the weight on the saddle, but the scorching position has come to stay, and the plan I have suggested is the only practical one. Of course, electricity and other remedial agents can be used in pronounced cases with beneficial result, but the majority of them are practically incurable."

Danger to Wheelwomen.

We live near the Boulevard in New York City, and spend many an afternoon hour watching the panoramic passage of wheelmen and wheelwomen along the broad and beautiful avenue. Wheels of every make, methods of riding of every form, and costumes of all fashions and colors are in perpetual array before us. We counted, the other day, ninety-six wheel riders who in seven minutes flew pass

the corner of 66th street and the Boulevard, making nearly fourteen to the minute, or one in about every four seconds. Of these, sixteen were women, and with two exceptions, all of them were speeding on at the utmost strain of their muscles, and, in the indecent gyrations of their limbs, presenting a most ungraceful and grotesque sight. They were not only in bad taste, but running risk of death from over exertion, certainly of permanent injury to their constitutions. Only the other day the daily press heralded the death of a young woman from extreme speeding of her wheel, and hardly a day passes that cases of fainting, from a like cause, is not reported. This matter cannot be too forcibly impressed upon wheelwomen. Fast riding is not good form for them, independent of its bad physical effects. A graceful lady rider, erect upon the saddle, with uniform pressure upon the pedals, and none of that "wobbling" action of the wheel so prevalent with amateur riders, is a fair sight to look upon, and if she glides along at the rate of five or six miles an hour at the utmost, and is dressed with good taste, ignoring bloomers or short skirts, she presents a picture of grace and beauty not to be seen anywhere else than on the boulevards of the wheel.

Personal—To "Wheel" Manufacturers.

GENTLEMEN:

Nine-tenths of the users of the wheel take but little, if any, interest in the so-called bicycle news as contained in the class mediums and the daily press. The riders are, to be sure, of all classes of people, but those of most value to you, as a manufacturer, are the intelligent and well-to-do men and women, who look upon their wheel as an enthusiastic equestrian does upon his horse. Anything that will improve the action or stamina of his steed is of paramount interest and, in like manner, whatever will give strength, speed or comfort to his wheel, is welcomed by the wheelman.

Under this department heading, "The Angling Cyclist," we want to give matter of choice value to our readers, who are, to a man (or woman) equipped with critical appreciation of a good thing when they see or own it. In editing this department, we are somewhat at a loss as to its make-up. Races, meets and individual records are given in the daily newspapers, and an epitome of these would be stale text to our readers, so we have depended ex-

clusively upon editorial and original matter, wherein we have mainly discussed the economical value of the wheel as a great factor in our national pastimes. But, we think that it is within the province and power of the manufacturers themselves to make a department of practical interest to all wheelmen.

In the manufacture of wheels, particularly in this comparatively early stage of their manufacture, new ideas or suggestions of value are, no doubt, constantly outcropping. Materials, form, finish, adaptation, are all, more or less, on the change from time to time, and it is these things that our intelligent readers want to know about. In this connection, if you will send us items of information which you think will be of general interest, we will cheerfully publish them, free of cost to you, no matter how much such items may advertise the special wheel you manufacture.

WM. C. HARRIS,
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The Incomparable Chicago and Alton.—In these United States of America at least, and it is highly probable that throughout the entire world, the official record for the safety and welfare of its passengers made and maintained by the Chicago and Alton Railroad cannot be surpassed if, indeed, it can be equaled.

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Civil Service Examination for Fish Culturist.—An open competitive examination to fill a vacancy in the position of fish culturist in the Department of the State Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, will be held at the rooms of the State Civil Service Commission, Albany, N. Y., on Wednesday, August 7, 1895, beginning at 10 o'clock, A.M. Salary, \$3,000.

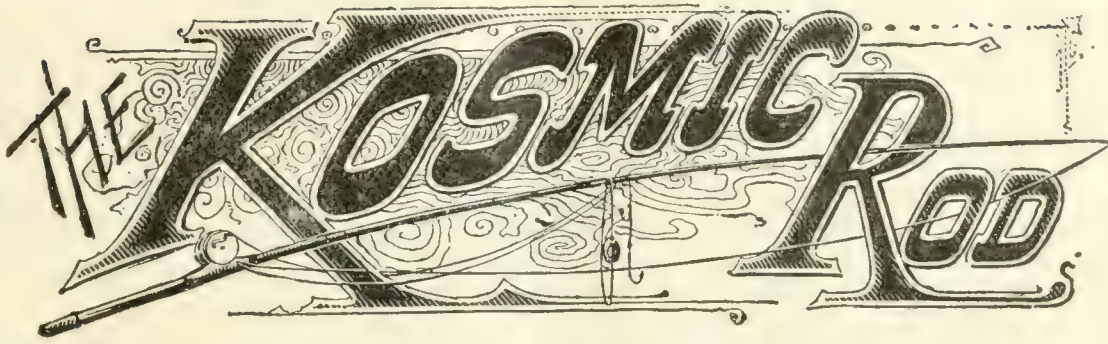
Candidates must be at least 21 years of age and residents and citizens of the State of New York. The examination will be confined to the technical knowledge requisite for the performance of the duties of the position. For application blank address the New York Civil Service Commission, Albany, N. Y.

THOMAS CARMODY,
Chief Examiner.

Special Rates to Atlanta, Ga.—The Southern Railway, Piedmont Air Line, announce the following rates from Washington to Atlanta, Ga., account of the Cotton States and International Exposition. Washington to Atlanta and return, on Tuesday and Thursday of each week, during Exposition, rate of \$14.00 for the round trip, good to return in ten days. Every day during the exposition, rate of \$19.25, good to return twenty days from date of sale, also round trip rate of \$26.25 good to return until January 7, 1896. This is the lowest rate ever accorded any exposition, and as the Southern Railway has started out with the lowest possible rate, the Exposition is a sure success.



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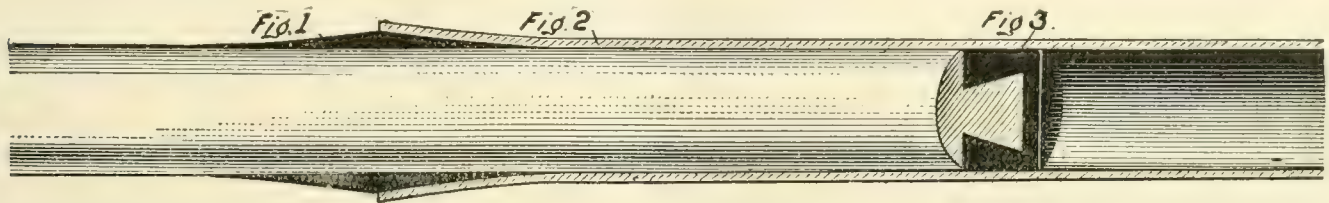


Fig. 1—Elastic Celluloid Band, re-inforcing the Bamboo. Fig. 2—German Silver Ferrule, Patented May 6 1890. Fig. 3—Patent Waterproof Cap, excluding all moisture.

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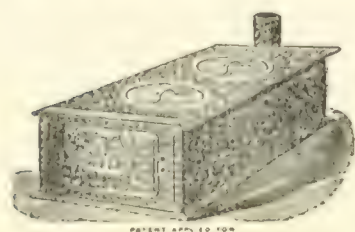
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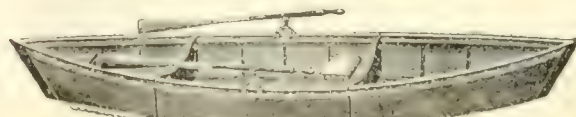
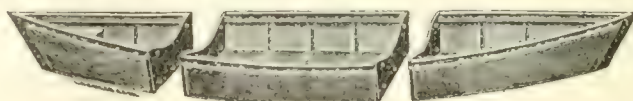
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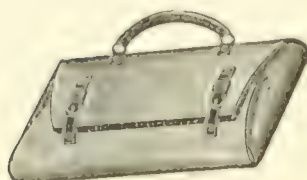
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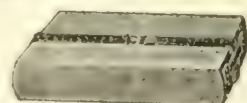
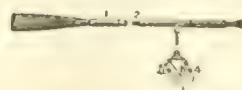
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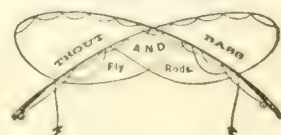
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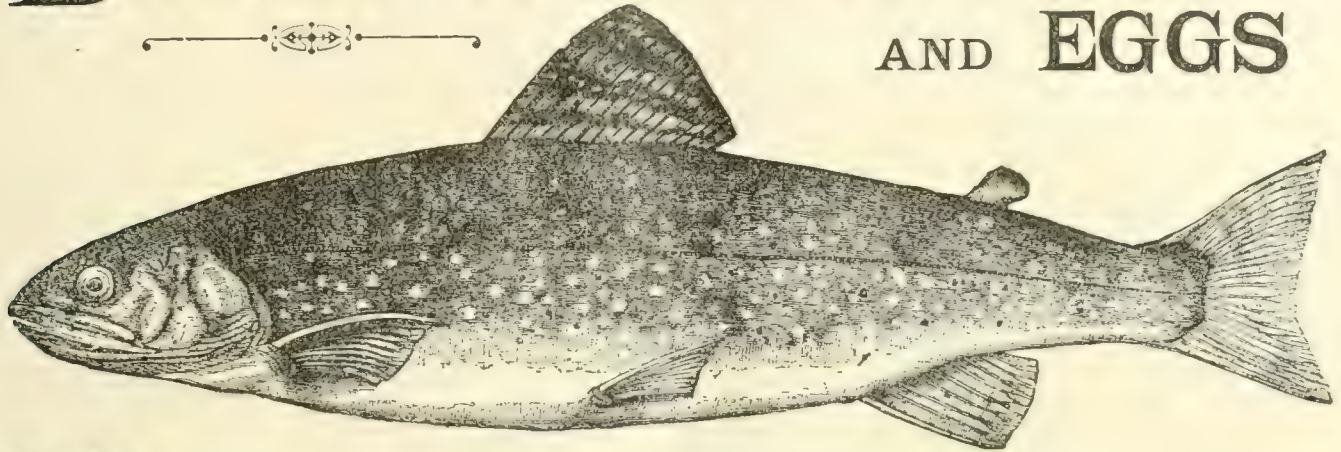
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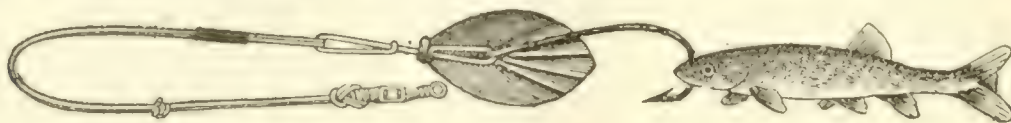
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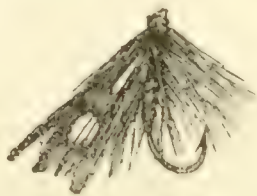
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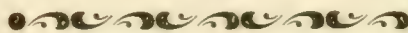


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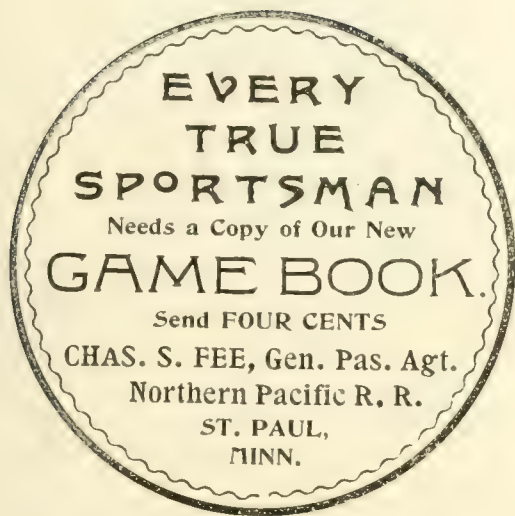
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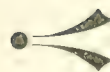
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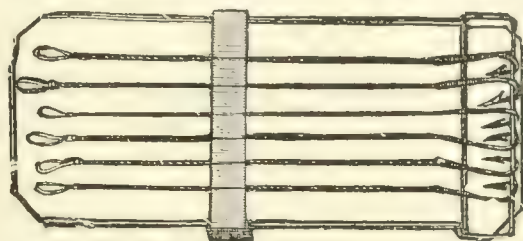
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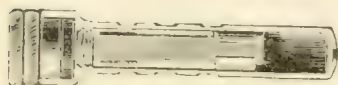
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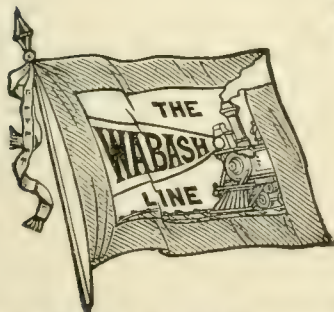


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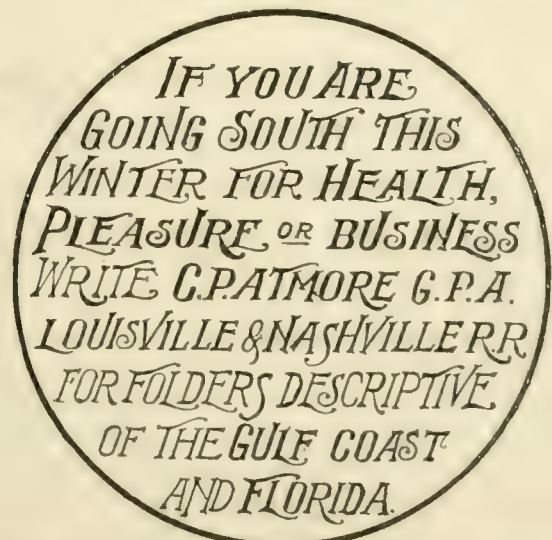
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AMERICAN ANGLER

WILLIAM C. HARRIS, Editor.

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Cisco Fishing at Lake Geneva. Wis.

THE AMERICAN ANGLER.

VOL. 25.

SEPTEMBER, 1895.

No. 9

AMONG THE CISCOES OF LAKE GENEVA.

BY WILLIAM C. HARRIS.

In June last, at the invitation of Mr. John E. Burton, we visited Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, primarily for the object of affording Mr. Petrie, the artist, an opportunity to paint the cisco as it came, blushing in rose and violet, from its spring-fed habitat. This fish, like the grayling of northern Michigan, is looked upon by the anglers of the State in which it lives with more of local pride than any other fish that swims, and the conditions under which it is captured, its beauty of form and color, its firm, flaky flesh, and almost mathematical limit in size, render it worthy of the meed it receives.

Reaching Lake Geneva in the afternoon of June 3, through the courteous attention of the city authorities, members of the local press and others, we were at once taken on a steam launch to the cisco grounds, where a scene was spread before us not equalled, in vividness of interest, at any other time or on any other spot in America. About forty boats were anchored within an area of a few hundred feet. Each of them contained two to four anglers, all of whom were engaged in fishing for ciscoes. The boats were anchored in about seventy-five feet of water, and each of them had on board more or less bushels of live May or June flies (*Ephemera vulgate*), which are used,

exclusively by the residents, as lures for the cisco, and so great is the attraction these flies possess for this fish, that from a depth of 100 feet or more the cisco will rise from the bottom to feed upon them. At the time we anchored, some distance from the fleet of fishing boats, the water was as pure and placid as that of a land-locked mere, where not even a zephyr comes to ruffle or disturb the mirroring surface. Not a sign, not even a water whirl of a fish could be seen, and we looked with astonishment and distrust upon the request to go aboard the fishing skiff, which was rowed several hundred yards away from the launch. We could see the fishermen in the forty or more boats, some distance from us, lifting the ciscoes from the water, and dropping them quietly into the skiffs, but where we anchored not a fin or evidence of one could be seen. Upon expressing our surprise at this condition of things, we were told to hold our patience with a strong hand, but only for a few moments.

The bow anchor was dropped at least 100 feet, and another one at the stern to keep the boat steady, for which there was no occasion on this unusually calm day. So far as we could see there was not even a ripple on the surface of the lake, which is about twelve miles

long and several in width. The boat being stationed to suit the veteran cisco angler, Mr. A. S. Alfred, who accompanied us, he put his hand into a large cigar case and took from it several handfuls of the June flies, which, though alive, were inert, and cast them out at more or less distances from the boat. In about three minutes the water was alive with rising and feeding ciscoes, and yet not a fish could be seen before our "bread was cast upon the waters." We now saw the ciscoes everywhere, and could plainly see them many feet below the surface, as when they rose their pearly sides were burnished by the gleam and glint of the rays of the afternoon sun.

We were all ready with our tackle, and soon engaged in lifting this beauty fish into the boat, and during the hour we fished the strife of emulation was fast and furious, and we caught about 100 of them. Among the forty boats, which contained not more than seventy-five fishermen, the score aggregated 3,200 ciscoes, or eighty to a boat, forty-three to each rod, and the fishing is generally done only in the afternoon hours. Not a fish in this case was wasted. The citizens of Lake Geneva yearn for this delicate food, and cheerfully pay from 50 cents to \$1 per pound for it, the price being regulated by the supply; it is an expensive dish, as the ciscoes will, we think, average only about six to the pound, and if you get a taste of one—which, to our tongue, seemed like the delicate oyster flavor of the renowned pompano—you will not halt in eating less than a full pound. Again, many of the freshly-caught fish are sent to fishing friends in Chicago and other adjacent cities, where they are much prized, owing to their scarcity, arising from erratic habits in feeding.

Mr. Alfred used a light Japanese cane rod, about thirteen feet long, and no reel; a light line the same length as the rod, no leader and a hook, if we mistake not, about the size of a No. 8 Sproat, baited with one or more live flies. This was regulation cisco tackle, and he would cast the length of the line from the boat, skimming the surface with the flies, soon quickly taken by a fish, which was lifted gently but speedily into the boat, into which five out of six of the ciscoes would fall, unhooking themselves. This extreme delicacy of the mouth caused the loss of many fish, and we noticed that the most experienced of the cisco anglers lifted the fish from the water with great gentleness, and so directed the course of the hooked quarry that it would strike the fishermen in the breast or body, and then fall from its own weight off the hook and into the boat, thereby saving the fish and time of unhooking them, should they chance to be fastened in the nose or front of upper lip, in which case we noted that they were invariably safely hooked.

We used our $3\frac{3}{4}$ ounce, $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet Nichols' rod, which we prize beyond all others we have, because of its excellence and of our friend, the genial maker, B. F. Nichols, long since out of business, and we thought the delicate spring of this rod was much more efficacious in saving the fragile-mouthed ciscoes than the Japanese rods in use, although our score was much less than that of Mr. Alfred, owing to our inexperience in catching this particular fish. In order to test the tenderness of the mouth, and the assertion of the native fishermen that the cisco would take the natural better than the artificial fly, and that they could not be played and killed, like other salmonoids on light tackle,

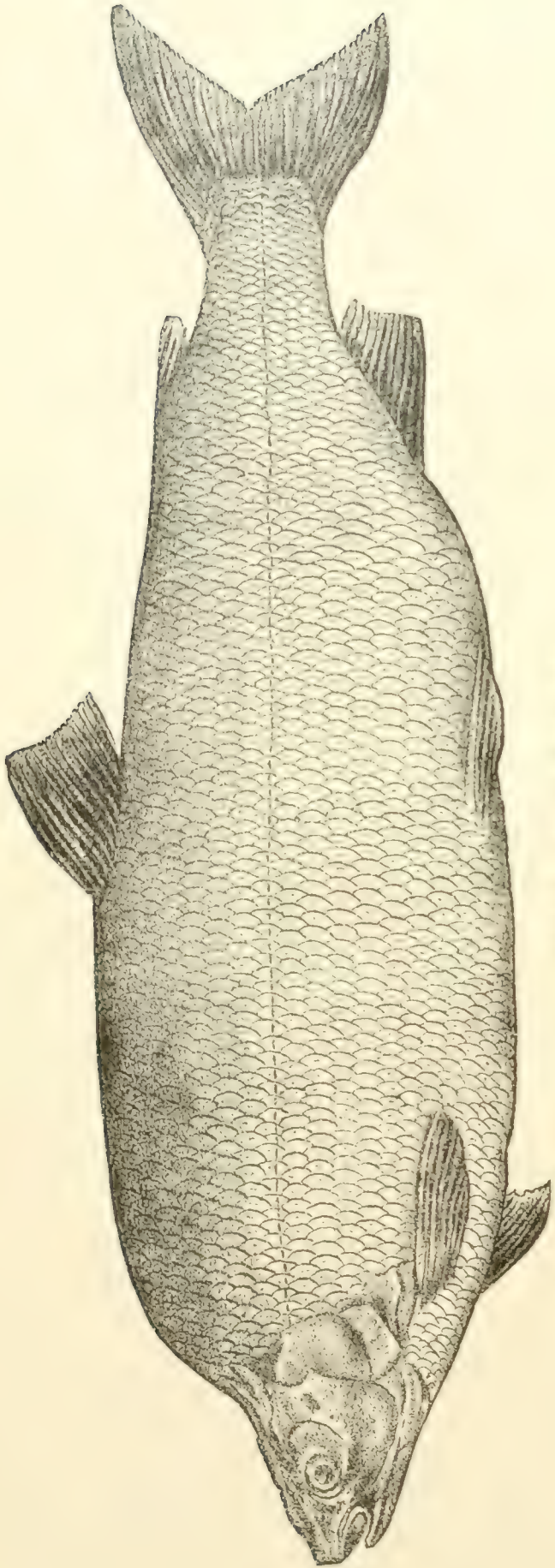
we made up a cast on a six-foot drawn gut leader, of a single fly, dressed in similar colors and form to that of the May insect, and essayed to capture them. The ciscoes would pass by our delicately manipulated feathers and take the natural lure and only one to six of those taken by Mr. Alfred did we manage to hook, and of these only about one in five we succeeded in boat-ing, when we played them on our light and yielding rod. The hook invariably tore out, except as we have noted before, when they were fastened at the extreme end of the upper lip.

The residents of Lake Geneva justly pride themselves in possessing a fish of unique character, superlative flavor and of unusually erratic habits. They told us that it was never seen at any other period than when the May fly was prevalent, in the latter part of May and early June, although instances had occurred when a few of them were caught fishing through the ice. If the cisco of Lake Geneva is not seen in the shallow water of the lake during the months of November and December, a habit possessed by the ciscoes or "herrings" (so-called) of Michigan, Erie and other deep lakes, it is certainly *sui generis*. We omitted to ask if they had been so seen by the anglers of Lake Geneva, but from their positive assertion as to their appearance only during "fly time," and an occasional capture in *deep water* in the winter season, we presume that they have never been observed in the shallow water during the months named. The absence of this habit in the Lake Geneva cisco would seem to entitle it, indisputably, to a special classification, if not that given it by Dr. Jordan—*Coregonus artedii* var *sisco*.

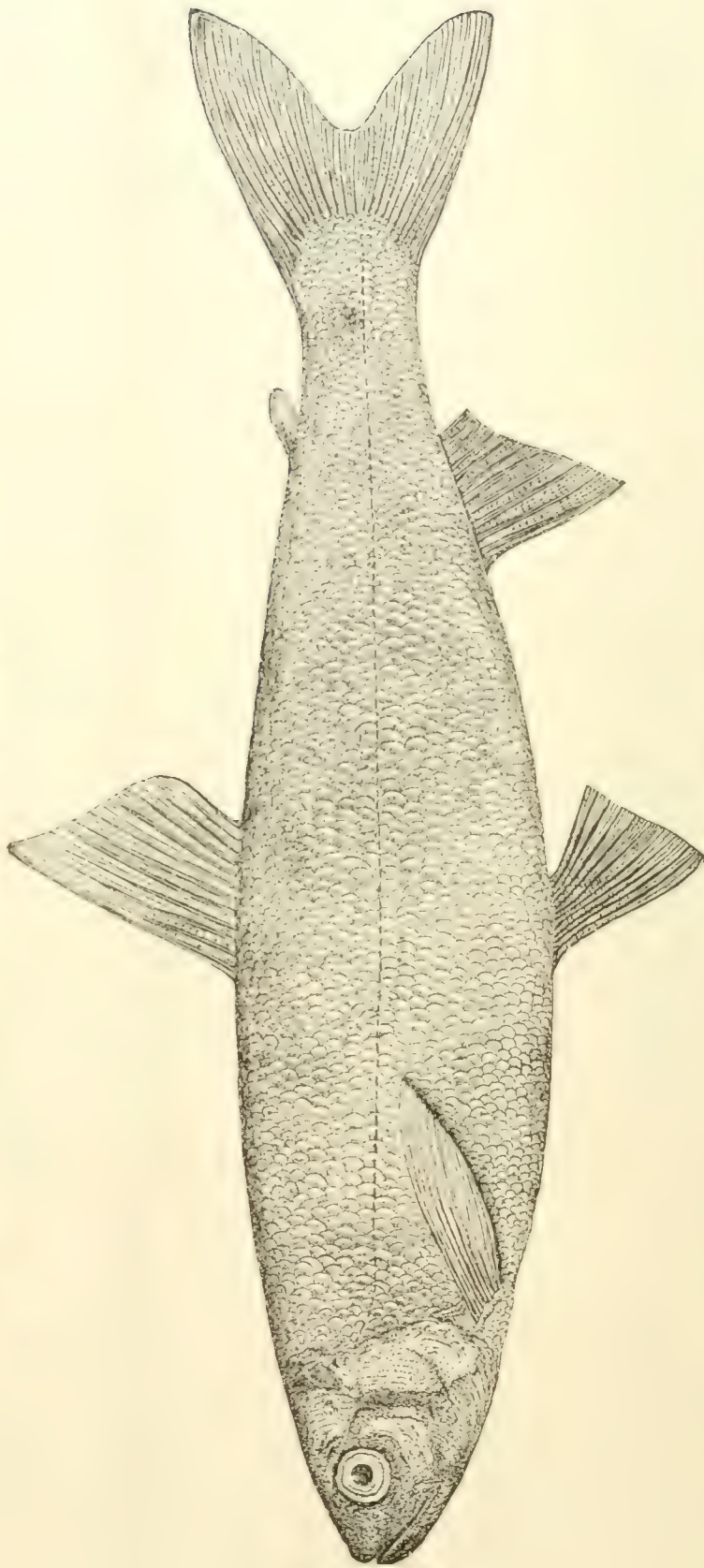
In this connection it may be well to

state that we have followed the old method of spelling the name of this fish, *cisco*, rather than *sisco*, simply because we know no just reason why the change was made, and, as our head grows hoary, we are becoming day by day more in love with anciently-fashioned ways and things. It nearly wrung the heart out of one of our old angling chums when the fiat went forth that the brook beauty of the mountain was no longer *salmo*, but *salvelinus*, and the tear was in his eye, when he told us he could bear in his old age with the innovations of applied electricity, flying machines and the "bike," but he felt like parting with a heart string when fontinalis was rebaptised. And many of us are in sympathy with this old angler of the days gone by.

As we all know, the ciscoes, or "lake herrings," as they are locally and commercially called, belong to the salmon family, as also all the whitefishes, whether caught in the broad deep waters of the lakes, or in the streams, large and small. Their distinguishing mark, to the layman angler or observer, is the fatty or adipose fin on the back near the tail. No other fishes of American fresh waters, except the catfishes, possess this peculiar fin, and as the catfish is known to every fisher, white or black, particularly the latter, a member of the salmon family can readily be distinguished. And if the angler is conversant with the general markings of the trouts, lake or brook, and of the graylings, smelts, or sea salmons, he will be able to tell at once a whitefish when he sees it, and the accompanying illustrations will aid him in distinguishing the cisco from its congeners of the lakes or streams. For those who desire to go deeper into the subject, we briefly enumerate the dif-



The Commercial Whitefish.



The Cisco or Lake Herring.

ferentiations of the species of whitefish:

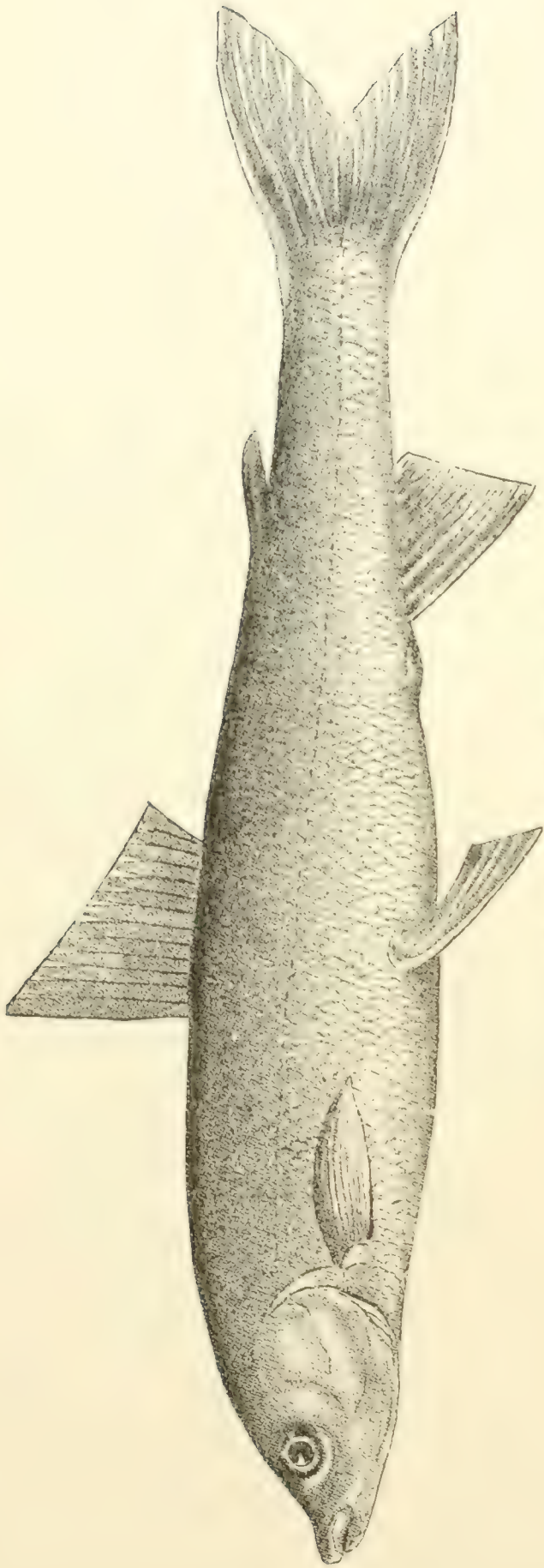
The commercial whitefish (*Coregonus clupeiformis*) has a blunt snout, eleven rays in the dorsal and a like number in the anal fin, and is usually of pale whitish color, not silvery. The length of its head is about one one-sixth of the length of the body, not including the caudal fin. The measurement of the head is from the snout along the cheeks to the extremity of the gill cover. The cisco, like all other so-called "lake herrings," including the moon-eye or cisco of Lake Michigan, has rather a long head, an average of ten rays in first dorsal, and about twelve in the anal fin; it has bluish tints above the lateral line, with silver sheen on the sides. Our illustrations of the cisco and the commercial whitefish will aid all interested in distinguishing one from the other, and the pen drawing of the Rocky mountain whitefish will at once show our Lake Geneva friends the striking physical differences between their clipper-built beauty and the coarser fish of running waters. Of the different species of ciscoes or "herrings," in number about ten or eleven (now undergoing classification revision), we have killed four, viz: the cisco of Lake Geneva, the whitefish of the Yellowstone and Gallatin, the whitefish of the Ausable river and of Lake Huron, and that of Lake Michigan. We have eaten of all of them, and in no respects did we find them equal in flavor to the cisco of Lake Geneva. Nor did they possess its vivid coloration, which is a metallic blue shading into green with rose and violet tints, nor were they so round in body or so symmetrical or clipper-built in shape. Again, every specimen—and they numbered hundreds—which I examined of

the latter named fish, ran almost uniform in size, from ten to eleven inches—none of them larger. The ciscoes of Lake Michigan and the other large lakes are of various sizes and weights, some of them being over twenty inches, and of two or more pounds in weight. This irregularity in size is particularly noticed in the whitefish of running waters, especially in the rivers Yellowstone and Gallatin, where we have caught them of inconstant sizes and weights, from a half to two pounds.

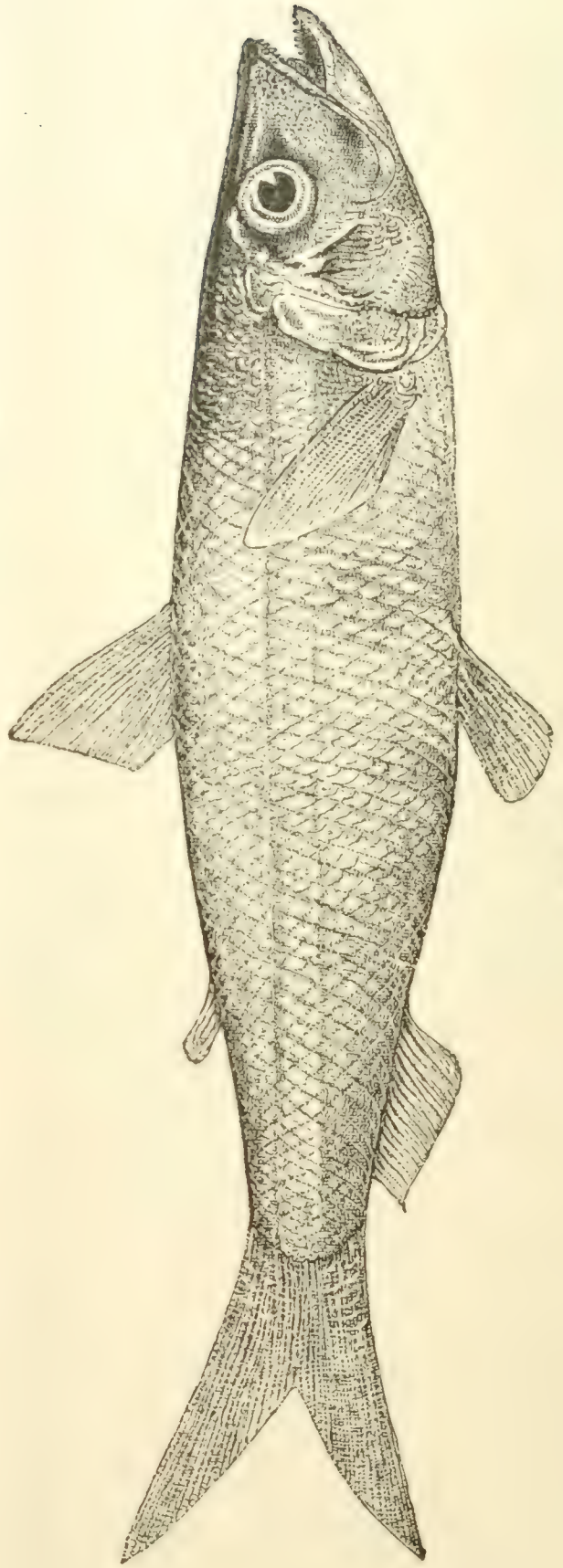
The manner in which the resident anglers of Lake Geneva catch the cisco is strikingly different from that of the fishermen of other places who fish for the ciscoes, or herring, as they call them. In this connection we quote from Professor Charles Lindin, of Buffalo, now deceased, who wrote for THE AMERICAN ANGLER, in July, 1883, an extended paper on the "Cisco of Lake Erie:"

"As soon as the waters of Lake Erie become refrigerated, which happens about the latter end of October, the herrings, as they are briefly called by the fishermen along the shores of the lake, make there appearance near the shores in the low water and at the mouth of the Niagara river, which they frequent undoubtedly for spawning purposes, as their ovaries, particularly those of the larger females, are full of well matured eggs.

"It is by the seine only that the herring, arriving in the late fall, is taken, and all other artifices to allure it, by bait or fly, have thus far proven unsuccessful. An occasional haul, however, testifies that this fish does not leave the river, but that it remains here until the beginning or middle of July, when it again retires to parts unknown, which are probably not far from the vicinity



The Rocky Mountain Whitefish.



The Smelt.

of Long Point, sixty-five miles west of Buffalo, where the marine charts indicate the deepest soundings.

“Before the herring, however, takes his final departure for his long vacation, he regales a few of the amateur anglers at Buffalo with excellent sport, as he takes almost as kindly to the fly as his near related cousin, the silvery mooneye.

“When or where originated, the manufacture of a special fly for this only purpose cannot be definitely ascertained: but so far as I can learn, it was first employed by an old expert devotee of the gentle art known to all of the fraternity simply as Old Mitchell. He has gone long since to happier fishing grounds, and must have been a person of no ordinary powers of observation to devise not only the fly itself, used for the capture of the herring, but also the proper manner of its handling, since this involves a correct knowledge of the habits of the fish and his food, which had, in the absence of all printed information upon this subject, to be gathered alone from original observations. The whole *modus operandi*, as practiced still by his disciples, is based upon the development of the imago of the common May fly, *Ephemera vulgate*, from its aquatic larval condition.

* * * * *

“When the time for the change of the sub-imago of the May fly into the true imago has arrived, it ascends from the bottom of the river to its surface, casts off the thin pellicule-like shell of its soft body, and enters upon the culminating stage of its ærial life, which, as above stated, rarely lasts longer than a day, unless the insect is prevented from copulation. This brief epoch in its life history is an equally important one to the captor of its most voracious

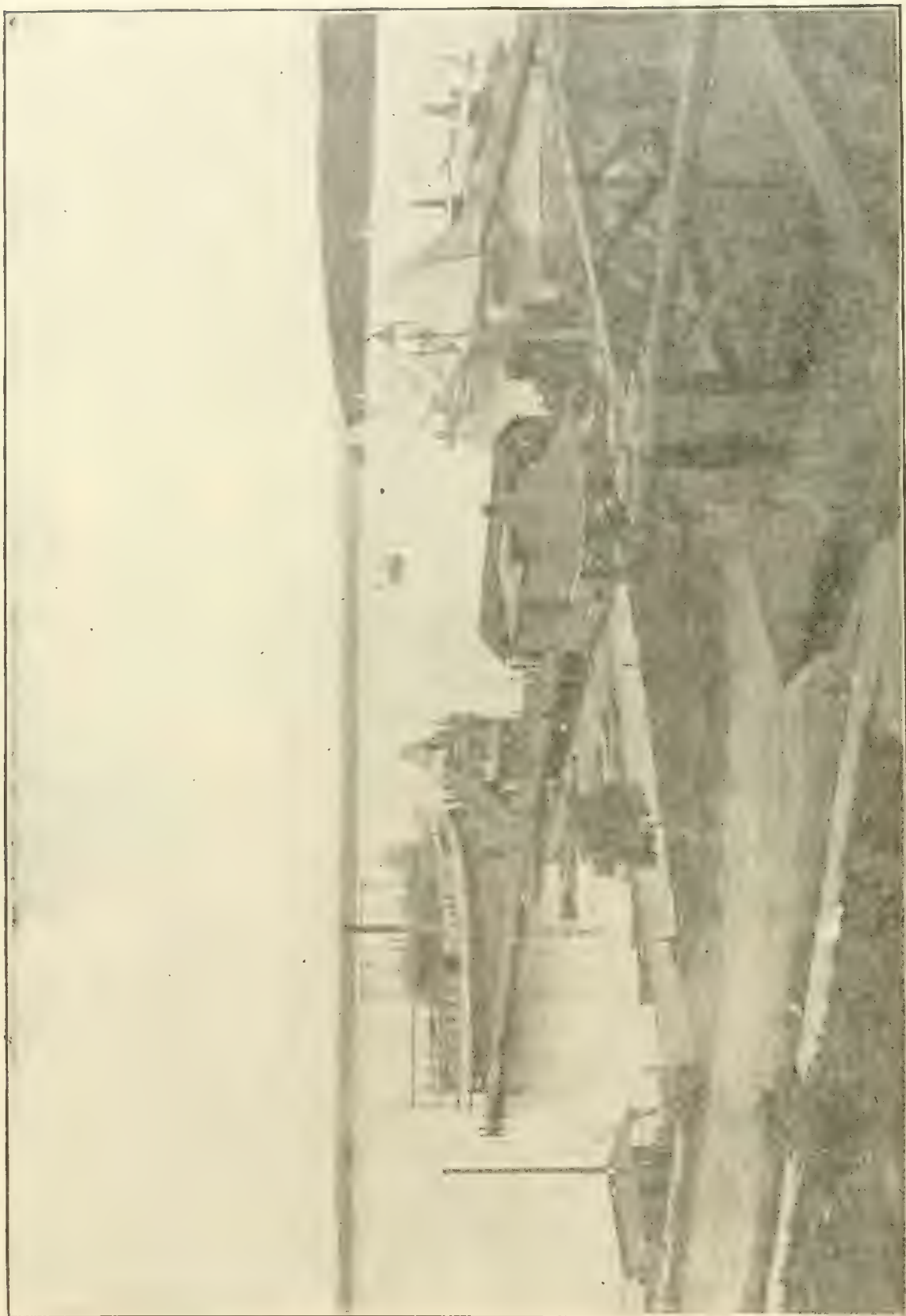
enemy, the lake herring, the fishing for which is then at its fullest height.

“Although the herring is occasionally taken in April and May, by using minnows for bait, the new food supply demands now a change of tactics, and a novel stratagem is devised, by the employment of which as much scientific sport may be had as any enthusiastic fly trout fisher may desire. When the imagos of the May fly rise by myriads, the herrings, attracted by them, are on the alert for this favorite food, with which, as shown by examination of their stomachs, they are fairly crammed.

“The angler, in order to accomplish his purpose, and adopting the precept of Father Mitchell, now uses a rough and ready imitation of the body of the May fly, in the form of a dull orange colored fly, very small, made of silk and feathers, tied upon a still smaller hook, and furnished with an attached sinker, to drag the line quickly down to the bottom. When this is struck the artificial fly is readily pulled up to the surface, in order to imitate the rising natural one, for which it is often enough mistaken by many an unfortunate herring, who, too late, discovers his mistake, as the small fine hook is generally effective in securing him.”

We have quoted the professor somewhat at length, to show how marked in contrast are the tackle and methods of fishing of the Lake Erie cisco anglers and those of Lake Geneva. The latter catch them on the surface, or an inch or so below it, but generally skim their natural and live lures over the water, while those of Erie fish from the bottom up with an artificial fly, “dapping” it, as English anglers sometimes do, when fishing for trout in much-fished waters.

It may be interesting to note what



Scene at the Cisco Dock, Lake Geneva.

that grand old angler and fish culturist, Seth Green, had to say on the subject of the cisco and catching them. On November 30, 1884, he wrote us:

"The ciscos can be caught during the months of May and June, by using the artificial fly, the same as in trout fishing. They come to the surface during those months to feed on the flies, which are usually very abundant. The artificial flies should be made to imitate the flies on the water. They are caught in this way in Geneva lake, Wisconsin, and I have taken them in Irondequoit bay, in the vicinity of Rochester. They require cold water, and are never found near the shore, or on the surface when the water becomes warm, at which time they settle into deep water. They could then be taken by fishing with very fine tackle, using a small minnow, which should not be more than one and a half to two inches long, or worms for bait. The minnow would be liable to be the most successful. These fish travel in schools, and the great difficulty would be to find a school. If you succeeded you would surely take them.

"I would advise having several hooks baited and attached to a fine gut leader. Have some of the hooks baited with worm and some with minnow. I should prefer Sneek hook, size No. 6 or 7. In the fall they come into the shallow water to spawn, and that is the reason you see them now."

We could fill many papers with excerpts from letters received during the past ten years anent the cisco and the "herrings" so called, in all of which, however, there is but one opinion and experience, that the cisco, in average waters, rises in May and June to the natural fly, but is not a hard fighter; is caught at other times with live minnow

bait and comes into shoal water in October and November to spawn, at which time they will not take a lure of any description. The consensus of the reports received is that the ciscoes or "herrings" of the Great Lakes vary in size and, while commercially in demand, possess no special flavor of flesh to attract the *gourmet*.

With the above facts in hand, the anglers of Lake Geneva can set aside for their beautiful fish its own ichthic niche of honor. Certainly it has above its congeners many qualities of a grade worthy of such award. It rises eagerly to a floating fly, fights with the vigor, if not the strength, of a lusty trout; it is a bottom riser, like the grayling, and is gifted with great range of vision, for it will come a hundred feet to seize an ephemera not more than half an inch in length. It is an exceptionally colored fish, with a metallic sheen of mingled green, blue and rose tints above the lateral line, and silver sides glowing in lustre equal to that of the molten metal on the tarpon, the acrobat of the Southern seas. The flavor of its flesh, flaky and creamy, is peculiarly sweet and appetizing, and can only be described by calling it of cisco savor, for no other fish, to our tongue, except the pompano, has such a characteristic and pleasing taste. It commands, during the season, \$1 per pound, an equal price with that of the brook trout, the fad fish of the aristocrat's table, which, unlike the cisco, is only fine in flavor when cooked fresh from the water. The Lake Geneva fish runs almost mathematically uniform in size, ten to eleven inches, thus differing from those of its kind found in other waters, and if the habit of fall spawning in the shoal waters, like all other ciscoes or "herrings" of the lakes, is not a trait of the fish of Lake Geneva, they certainly are an unique fish, and entirely worthy of what is proudly claimed for them, "a fish peculiar to our lake," by the residents on the banks of this beautiful water.

TEACHING A COMMUNITY TO FLY FISH—THE FISH HOG.

BY G. W. GRIFFIN.

Green Castle, Ind., is the seat of De Pauw University, the great Methodist college of the West, and one would as much expect to find atheists, deists and the whole galaxy of unbelievers among its resident population, as fishermen. Hardly had the last snow of the past cold winter disappeared before the warm spring sun, when I began to hear fish talk, and to see more or less beginning to get ready to go a-fishing on the part of several of its most influential citizens. But as a rod was called a pole, and there sprung up a sudden demand for 10 cent lines, fully equipped with hook, sinker and bob, it became self-evident the science of angling was not taught in the university. It soon became apparent, when the average citizen shouldered his pole, took up his can of worms, or bucket of minnows, and started for the stream (Big Walnut, about a mile from town) that he went after meat. The idea that sport could enter into and become the all-absorbing incentive, the ruling passion, in the day's outing, was beyond his wildest dreams. Had the economy of nature been so arranged that he could have knocked the fish off the limbs of the trees on the banks with his pole, which was no doubt better adapted to that purpose than angling, the object of his going a-fishing would the sooner have been attained, and he, the chump fisherman, the more highly pleased with the result.

The idea of sport being thus swallowed up in that of meat, necessarily precluded all thought of returning to the water the small fry, hence everything from three inches up was held as

meat and went to swell the day's catch. The crude tackle, the "get there" manner of using it, but, above all, the bull-dog idea of tenaciously holding on to everything coming to the hook, regardless of future supply and demand, was more than one making any claim to true angling could stand by and see without a protest. And right here is when I made "a ass" of myself. I use this expression of the lamented A. Ward, because I regard it as a sort of superlative tense of an ass. It comes, sooner or later, to all men to make the crowning mistake of their lives, and, until I make a greater, I shall think the supreme effort of my life in this respect was put forth in the month of June, A. D., 1895.

I could have protested against this unsportsmanlike style of taking bass, and the slaughter of quarter and half-pound fish, and discharged my whole duty toward my fellow-man, then quietly took my way to the stream with rod and flies, and had miles of beautiful pools and bouldered riffles to myself, and left the bungling pole fishermen to their wallow.

But no, I must needs give them my hand, and lead them up to the high and nobler plains of artistic angling, until now the populace is all agog, the fever has reached all classes and conditions of mankind, and the family that cannot produce "on call" one or more chuckers of the bug have lost caste in its neighborhood. When the water is in condition, not a day passes that it is not whipped by ten or fifteen rods. With the majority, the hoggish instinct to keep small bass still lingers; with

many, I fear, it will abide unto the end.

It is incomprehensible, the extent to which quantity to the exclusion of quality, is found in the make-up of the average individual. It is a hideous blot that will not out on the otherwise fair escutcheon of many an angler of recognized skill and national reputation.

Each season there are parties fishing the waters of Northern Michigan and Wisconsin who take bass, trout, mascalonge and pike perch in such numbers, beyond the possibility of consumption, that hundreds of their catch have to be buried to make existence in camp tolerable. The catch of these butchers is written up by some quantity-befogged correspondent and by the daily press, in many instances ably assisted by the sporting journals, and heralded throughout the land as brilliant achievements in true sportmanship. And these same butchers have the supreme gall to pose as anglers. Their slaughtering instincts would barr them out of a Digger Indian camp. They do not possess the A B C's of true angling. There is not enough poetry, music, love of nature and nature's creations in the pinched-up souls of a dozen of these butchers, to make the ninth part of an angler.

A hog is a hog, whether constructed with two or four legs, and you can no more make an angler out of the two-legged variety than you can make a silk purse out of an ear of the four-legged kind. In fishing for bass, whether fly or bait casting, it should be beneath the spirit and manliness of an angler to keep anything under a pound, unless so badly hooked as to make recovery extremely doubtful.

I firmly believe that this little world we inhabit was so constructed that its

internal machinery is so manipulated and run by the head engineer, that the angler who has lived and been actuated by this law of quality, rather than by that of quantity, will be found, when the last trumpet is sounded and all goes up in blue smoke, to have had the greatest number and most enjoyable outings; to have had the longest and most exciting battles, and to have brought to the gaff and net the biggest fish, and that to him will be assigned the best pools of the golden streams in "the land of the Hereafter." I adopted the rule, years since, of returning to the water all bass under a pound, and I will go home empty handed, as I have done many and many a time, if I can't take fish of a pound and upwards. I carried this rule with me to the Tippecanoe, where, with our party, it has become as "the law of the Medes and Persians," and he who does not keep it holy is shunned as a leper.

Big Walnut, the fishing waters of this town, is not an ideal bass stream, but above the average for a stream of its size and volume of water. It is fed by springs largely, but runs through a section of country too level to be a stream of much current. Like all Indiana streams—tributary or sub-tributary to the Wabash and Ohio rivers—it contains bass, the small-mouth, so far as I have observed. If not an ideal fly-casting stream, it possesses many features tending to that end; it has numerous bouldered pools and riffles, and the caster who can get out sixty and seventy feet of line can cover all its pools, and, as a rule, have a clear battle-field. A number of three and four pound fish have been taken with the fly this season, and I would guess, from what little I have seen, that it can hold its own with many of the more preten-

tious waters of the State. If properly protected there is no reason why it should not grow into a prolific bass stream.

But, as there was never a flower so pure and beautiful as not to be plucked by some devastating hand, as there could not have been a heaven without presupposing a hell, no more can there be a beautiful and fruitful bass stream that does not, sooner or later, feel the blighting touch of the dynamiter and seiner, and Walnut is by no means exempt from the depletion incident to the ravages of this lawless element. The man who deliberately, "with malice aforethought," will seine the waters of a State prohibiting seining, would steal his neighbor's stock, his purse, or fire his house or barn, had he not the fear of the greater punishment attending the committing of these crimes, and, like all criminals, the sooner his place is filled by a law-abiding citizen, the

higher the moral sentiment of that community, the lower the rate of taxation, the better the fishing.

All this means I have done no fishing this season; therefore, have no big catches to report, no long and brilliant battles to describe, that I don't appreciate a good thing when I see it, but am soft enough to give it away to Tom, Dick and Harry. In extenuation of this unexampled softness, let us hope that "in the lands of the blessed" I will be credited with having attempted to make true sportsmen out of a lot of chump pole-fishermen, and that any falling short of the end in view may be charged to the proper account—the unadulterated greed and innate depravity of the pupils, rather than to any inefficiency on the part of the teacher.

And in October, when I take my annual outing, I may have "something" to send *THE ANGLER* of the fishing on on the Tippecanoe in 1895.



The Pike.

ANGLING AND ANGLING APPLIANCES.

BY R. B. MARSTON, EDITOR "FISHING GAZETTE," OF LONDON, ENG.

Very pleasant it is for an Englishman who for many years has watched the progress of field sports in America, as chronicled in the columns of *Forest and Stream*, *Shooting and Fishing*, *THE AMERICAN ANGLER*, *The American Field*, etc., to note the strong and universal hold which the sport of angling has on the affections of the American people. Hanging on the walls of my fishing library are fine old contemporary engravings of two noted anglers—one was the saviour of the Old World, the other of the New—Nelson and Washington. A matter of congratulation to us anglers also is that the present twice-elected President of the United States is an enthusiastic angler, as is also his charming wife.

One of the beauties of angling is the very wide range and variety of sport it offers. If you court sport with danger, the noble salmon, from the ice-cold torrents of the northern rivers, invites you to test your best strength with him. There, as bracing yourself waist-deep against the rushing waters, against the gale of sleet and hail which sweeps down the gorge from the snow-clad mountains—there, after many a cast with your 18 ft. salmon rod, which the north wind treats like a reed, now bending it back on you, now dashing the rough leader across your face like a whip-lash—there, out in the midst of the foam and waves, a great flash of silver catches your eye. It is the monarch of the stream; he has accepted your invitation to battle; and to defeat him will tax every resource at your command, aided as he is

by the stress of water and weather, by the sunken rocks and slippery boulders among which you must follow him, or the still more dangerous quicksand.

Or, on a warm summer evening, as your boat drifts over the lake before the refreshing breeze, you may almost without effort cast the taper line, gossamer gut collar, and dainty flies across the path of the advancing trout, and then admire the graceful curve of your trusty split cane, green-heart, lancewood, or other favorite old rod, as it bends to the rush of the game fish.

Twelve or fifteen years ago no British firm could compete with the best makers of one particular description of rod, viz.: the hexagonal split cane. These beautiful rods were imported at first in small quantities, chiefly by one or two West-end gunmakers, and sold at exorbitant prices; or now and then English sportsmen, returning from the States, brought these new rods with them. They were received with that national prejudice which leads us at first to under-rate a thing, and then to run to the other extreme of over-rating it, making a fashion of it. The great demand then caused a large number of utterly worthless built-cane rods to be made for this market, bringing discredit on a style of rod which, if properly made, has in many respects no superior. Split-cane rods were, indeed, exhibited by Messrs. Aldred & Co., of Oxford street, as long ago as the first International "World's Fair"—that of 1851. They were made of triangular slips of cane glued together, and rounded on the outside so as to appear

like an ordinary hard wood rod. They are good rods, and Lord Lovat possessed one for many years, with which he killed two tons of salmon.

Although built-cane rods, like built-cane cricket-bat handles, are undoubtedly an English invention, comparatively very few were made in this country until American rod-makers improved them by making them hexagonal, thus keeping all the hard enamel on the outside of the rod, and, by using machinery in their manufacture, securing the necessary uniformity in size of the sections used in making up each joint—a very expensive, tedious, and uncertain process when done by hand.

In Great Britain and Ireland, in our colonies, in India, in Canada, in fact all over the world where angling can be practiced by our countrymen, the built-up cane rod is used and most highly appreciated; and for this we have chiefly to thank those celebrated American rod-makers, Mitchell and Leonard. For all this, it cannot be said that with us the built-up cane is the prime favorite, as it is in America. The majority of our anglers still prefer, for most kinds of fishing, rods made of greenheart.

It is a somewhat curious fact that, although "spinning from the reel" is a very favorite method of fishing, both in this country and in America, the reels used and the methods of using them are quite different. By "spinning from the reel" is meant casting a spinning bait from twenty to fifty, and in some cases eighty, yards, by allowing the line to run off the reel, carried by the bait, which has been propelled through the air by a more or less vigorous swing of the rod. Without illustrations it is somewhat difficult to describe this very fascinating method of fishing in a

few words. Everyone knows what a revolving crane for loading and unloading railway trucks, ships, etc., is like. Suppose the angler to be the body of the crane, the long arm the rod, and the chain and windlass the reel and line. The angler winds his bait up to within a foot or so of the point of the rod, just as the weight to be lifted is wound up near to the end of the arm of the crane. Now suppose the crane, instead of being turned on its axis slowly, is made to revolve rapidly for half a circle, and then suddenly stopped and the drag taken off the chain. The natural result would be that great momentum would be given to the weight suspended from the chain, and when the arm of the crane was stopped the weight would fly off to a considerable distance, carrying the chain after it.

This is the whole principle of "spinning from the reel;" and, whether it is done from a light English "Nottingham" reel, or from an American "Frankfort," "Van Hofe," or "Imbrie" metal multiplying reel, requires very considerable skill to accomplish successfully. By the way, Dr. Henshall is quite mistaken in his description of what he, on p. 250 of the 1881 edition of his "Book of the Black Bass," calls "the Nottingham style of fishing." He says that in this style, "much in vogue in England," the angler coils a lot of line off the reel on the ground, lets twelve or fifteen feet of the line hang from the top of the rod, takes hold of the line a few feet from the sinker and *gives it a few rapid whirls about his head*, and then casts it as far as he can, the rod in the meantime being held firmly in the left hand. No wonder he adds that "to an expert angler such a game would not be worth the candle." An English

angler, who knows the charm which the use of the light free-running Nottingham reel affords, will look upon the genial doctor's description as one of the best fishing stories we have had, even from America. As a matter of fact, the present writer never saw any angler in any part of Great Britain or Ireland whirl a spinning bait round his head with one hand while holding the rod with the other, or, indeed, cast a bait in this way at all.

In what is known as the "Thames" style of casting a spinning bait, the angler pulls the line off the reel and coils it at his feet in the fishing punt or boat, or on the bank; then giving the bait, suspended near the rod-point, a swing with the rod, and releasing the line, the bait flies off in the direction intended, carrying the line after it, just as a rocket carries a line from the shore to a ship.

Many of our best anglers use both styles, and both have special advantages. The light, large barrel of the "Nottingham" reel, made of vulcanite or well-seasoned wood, revolves on a fine steel spindle with which it is only in contact at two points, which are kept well oiled to reduce the friction to a minimum. A good "Nottingham" reel of $4\frac{1}{2}$ inch, or 5 inch diameter and 2 inch in width will continue to revolve for two or even three minutes when held in the hand, or standing on a table, simply from the impetus given by one or two quick strokes with the hand on the rim of the revolving part, or by pressing and suddenly releasing the handle. About the year 1882 Mr. David Slater, of Newark-on-Trent, invented what is known as Slater's "Combination" Nottingham and ordi-

nary reel. In this beautiful reel, the barrel which holds the line revolves inside a brass frame, with side bars, and when the "check" is brought into action, the reel is, to all intents and purposes, an ordinary fishing reel; but touch the check spring again, you have a very strong and yet delicately adjusted barrel, which on the least pull of the wheel will fly round like the fly wheel of an engine. All the best Nottingham reels have a "check" action, and all have two ivory or vulcanite handles placed opposite each other on the outside edge of the revolving reel. One handle balances the other, just as in the American-German silver or brass multiplier you must have the balanced handle—which to an English angler looks a very dangerous line catcher. The two handles on the Nottingham reel, being in shape like thimbles, and sitting close on the smooth side of the reel, never catch the line.

The English angler controls the run of the Nottingham reel, so as to prevent over-running, by the gentlest pressure of the finger tips on the smooth rim of the revolving barrel or spool; the American angler has to use a thumb-stall, as the thumb is pressed gently on the body of the line on the spool, just behind the point where the line is leaving it, the reel being on the upper side of the rod. This causes very great friction, especially where heavy baits and sinkers are used. More force is required to make this multiplier revolve than is required by a plain Nottingham reel.

In America, undressed, fine, braided linen lines appear to be preferred for casting from the reel; in England we prefer very fine, undressed, plaited silk lines.

NATURAL BAIT VS. FLIES FOR BLACK BASS.

BY "JUMBO," OF BALTIMORE.

Almost ever since I was old enough to "reach the trigger"—and I won't crack under the wing any more—I have angled for nothing else, and had I not used bait I would have been deprived of not less than one-half of my lifetime's sport.

Why?

Because with us, *i. e.*, on the Potomac, Shenandoah and Susquehanna, we begin fishing in April, during which month the black bass will not take the fly. May is a close month. In June they will take the fly. In July, August and the first half of September you can't catch enough fish to "color" the pan, even if your brain will stand the frying it would get on our rivers during that period from the sun. The last half of September, October and November (and, this winter, December and January) they don't think much of the fly, but can always be had with the minnow.

Young anglers who have sat around and heard the "gang" discourse during the winter, very often get the impression that the bait fisherman is one who thinks more of the quantity he gets than the high art of getting them. I contend that it requires more skill in fishing for black bass, as we do it, with bait than with a fly, and my argument is this:

Any one with ordinary intelligence, and a real desire to learn, can, under proper instruction, learn to cast a fly sufficiently accurate in a single day for all *practical* purposes in open water, where the black bass are usually found. I have known lots of men to learn to cast fifty feet in much less time. Fly-

fishing means that your forward cast is made with the thumb and wrist, elbow close to your side, and the flies delivered upon the surface with more or less lightness, according to your practice and experience. (The biggest bass I ever took with the fly was when the back cast fouled a bush, and, when pulled loose, went forward with as great a splash into the water as the leader and gang of flies were capable of producing). If the bass is there, and decides it is something he wants, he takes right hold, and you half turn your wrist to the right and there you are. If he misses, the back cast is involuntary and usually high. If he is hooked or not you know it at once, and you can tell, if you are old enough, within four ounces of what he will weigh. It won't go down with me to tell how you played him, and all that sort of thing, because I have seen him brought to the net too often. You just reel him in as fast as your reel will turn, and that's the end of it.

By the way, did you ever see any old stager "play" a bass, or know any one to voluntarily give a bass any more line than he forced from you, to prevent losing your tackle? I never did, and I have fished with many old, young and middle-aged. Now for the bait-fishing.

You select a lively minnow, hook him through the *lips* from a single oo Kirby, Aberdeen, or whatever your fancy is—we use no gangs. Then, with your thumb on the reel, you cast him where you think your game is. The bait is allowed to sink near the bottom, and you immediately begin to reel in slowly. Possibly before you begin to

reel in you notice there is a demand, usually a very gentle one, for more line. In this case you supply it, expeditiously but quietly, until there is no further call. Then, you cautiously take up your slack until you can "feel him breathe." He may lie still for a time and then move off slowly. Let him go. He has not swallowed the bait yet. He may start with a rush. Still I say let him go. Presently he stops, and all is quiet for a few seconds. Possibly he moves towards you, and you are kept busy getting in that slack. When you think, and this "think" has got to be from long experience, then be sure you have your line straight and taut from his mouth to the tip of your rod and let him have it.

Does not the band play then?

What I am trying to demonstrate is that there is lots more fun in seeing your line run away with a "don't know what" weight of bass on the end, and the uncertainty as to whether you will be able or not to judge the proper moment in which to set the steel into him, than to know instantly (as with the fly) that you have or have not got him and what the "heft" of him is.

I'm not running down the fly-fisherman, for I do it myself when they won't take the minnow, just the same as I troll or use any other *legitimate* means when demanded for a day's fishing.

Did any one ever give you an idea of how we fish in our rivers for bass? We use a broad, flat-bottomed boat, sometimes pointed at the bow, sometimes square, in the bow of which the angler *stands* and casts on all sides as the boat floats down stream. The boatman puts you from one side of the river to the other as you go along, so that you try *all* the places. The casting is done "Henshall" fashion (so-called), from below up, and is made for distances varying from 50 to 150 feet (this last distance may be disputed, so please refer to the black bass casting record as published by you, showing what was done at the New York tournaments). After allowing the minnow to sink a short distance, the line is reeled in and another cast made. This is done continuously over from seven to ten miles of water as a day's work, and if any fisherman (fly or bait) thinks there is no work in this, let him try it.

There is one other advantage in bait-fishing for *bass* which, while it is a minor one, is treated with more or less disdain by the fraternity, and that is the *weight* of the catch. It has never been disputed, to my knowledge, that the bait-fishermen get the biggest bass, and this my own experience, one of a quarter of a century exclusively devoted to this fish, fully demonstrates.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Under this Department Heading queries relative to Angling, Ichthyology and Fish Culture will be answered.]

The Eel vs. the Black Bass.

Until recently, we have always believed that the black bass was a fit antagonist for any fish of its size and weight, particularly during the spawning season, when parental love or solicitude for the life of its young seems to imbue it with an increase of vigor and combativeness should a fish of another species approach the bed, where the eggs are lying, or the young fry huddling, under the restraining and watchful care of the parent fish. But recently we met at Royce's choice hostelry, in the mountains of Sullivan County, an observant angler, Mr. O. M. Cleveland, of Newburgh, N. Y., who said that during a recent visit to Pleasant Lake, in the above named county, he noted that the black bass were unusually scarce on their customary feeding grounds, so much so that he determined to examine their spawning beds, and to his surprise found many of these fish still watching their eggs, and, in some cases, the newly hatched out fry. On observing closely, he found on many of the beds large eels working and squirming in the gravel of the nests, evidently eating the eggs of the bass, which, in some instances, had apparently deserted the beds, or else were leisurely swimming around the outskirts of them. Mr. Cleveland commendably, and with the spirit that should animate every true angler, procured a spear and impaled as many of these spawn-destroying eels as possible under the existing conditions.

We can come to but one conclusion in explanation of the apparent apathy of the parent bass, which, in this case, seemed to have lost all their usual solicitude for the well-being of their eggs, and to have become, from the most combative fish of fresh waters, the most subdued and powerless of all of them. They had discovered their utter inability to prevent the bottom-crawling eel from getting on their nests. These squirmy fellows would undermine the bed, and, by sticking to the bottom, rendered the otherwise ferocious bass helpless to assault them—the latter fish in fighting

always use the strong spines of their first dorsal fin, which were useless to assail this ground-hugging marauder of the nests.

We hope that all anglers will follow Mr. Cleveland's praiseworthy course, and make it a special duty to examine their favorite bass waters, and spear every eel they find on the spawning beds of these fish. So far as our knowledge at present extends, these facts open up a new danger to the increase of the black bass, and, in one instance coming under our observation, may account for the utter failure of this fish to increase in numbers, when all the conditions of water and food supply were favorable to their growth and natural propagation.—ED.

Effect of Change of Habitat on Trout.

In your very interesting answer in the August number of the *THE ANGLER* to the queries of L. H. D. about fly fishing for black bass, you state that "difference in habitat will affect, measurably, coloration and, even in slight degree, the physical structure of fish." In my limited experience I have seen instances of this which puzzle me.

I have seen trout taken from neighboring waters, so different that it is hard to believe that they are true relations. For instance, in two small but beautiful lakes, one in Ulster, the other in Delaware county, N. Y., both of which empty into the Beaverkill, I have taken trout which were uniformly long, slim, highly colored, with the red spots much larger than those found in the river, and with pink flesh almost like that of salmon.

Now, the Beaverkill trout vary in shape: some are fat and well favored, and occasionally you will find a long, lean one, and the color also varies, as everyone knows, even in adjacent pools. But these trout from the lakes look decidedly different from any Beaverkill trout, and different even from those found in the outlets of the lakes.

I once spent a couple of days with a friend on his preserve on Long Island. We fished in a pond. Here again the trout were so totally different from those in the mountain region, either in lake or stream, that it was hard to realize that they are of the same species. These Long Island fish, especially the larger ones, looked more like black bass than trout in shape. Their color was less bright, but that, of course, is easily accounted for.

It was their stout, bass-like shape which made the puzzling difference.

Doubtless all these fish are of the same species, but can they not be called different varieties? Would the Long Island trout, if put into the Beaverkill, retain their peculiar shape, or would the Beaverkill trout, put into the lakes, become assimilated in shape and color to the natives of the lakes? L. S. D.

Where a function of the body is involuntary, such as those which promote or retard the growth or physical development, the factors are, primarily, character and quantity of food and conditions of environment, particularly in the case of fishes, the adaptibility of the water in which they live to a healthy and vigorous life, or *vice versa*. No animal exists that adapts itself to the condition of a new habitat with less apparent effort or disturbance of its organic functions than a fish. This is particularly the case with fresh-water species, as the marine forms seem to be more sensitive to changes of temperature, and are said to suffer in transportation from one climate to another, although the transfer of the Eastern salt-water striped bass across the continent to the Pacific slope was attended with small loss of the fish and the most extraordinary success, as shown in their rapid increase in size and numbers in their new habitat.

The queries of our correspondent open up a subject of much interest, particularly to us, for, as these lines are written, we are on an outing in Sullivan county, N. Y., where trout talk thickens the atmosphere and leavens all other things of life. Hundreds of the trout of Willowemoc stream have passed our examination during these summer months, and they are not in appearance, at least, the trout of last year or the year before. They are, as a rule, darker in color and in many instances pot-bellied to deformity, especially those caught in the upper and narrower reaches of the stream. This transformation has evidently been caused by the increase of supply of their daily food, and the grasshopper is the *piece de resistance* thereof. The extremely dry summer has been favorable for hatching the eggs of this insect, and wherever a twig or bush exists along the water banks, hundreds of them are disturbed by the passing angler or the vagabond-feeding cattle of this region. They fall in the water, and the fish feed and fatten on them like hogs in a pen. This condition not only renders them indifferent to the fly-fisherman's feathered lures; it causes them to hug the pools where their food is constantly

falling, and to shun the shallows and rapids, where in former seasons and in a higher stage of water they foraged, perforce, for a living, and kept intact and vigorous their clipper-built forms, so strongly in contrast with their aldermanic proportions of the present year. Here we have before us a striking instance of the effect which plenteous and healthful food has upon the shape and development of the body of the fish. The grasshopper does the work, for in some long stretches of water with stony and shrubless banks, *fontinalis*, if he lingers there at all, will be found of normal form and vigilantly active in the pursuit of food, coming at the feathers with a vim born of marauding habits.

A similar stoutness of body occurs in the trout of the mill dams or ponds, wherever food of a crustaceous character is found on the bottom. Plenty of crayfish food fattens them until they become almost as broad at the shoulders as a black bass, as stated by our correspondent of Long Island trout. We caught trout in the Oneida Club waters near Booneville, N. Y., out of the deep water of the dam, which were almost identical with the stout fish he describes, and a few rods above the head of the same dam we took trout that were long and slender like the Beaverkill trout we caught a few years ago.

Of course, our correspondent is aware that coloration is not considered in classification of species, for it changes as conditions of the water and atmosphere change, and bearing this fact in mind, we are inclined to reply in the negative to his first query, or to be more exact, we believe that his bulky Long Island trout, when put in the Beaverkill stream, would become, and rapidly, Beaverkill trout in form and feeding habits, and that the last named fish would grow stout under the food conditions of the Long Island ponds. We should bear in mind, however, that heredity or that physical idiosyncrasy which we often observe in animals, under which a gaunt horse or bony man will not take on flesh or fat, is also observed as prevailing among fishes. Take five thousand trout fry, place them in a hatchery, pen or pond, immediately after the umbilical sack has been absorbed or disappears, give them all the same food and care, and in a month or so you will see some of them growing faster, some stouter than others, more active and combative; indeed, so vigorous and cannibalistic are some of them, that (so Seth Green

told us) a trout of one and a half inches has been seen to attempt to swallow one of an inch in length. This striking difference in size and growth may also be seen in the fry when the umbilical sack is still adherent, and goes to show that some fish babies, like human ones, are born lusty and big, while others are puny and pining.

We regret to see that our correspondent is inclined to favor multiplicity of species of trout rather than consolidation of them into a simpler and more concise classification than at present exists. We believe that the tendency with the older and best known naturalists of America, as it certainly is with those of Europe, is to condense species rather than extend them. It is not to the credit of either the learning or personal reputation of our young ichthyologists when they split hairs over anatomical construction of outline or organs of fishes, that they may be dubbed discoverers of new species, or in their apparent enjoyment of, or eagerness for, a little mutual "back-scratching," they elaborate fish nomenclature with the names of their grateful co-laborers, rendered into ungraceful Latin or still more incongruous Greek terminology.—ED.

Fly Fishing for Trout in the Gloaming.

During a recent brief trout outing on the mountain streams of New York State, we chanced to meet with two of the most experienced trout fishermen that the country has ever produced. They have passed, at least, a quarter of a century in the pursuit of the brook beauty, and one of them does not care a fig to catch any other fish than the trout. Saturated, as he is, with love of this fish, and passing summer after summer for many years in the catching of none other, he has reached the point where a man's hobby depreciates everything that butts up against it, and, as there is no fish, in his opinion, that can compare with the lordly trout, his ideas as to its quality, habits and deservings reach, we think great, but assailable heights. For instance, he will not fish in the gloaming for trout, because, he says, it is taking an unfair advantage of these fish; anybody, he adds, can catch fish when they can't see the angler.

Our friend and superb angler seems to forget that he starts out in the morning with full intent to take an unfair advantage of the fish, just as much so as when a man strikes another from behind and in the back of the neck. He

uses dead feathers, which he so manipulates that they appear, to the fish, as a live insect, and to make the deception still greater, he works up stream, knowing full well that trout lie heads up current, and cannot see the approaching angler or start at the play of his uplifted rod. Again, when the sunlight is glinting the face of every pebble or stone on the bottom of the pellucid pool, he will wait for a passing cloud shadow to darken the water before the cast is made. He will crawl, as we have done many times before him, on his stomach twenty or more feet, that a big one in a certain shallow pool, late in the season, may not become startled by the concussion of his feet on the bank, or, through the refraction of light, see the angler's body looming up like a giant approaching with dire intent; angling with the fly for trout or any other fish is simply the pitting of man's wit, knowledge and experience as an angler against the intelligent instincts of the fish. Deception is the basis of success, and the more knowledge a fisher acquires of the habits of his quarry, the more positive will be his success in luring them.

True, a man who delights in fly-fishing at night, when the rise or play of the trout, after being hooked, cannot be seen, is more of a pot-fisher than an angler, but this cannot be laid to the charge of one who loves to fly-fish in the gloaming. At that time, the environment of a mountain stream lulls the angler into content, even though the fish fail to rise. He sees Dame Nature in her most charming robe, with the mists falling lace-like down the hillsides, and a weird solitude enfolding, as it always does, the embrowned water courses, when twilight shadows are deepening. At such a time, and so long as daylight lingers, the angler need not crawl for rods on all fours to his favorite pool, nor seek the cramped shelter of rock or bush from which to cast, but his feathered lures must fall as gently, and his play of the fish must be as skillful, or rather more so, than when the sunlight mirrors the bottom of the brook.

We always make a note of the opinions and practices of anglers whom we meet on our outings, not particularly as themes for editorial criticism, but in the hope of eliciting from our readers an expression, *pro* or *con*, of their ideas of the subject under discussion. There are 6,000 species of fish in American waters, and about that number of conflicting

opinions among anglers as to where, when and how these fish should be caught, and we want to place a few of them, at least, on record as to this matter of fly-fishing for trout in the gloaming.—ED.

How Tarpon are Caught at Aransas Pass.

I had been thinking for two or three years that I would like to catch a tarpon, and after reading your article in the February number of *THE AMERICAN ANGLER*, I determined to go. I so made up a party, on the 1st of June, of some twenty, including a few ladies. We decided to try the tarpon at Aransas Pass, but only a few of us, including one lady, attempted to catch them, and nearly all, including the lady (Mrs. Brooks), caught one or more with rod, line or reel. Our party caught eight tarpon, and other parties caught as many more.

I think the tarpon fishing at Aransas Pass is done in an entirely different manner from that practiced in Florida. I tried it in the manner you suggested, by making a two-handed cast of from fifty to seventy-five feet, but I soon concluded from several trials, and the experience of my boatman, that this was not the best way for this locality, for the best tarpon fishing here is when the tide is running very swiftly in or out. We just simply drop our line, baited with mullet, over the boat, and pay out from forty to fifty yards of line. The current takes the line as fast as you pay it out, and then we wait for a strike. Your boatman keeps the boat moving about more or less. You very seldom have to wait very long. I think our average was at least five or six strikes on each half day, but I have never known one down here to swallow the bait. They are always hooked in the mouth, and I don't think that over one in fifteen or twenty that strike, are boated. We used mostly greenheart rods, seven to eight feet, No. 21 Cuttyhunk lines, and 10.0 O'Shaughnessy hooks. I think, especially in fishing for tarpon, you want the very best rods, reels, lines and hooks you can get. We had several reels to jam on us.

LEVI LINGO.

[Our suggestion in the February number of *THE ANGLER*, that the most artistic method of catching tarpon would be similar to that of casting the minnow for black bass, was made solely from a theoretical standpoint. We did not imagine that one angler in a thousand could stand the strain of casting

a heavy mullet bait with a stiff rod all day, or even a part of one. We regret that our correspondent has not been more explicit in his description of Aransas Pass methods of catching tarpon. Did the bait play under the action of the tide on the surface of the water, or was a heavy sinker attached? In what depth of water was the fishing done? Did the angler pay out line after the pluck of the fish, or did he strike immediately? Under the latter condition we can easily understand why only one fish was boated out of twenty hooked, and this percentage agrees with that made by fishermen in Florida, who troll for tarpon, which cannot be successfully killed unless the hook is lodged in the gullet or deep in the inner angle of the mouth. We hope our correspondent will favor us with additional details as to the methods employed in fishing for tarpon at Aransas Pass.—ED.]

Weight of Bluefish.

A friend told me he caught, this summer, on the Massachusetts coast, a bluefish weighing 14 lb., and I disputed the weight, being under the impression that during the last twenty years not five bluefish of that weight have been caught. Am I right or wrong?

G. L. G.

You are wrong. Many bluefish have been caught weighing over 14 lb.; in fact, specimens here and there have been taken that weighed from 20 to 25 lb., and Dr. Yarrow reports that in the October run of this fish, along the Carolina coast, many are taken that weigh from 15 to 20 lbs. The fall run always contains the largest fish.

Fishes Colored as in Life.

Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, editor *Mail and Express* of New York City, in an extended review of our "Fishes of North America," writes as follows: "The followers of Izaak Walton owe a lasting debt of gratitude to William C. Harris, editor of *THE AMERICAN ANGLER*, for the illustrated periodical, 'The Fishes of North America,' which is being issued in monthly parts. When complete, the work will be a compendium of the literature of ichthyology. The text consists of full biological notes on all fishes that are caught with hook and line in American waters. Their habitat, habits and mode of capture are described and illustrated, and their anatomy and physiology delineated by excellent drawings

and diagrams. Part VII., just issued, treats of the various American catfishes of fresh and salt water.

Accompanying each part are two remarkably life-like portraits of fishes, which are triumphs of artistic and lithographic skill. The originals of these portraits were painted by Mr. J. L. Petrie from living fish caught by Mr. Harris, and reproduced by the artist on his easel close at hand. In no other way could be obtained an accurate delineation of the specific markings and the evanescent tints which, in most species, fade or alter in tone soon after they are taken from the water. The pictures are first painted in oil, then lithographed on stone in colors, of which as many as fifteen different tints have been required to reproduce the exact tone and mellow transfusion of color so frequently seen in many species of fish when living. So closely has the oil effect been followed that an expert can hardly distinguish the lithograph from the original painting. With Part VII. are lithographs of a striped bass, caught and painted at Riverdale, N. Y., and a small-mouth black bass, caught and painted at Greenwood lake. Over 100 game fishes have been selected, of which color portraits will be given in the forty numbers of which the series will ultimately consist."

[Part VIII. of this work is now ready for delivery, and Parts IX. and X. will be issued this month—September.]

A Lady Goes Sharking.

Sharks seem to have always been plentiful off the northeast coast of Nantucket Island, and fishermen who have grown tired of the milder sport of ordinary fishing, and are not even satisfied with bluefish, seldom fail to bring to the surface one of these "tigers of the sea," if the skipper who takes them out is at all acquainted with the coast and wants to go where they are.

It was a desire to bring in a shark, I think, more than anything else, which took us to Nantucket, and on reaching the quaint old town, which looks as if it rose gradually out of the sea, we hunted up a skipper, and inquired if he knew where any sharks could be found, and if there was any probability of our getting some. He replied: "The bottom out there is lined with them; I don't think you will have any trouble getting some."

He was instructed to have tackle, bait and everything ready to start at 7 next morning,

and when the time came, we boarded his cat-boat and were soon on the way. A delightful sail of seven miles took us out of the sound, and three miles more, in the open ocean, found us on the shark grounds.

The tackle used for sharking is certainly not designed to deceive, and if it were not that he wants to swallow everything he sees, the shark might enjoy the luxury of his ocean home, and live to the ripe old age of other despots of the deep. (Whales are said to live 1,000 years.) The line used to catch sharks is an ordinary clothes line, and should be new. The hook is made of a steel rod ($\frac{1}{4}$ in.) eighteen inches long, attached to a one-inch chain two feet long, to prevent the shark biting it in two.

On reaching the grounds, we anchored in about five fathoms, or thirty feet, of water. We put half a bluefish upon one hook and three good-sized fish heads upon another, and threw them out from opposite sides of the boat, then awaited developments.

"How do you land one when you get it on your hook?" asked one of the party.

"We haul them alongside and generally hammer them over the nose with this bat," said the skipper, producing a baseball bat. "That stuns them, and then we kill them; some shoot 'em."

We were prepared for both means of warfare. The baseball crank of the party was to wield the bat, and was dubbed "Casey" for the occasion. I was to try my hand at shooting every time the fish showed himself, while the other man of the party was to haul in, assisted by the skipper and his mate.

During the first ten minutes we expectantly watched the lines.

The great ocean, spreading out before our unaccustomed eyes, on which was a light "that never was on sea or shore," gave to us all thoughts that were unspeakable, but that it were well if they could be spoken; thoughts of noble deeds, of beauty, of duty, of truth, of the nobility of life as given to man alone.

The wind had now died down. The noise of the surf, breaking upon the beach, sounded like a hundred freight trains at a great distance. The silence was broken by the man who held one line, saying:

"There is something at my hook."

"Let him alone," said the skipper.

This brought a transformation on board in much less time than it takes to write it.

"Casey" went to the bat.

I got the fire-arms, which consisted of two thirty-two calibre revolvers. The other line was fastened, and every one was on the tip-toe of expectation with all eyes upon the line that was running out.

"Wait till he starts to run away with it, then pull for all you're worth," said the skipper.

Presently the line began running out at a lively rate.

"Now give it to him and get him fastened on your hook," said the skipper.

A long hard pull was given on the line, which met considerable resistance, and the fight was on. The three men hauled away on the rope, occasionally letting it slip as the shark made a dart away from the boat. Their efforts were followed in a few moments by the swift dart of a monster shark. The revolver was discharged, and in an instant the body was out of sight.

"We've got a whale!" "He's a good one!" "He's a terror!" were some of the exclamations upon first sight of our trophy.

The men hauled away and the next time he came up nearer, and two or three shots were had at him, but the revolver seemed a toy, and I never heard it make such faint reports in all my life. The next time we had a better sight of his wicked looking head. His small eyes, pointed nose, projecting over a mouth filled with a dangerous looking mass of teeth, did not improve his appearance upon closer acquaintance.

A little more hauling brought him alongside, and a number of blows with the bat across the nose brought him into subjection, while I tried to make up in quantity with my revolver what I lacked in precision, and the great gray monster was finally dispatched. It was then only that his cavernous mouth was shown. Three rows of teeth were in both upper and lower jaws, unlike the white shark, which has six rows of teeth in the upper jaw and four in the lower. This one could have swallowed a medium-sized sheep. The hide was gray on the back and tail, and white underneath and feels, when rubbed the wrong way, like sandpaper; it has no scales, and we are told that joiners use this rough skin for polishing fine-grained wood, and for covering the hilts of swords to make them firmer in the grasp.

It required the combined strength of five

men to haul our prey up on the side of the boat, and he measured twelve feet long. Two others, somewhat smaller, were hauled in during the next hour, and we returned in the afternoon after deciding that the sport was as fine as any we had ever enjoyed.

Mrs. H. B. H.

For Courtesies Received.

We desire to return our thanks to the following named gentlemen, for courtesies received during our late visit to Lake Geneva, to paint the cisco of that beautiful water:

To Mr. John E. Burton, A. S. Alfred and Mr. Cawthorne for their personal untiring attention and efforts, through which we were enabled to get fine specimens of the cisco and large-mouthed black bass.

To Captain Wesley N. Johnson, who kindly furnished the use of his steam yacht, "Despatch," for an excursion on the lake.

To Mr. Eph. Sanford, the proprietor of the fishing boat line, who placed his steamer, "Wilbur F. Junior," at our disposal, on which we were able to visit at will the best cisco grounds.

To Mr. Will. Bullock for the excellent photographs used in illustrating views at Lake Geneva in this issue of our magazine.

To the mayor of the city and citizens generally for the courtesy of their reception and uniform kindness, during our stay at Lake Geneva.

Excellent Black Bass Fishing.

For your information in answering inquiries concerning good bass fishing grounds, I give below scores made in the vicinity of Eagle river, Wis., by Mr. Walter Stager, of Sterling, Ill.: July 20, in Loon lake, 69 black bass; July 22, in Franklin lake, 50 black bass; July 23, in Franklin lake, 50 black bass; July 24, in Loon lake, 132 black bass.

W. B. KNISKERN,

G. P. and T. A., C. & N. W. Ry. Co.
CHICAGO, Ill.

The Only Outing This Season.

In a letter just received from "ye editor of ye ANGLER," that gentleman makes bold to address me as "Old fellow," and chides me for my long, long silence. Therefore I hasten to reply in an open letter, in a measure, to partially repudiate the charge, and also to show

to my numerous fellow-anglers of the old school that "me 'eart is young," even if I have not cut a figure of late with the rod and line.

Hippocrates says, "Life is short and the art long," but if Hippo had lived in the present day, and had been acquainted with Brother Harris on lake and stream, he would have acknowledged, after following Bre'r H— about, that life and art are both long. Of course Hippo had reference to angling in speaking of "the art," for we know him to have been a physician of good standing, and therefore an enthusiastic and honest fisherman, of course.

First I hear from ye editor in the West; again in Florida, then from the Ouinaniche country, then from various cities in various States, and now again from New York, where he has arrived with his artist from an outing west of the Mississippi, where he has again been up to his old tricks of catching fish and having his faithful follower portray the freshly-caught beauties upon canvas for the advancement of his incomparable work on game fishes.

A relation of my outing for this season will not occupy much space, etc., so here goes:

Gourd-neck Lake; went by carriage nine miles; two of us; basket of lunch, pail of minnows.

9 A. M.—Began fishing; 9:7.42, caught first fish, goggle-eye, length 8 13-16 inches, weight 4 17-31 ounces; immediately celebrated event by applying to the lunch, after which we resumed fishing; 9:22.43, ketched 'n other. But why go on to tell how the reel whizzed, etc. Suffice it to say that we caught pan-fish with such regularity that the well-known remark of the Governor of North Carolina to his brother gov'nor of the next State south, was not made, and yet we only hit the lunch when we ketched a fish.

7 P. M.—Left for home with plenty of perch and goggles.

And that's all there is to my outing this year, and you can understand why I do not send in any articles. "Old Fellow" must have more inspiration than can be gained from the lunch basket.

M. G.

The Death of John Mead, of South Bridgton, Me.

The death of John Mead, which occurred on August 10, will recall to all of us the genial and instructive correspondent who, at one time, contributed so much of value to our col-

umns on the subjects of fish culture and angling. For years past physical afflictions prevented him from using the pen, and by slow and painful degrees he sunk under them. Mr. Mead was not only a fish student of unusual ardor of research, but had the rare gift of an artist, and delighted in painting the game fishes of Maine, his native State. Many highly prized oils from his brush are owned by anglers in different sections of the country. He was esteemed by the people of the town in which he lived, and his death is a personal loss to those who knew the sincerity and unswerving truthfulness of his character.

Rapid Changes in Coloration of Fish.

Will you kindly give me an explanation of the rapid changes in the colors of fishes, and why the fishes of the tropical seas are more brilliant in coloration than those of the north.

New York City, Aug. 31.

H. B. D.

Some years ago a similar query was sent us, and the reply we then made will, no doubt, answer the purposes of our correspondent, "H. B. D." We quote:

The text of this query is not strictly accurate. Many tropical and sub-tropical fishes are not more brilliant in coloration than their northern congeners, notably the sheephead, weakfish, the rays and others. The intensity and brilliancy of coloration in many tropical fishes is owing to the well-known scientific fact that their coloration is affected, sensibly and almost instantaneously, by the depth and condition of the water in which they chance to lie. In the tropical seas the rays of light, owing to the translucent clearness of the water, penetrate to a great depth. This alone would partially account for the brilliancy in many fishes with a southern habitat. Again fish, as all old trout anglers know, assume an analogous color to their physical surroundings. Many, like the stone-roller, take upon them so closely the color of the bottom of streams, that they become almost indistinguishable to the human eye. In tropical seas the effect of the beautifully brilliant coral and plant growths among which the fishes of those waters are reared and "have their being," is to give them garbs in patterns of the most bizarre fashion—in color, black, blue, pink, red, yellow, etc., mingling in spots, lines and bands, diagonal, horizontal and oblique. On this subject that old navigator, Captain Cook, wrote, when discovering the coral reefs of Palmerston Island:

"The colors of the different sorts of fishes were the most beautiful that can be imagined—the yellow, blue, red, black, etc., far exceeding anything that art can produce. These various forms, also, contributed to increase the richness of this sub-marine grotto, which could not be surveyed without a pleasing transport."

In this connection it will be of interest to quote Günther as to the cause of variation in color obtaining in fishes:

"The changes of colors are produced in two ways; either by an increase or decrease of the black, red, yellow, etc., pigment-cells or chromatophers, in the skin of the fish, or by the rapid contraction or expansion of the chromatophers which happen to be developed. The former change is gradual, like every kind of growth or development; the latter rapid, owing to the great sensitiveness of the cells, but certainly involuntary. In many bright-shining fishes—as mackerels, mullets—the colors appear to be brightest in the time intervening between the capture of the fish and its death, a phenomena clearly due to the pressure of the convulsively-contracted muscles on the chromatophers. (This will answer the query of W. D., who

wishes to know why the dolphin rapidly changes color when dying.) External irritation readily excites the chromatophers to expand—a fact unconsciously utilized by fishermen, who, by scaling the red mullet immediately before its death, produce the desired intensity of the red color of the skin, without which the fish would not be saleable. However, it does not require such strong measures to prove the sensitiveness of the chromatophers to external irritation; the mere change from darkness into light is sufficient to induce them to contract, the fish appearing paler, and *vice versa*. In trout which are kept in dark places, the black chromatophers are expanded, and consequently such specimens are very dark colored; when removed to the light they become paler almost instantly."



THE ANGLING CYCLIST.

[We solicit for publication, under this department heading, contributions of interest to Angling Cyclists, particularly outings on the wheel to fishing waters].

Women Who Ride.

The literature of a recreation always keeps pace with the growth of the pastime. Able pens do their work, and there is always a writer or two who get to the top, but of all outdoor sports wheeling would seem to be the last to develop a special literary talent, descriptive or didactic, which brings commendation even from the critical in literary matters. Mildred Marshall, in this connection, comes to the fore as one of the best of writers on wheel subjects, and her last production, aligned with some really good verse, is on the different styles and kinds of women who ride. Here is what she says:

There is the girl who sits unsteadily on her saddle and wobbles from her waist up like a badly made blanc-mange.

There is the girl who leans far forward in imitation of the "scorcher," and fondly imagines she looks professional and is gaining speed steadily in that position.

There is the girl who leans far back, her body at an angle of 45°, and "drives" her wheel as a modern Jehu does his horse.

There is the girl who will ride on a low-hung saddle, and whose knees punch the air as she rides.

There is the girl who rides, wearing a worried look, seeing neither to the right nor the left; she bows not to her mother nor to her father, nor yet to the stranger within her gates; she sees them all at a hurried glance from her eye, but bicycling is not the time or place for exchange of social civilities, thinks she.

There is the big, fat woman, looking as if she had been spilt on her wheel and had "run over" the sides of it; she rides to reduce her flesh; there is the scrawny and scraggy girl, built on the architectural plan of a hat-rack, riding to gain a little needed avoirdupois.

There is the girl who grasps the handle-bars with a clutch of death, and wouldn't let them go for the gold of Indies or of Or. There is the girl who rides jauntily erect and steadily on a high saddle, guiding her wheel with one hand, the other hand in the hip-pocket of her little bloomer-loons; she nods gaily to friends a-wheel and condescendingly to friends afoot, and she is the very girl who runs head-foremost into the first vehicle that passes her.

There is the girl who rides, inwardly loathing it, because she thinks it's swagger to wheel; there's another who rides to prove that there is nothing in this *fin de siècle* age she

can't do; there's the New Woman who rides to show she is emancipated; there's the girl who rides because her sweetheart wants her to; there's the rich girl who rides because she has found a new toy to spend her money on; there's the poor girl who rides because she wants to do as the rich girls do.

But commend us to the girl who rides for health and exercise, and fresh air, who loves the sport for its own sake, who is glad of a wholesome recreation to be added to the dowry of women.

A Fishing Trip on the Wheel.

"Up the Schuylkill," writes an ardent lover of angling and the wheel, "I went last month on my new cycle. My objective point was Yankee Dam at Limerick, thirty miles above Philadelphia, but I intended to stop at the dam near Manayunk, where you and I, in the days gone by, have scored some mighty bass; and again to stop at Royer's Ford, where we waded and fly fished a lovely two miles stretch of water more than ten years ago.

"Out Ridge avenue I pedalled over a good road until I reached the smoke-burthened town of Manayunk, where, diverging to the left, I found our old haunts, rocky and stream beautified as they were in the old times. There was that big boulder where you and I fished together in 1878, one on each side of it, and you, with your old jagged, worn-out leader fly, which left a stern-wheel steamer wake behind it, caught five grand black bass before I had a rise, although our flies lit on the cast within three feet of each other. There was the mighty rock that subdivided the falls and left two great still pools, edged with mist on their upper ends, with white eddies curling around the brown sides of the big rock, and fringing it with lace-like folds of silver, and below the water, as if tired out by its great fight with the stone adamant, subsides in a quiet reach with a mass of small boulders on either side, and smaller ones at the end, through the interstices of which the Schuylkill sang its merry song before it reached the contaminating refuse of the mills that throng its banks. In the pools I found bass, and stood within an inch (I think) of the spot where in your 'Two

Fish and Two Fishers,' you put the Master as he showed the Tyro how to catch 'Old Fin.' I caught, then and there, three bronze-backers of $1\frac{1}{2}$, 2 and $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds each, and it was on our old-fashioned dressed flies of sober hues, the turkey-brown prevailing. Nonsense to talk to me of new combinations of feathers when I find that the old patterns of a score of years ago kill on this water and all others I have visited for nearly half a century, better than the new-fangled ones.

"I spent two hours at our ancient stamping ground, and then bowled away over a fine macadamized road, of light grades, to that cosy hostelry at Royers Ford, where for many a summer we rested after our bouts with the bass. The dear old landlady was not there to greet me. Peace to her ashes! Stabling my pedalling steed, I rigged up my tackle and walked thirty yards to the pool above the bridge. You remember it, for it was there you told, or did not tell, the biggest fish yarn of your life; how you saw a black bass in the shallows of this pool come thirty feet after your fly, and take it as it fluttering fell upon the surface. From this pool I took three more black bass of over a pound weight each.

"I then remounted my pneumatic iron steed and coursed it over a fine country road two miles, to where our old fishing box stood in 1880. It was on a high bluff, you know, and the Schuylkill lapped its base, which it still does, but not even a hemlock splinter is left to remind one of the shanty where we passed so many happy days. I dismounted, leaving my wheel on the bank opposite the old fish weir, and waded across to the western side of it, where on the shallow white beach I could see the jumping minnows affrighted and frantic over the feeding rushes of the black bass, and just there I passed the grandest hour of my life, catching six big fellows nearly two pounds each. After this great experience I felt as if I had had enough of sport to round up the day, and well for me that it was so, for when I reached Yankee Dam, a few hundred more yards up the river, I found the water covered with country rods and baits floating and daping in every direction. And so I came back to Philadelphia, absent from there just fourteen hours, five of which were spent wheeling and the balance at meals and on the stream. It cost me just \$1.25."

[Thanks, old chum for this reminiscence. It recalls halcyon days, when "sculls" (peace to

his ashes), Mal. Shipley, and you, and I had daily bouts with the lordly bronzebackers of the Schuylkill. I am glad to hear that they still loiter among its pools and feed in the gloaming. I hope to be with you before the season ends with another "jagged, worn-out fly," with its characteristic "stearn-wheel steamer wake."—W. C. H.]

Prices in 1896.

It is the same old history repeating itself commercially as well as historically. Given a demand for anything that man or woman uses, and the supply at once comes to even up things. Perhaps this rule has never been so exceptionally illustrated than in the case of the manufacture of bicycles and the demand for them, and while wheels could not be manufactured this year quickly enough to supply the people who wanted them, there is no such condition to fear next year. In every section new manufactures are springing up, and every man, woman or child who wants one can get it in 1896 on order at once.

This condition is apt to lead to the introduction of many worthless wheels, for the majority of people, especially those in moderate circumstances, who have a yearning beyond control for a bicycle, will buy one of any quality so long as the price comes within their means, and the machine looks "O. K." to their eyes. The craze is on them, and the pedalled horse they must have.

But it is to the manufacturer of the best class of wheels that the big reward will come as the seasons pass and the demand grows. It will be like it is with all good things—"the best is the cheapest in the long run," and a badly constructed wheel will illustrate this axiom more speedily than any other article ever placed in the market. So we say to manufacturers: Persevere in your efforts to give the strongest and the smoothest riding wheel that money and skill can make, and the market is yours, if the price is fair and not prohibitive to nine persons out of ten. *The Wheelman* has an article on this subject from which we quote:

"What will the price be next year?" That query is being drummed into the ear pretty early, but it goes to show a certain feverish anxiety. And for a wonder the question is being agitated more by the old concerns than by the new ones—possibly the latter are too busy planning to bother about such a thing as the price.

One of the old concerns recently expressed to us the hope that the price would tumble, especially with the old concerns, which he thought would check and steady the rush of new people into the business of manufacturing bicycles. We think the hope and wish an illusion. The new concerns will start in better equipped than many of the old concerns, who are still using machinery which is obsolete, when compared with the improved kind turned out to-day. The new concerns start in with the latest machinery, and can buy material raw and in parts pretty cheap for cash. They will have the benefit of all experiments paid for by the old concerns, which cost millions.

So it looks as if the price-cutting (if there be any) will come from the big new concerns, who may get panicky and cut loose as to price in order to get a good start in disposing of their product. There doesn't, at present, seem to be any cause to suspect that '96 prices are going to be any lower (as far as high grades go) than they were this year, and there is no apparent reason why they should.

The manufacturers couldn't commence to supply the demand early this season, and it is natural to suppose that many would-be purchasers, who were disappointed in not getting wheels, will try again next year. A man or woman gets the fever in April or May, and unless they get their wheel promptly the fever passes away, the attack being renewed the following year with more intensity than ever. Then, there must be expected a natural increase of new buyers over this year. Possibly a third more people will buy bicycles in 1896 than in 1895. The export trade is also gaining slowly but steadily, as the export figures show, and which will continue to be of more importance each year. Altogether the outlook is favorable, and the man who goes below the century for a first-class wheel will only emulate a well-known pioneer concern who gave away upwards of \$1,000,000 this year by reducing from \$125 to \$100. They could probably have sold all the wheels they could make at the latter figure.

Low Rate Account Grand Army Encampment at Louisville.—On the occasion of the Twenty-Ninth Annual Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Louisville, Ky., September 11th to 14th, a rate of one cent per mile has been put in effect over the West

Shore Railroad, the net rate from New York to Louisville and return being \$17.35, and proportionately lower from stations north and west of New York.

By order of the Department Commander, Edward J. Atkinson, the West Shore Railroad has been designated as the official route, and in return for this official recognition they have scheduled a special train to leave New York Sunday, September 8th, at 9.00 A. M., which will run on the time of its "Day Express" through to Louisville without any change of cars.

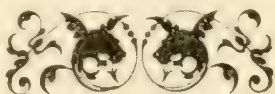
It is expected that the encampment will bring forth a grand rally of veterans and their friends.

In addition to the many attractions at the encampment, the dedication of Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Park will take place. Rates of one cent per mile have been authorized for this side trip, and the limit of the return tickets of the West Shore Railroad will permit a stay of an extended period if desired.

A special issue of tickets and advertising matter has been placed in the hands of the agents of the West Shore Railroad, and can be had on application.

Great is the Cotton States and International Exposition, Atlanta, Ga.—Enormous preparations are being made for the coming Exposition, which opens September 18th and closes December 31st. Probably no other city of similar size and environments in the world, certainly no other such city in the United States, would have undertaken this great enterprise so wonderfully accomplished by Atlanta, and even Atlanta could not have done this without the Southern Railway—the greatest Southern System entering Atlanta from all four points of the compass, North, South, East, West—absolutely the only railway entering the Exposition grounds, and consequently the only line bringing passengers from all parts of the world into the gates of Atlanta, and into the grounds of the Exposition, performing the best service and affording liberal rates.

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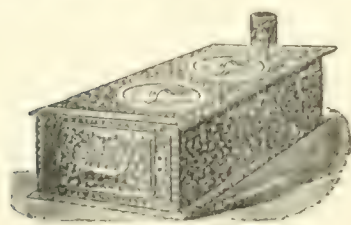
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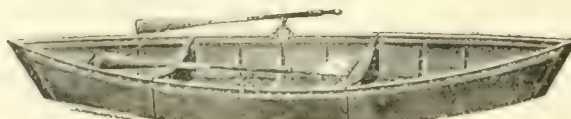
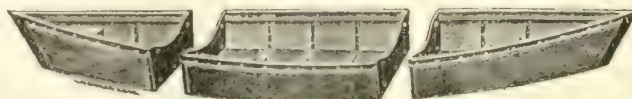
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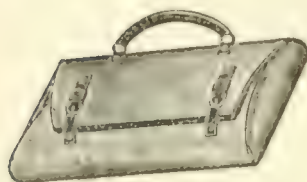
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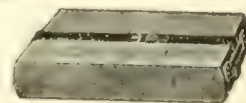
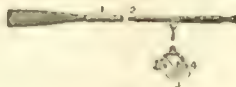
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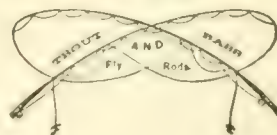


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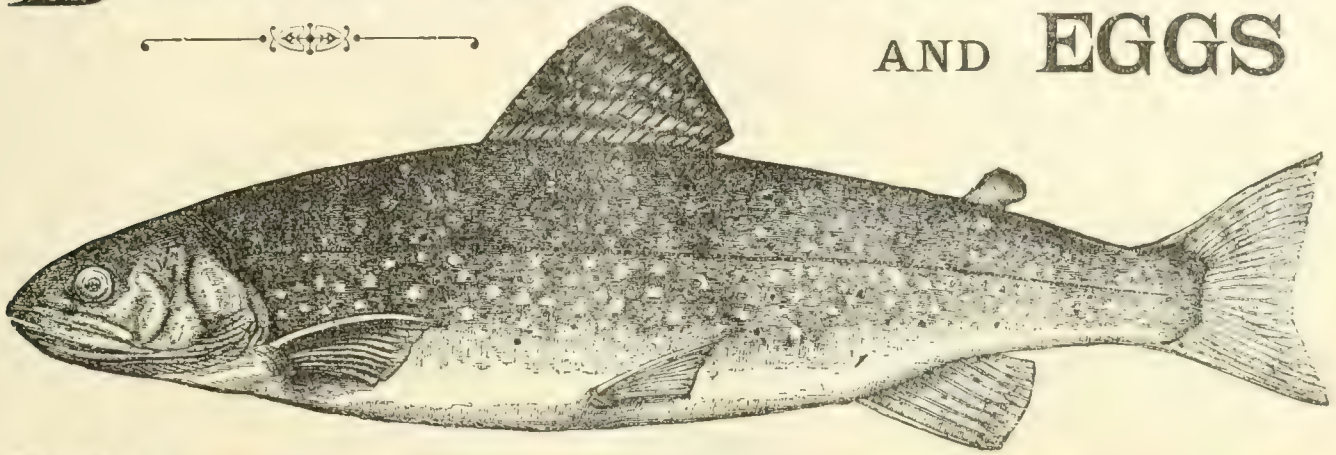
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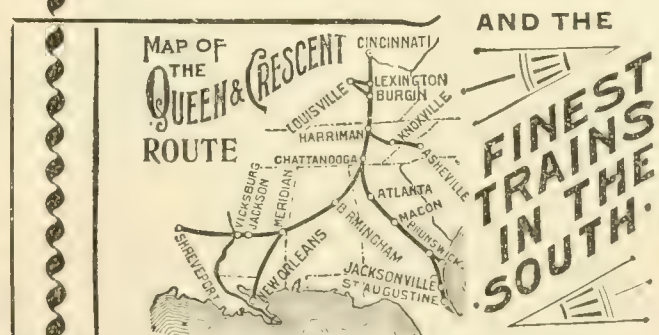
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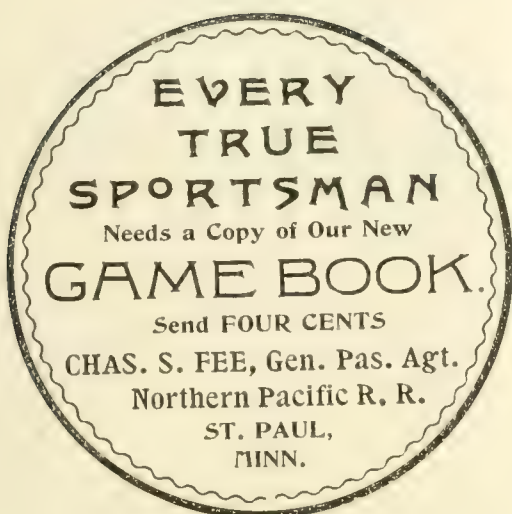
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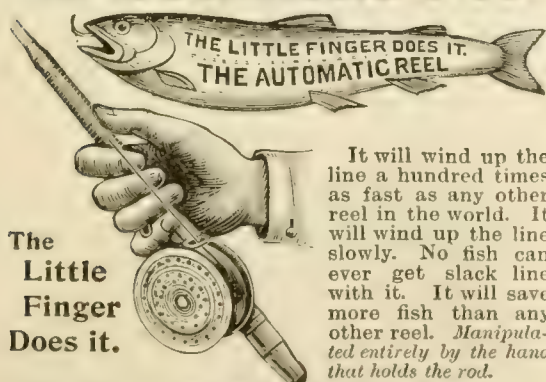
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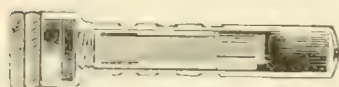
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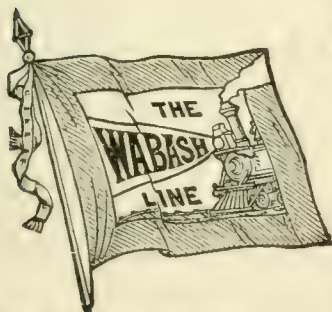


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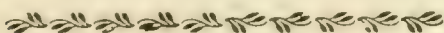
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A Proper Beginning.

See page 295

THE AMERICAN ANGLER.

VOL. 25.

OCTOBER, 1895.

NO. 10

THREE WEEKS IN WADERS.

BY W. C. KEPLER.

On a day last winter when the wind was holding high carnival, flinging snow and sleet with stinging rattle upon my studio window, and drifting huge banks of it against the buildings across the way, causing premonitory shivers against the time when I must turn out and face it on my tramp home, the Drummer dropped in.

I say *the* Drummer! Of course there are other drummers—big drummers, little drummers, fat drummers, and I had almost added lean drummers, but who ever saw a lean drummer?

My drummer is large and not lean. To say he is fat would be not exactly the truth, and might also involve me in other difficulties that I much prefer to avoid. I would also add that he is very good looking, only that I have a dim far-away notion that there is a streak of vanity about my friend that it will not do to encourage. My reasons for thus thinking are based upon a commission he gave me to purchase a looking glass upon the first trip I made to buy supplies for our camp. The number of times he charged me to be sure and not forget it, the look of blank despair that crossed his countenance when he unfolded the parcel and saw that he could use but one eye at a time in looking in it, leads me to believe there is a very small, lean streak of

vanity somewhere deep underneath all his good qualities.

It was mean in me to bring back such a glass, for it certainly would have "hustled" it to cover a silver dollar. The contortions I underwent in trying to shave with it as an assistant were, however, ample punishment.

I find that I must go back and make a fresh start and state that which occurred upon the entrance of Drummer. After our usual exchange of stately courtesies which generally begin and end like this:

"Hello, old Sport!"

"Hello, Isaac!" We dropped into a chat about last season's angling adventures, and planned in the end a trip that a few days ago was completed.

Anyone taking a map of the State of Michigan, and looking at its southwest corner, will find a long black winding mark that makes a loop down into the State of Indiana. This twisty line is known as the St. Joseph river, abbreviated by all who know and love its beautiful curves and reaches, its wooded banks and singing rapids, as St. Jo. Although the many dams that cross at different points have done much to mar its beauty in spots, it still remains one of the most beautiful streams in Michigan.

It is also one of the historic rivers of

our country, having been discovered and named by the great explorer, La Salle, who traversed its swift current as far as South Bend, Ind., and his second in command penetrating as far as Mendon, in Michigan. At its mouth La Salle established a fort called St. Joseph, from which the present city and the river take their names.

The plan we decided upon was to send our boat and baggage to Union City, and from there continue down stream camping wherever fancy led us, staying in each camp as long as we felt inclined.

The morning of the 1st of July saw our preparations complete. The Drummer's manicure set, scented toilet soap, bottles of perfume, rose and lavender water, etc., carefully packed where they were least likely to receive damage, we boarded the 10 o'clock train south, gazing with indifference at the looks of content our friends wore at having got rid of us.

At Three Rivers we changed cars for the northeast, giving the baggage man a tip to look after a few parcels of unchecked baggage, for which he kindly allowed us space in his car. We had been on the train but a short time, when I noticed looks of uneasiness upon my friend's face.

"Drummer, what is it?" I asked.

"I was slightly wondering when this train stopped for dinner," he replied.

"This is an accommodation train and does not stop."

The look of consternation that settled over Drummer's face caused me to reach for my creel, and from its depths I drew forth a good-sized paper box well supplied with solid comforts.

"Now, Drummer," I said, "I suppose you have that little undersized half-grown appetite with you?"

"I have," he cheerfully replied.

"Then help yourself," and soon the noise of our train was drowned by the working of his jaws, as he expeditiously took charge of his share of the lunch.

We came to our destination somewhat behind time, and leaving Drummer to look after the baggage and boat, I started for the town to lay in our supplies for the trip. These secured and carted to the river bank, I was soon joined by Drummer with our luggage and the boat. We at once set to work loading up, and in a few minutes had everything in place with room in the front for my friend to stand and cast his flies.

Carefully setting up his No. 8 Bristol rod, and mounting his leader with a coachman and grizzly-king, we pushed from shore, and once fairly afloat had difficulty in repressing one or two hilarious yells, for we were full of school-boy spirit, and the world once more looked young. In fact, I think I did let out a hurrah that startled Drummer so that he almost fell overboard; but, being still inside the corporation and not out of reach of the marshal, I moderated my spirits for the time.

To any one that loves fly casting, it would do good to see Drummer cast a fly. He is tall, has long arms, and the way he lays out a line renders every fish within eighty rods very unsafe.

With us, this season is phenomenal for drouth, and never in the memory of old settlers has the river been so low. The stream as it leaves Union City is shallow and swift, and Drummer declares that the dust flew in places. I think he exaggerated a little, but we ground the bottom all too frequently, and had to step out and ease the boat of our weight on occasions. How-



Close Quarters.

ever, as we had come prepared with wading suits, it caused us but little trouble.

Although this part of the river passes through a thickly settled, well-tilled country, the stream looks almost as wild as when scantily clad red men paddled their slight graceful canoes upon its clear waters. Old logs that have lain in its bed for perhaps a century have collected huge heaps of drift that rise in places above one's head, and underneath are deep, dark looking pools, in which old bronze-backed patriarchs lie in wait ready to dash in cannibal ferocity upon the first defenseless creature that passes their lurking places.

I can imagine no pleasure greater than drifting down a stream like this, every bend seen ahead promising a new panorama of varied beauty, the tall primeval trees, here and there, casting their sun flecked shadows across waters that are slowly gliding without perceptible sound, or singing musically as they pass around some large boulder to break into a chorus that would be the despair of an orchestra to emulate or render more pleasantly musical.

This pleasure is not lessened by the splash of a magnificent bass that rises to Drummer's flies, and the sudden strain on the line that tells he has met the fate usual to those who fool with the practiced hand of my friend; that is, he is fast—fast on the line of an angler who has no heart in affairs of this kind. What if he does leap two feet into the air and shake a wildly distended mouth; that soft smile on Drummer's face, that little malicious twinkle in Drummer's eyes, means strictly business. In a low, sweet tone Drummer commences talking to his fish:

"There, there, little one, keep away

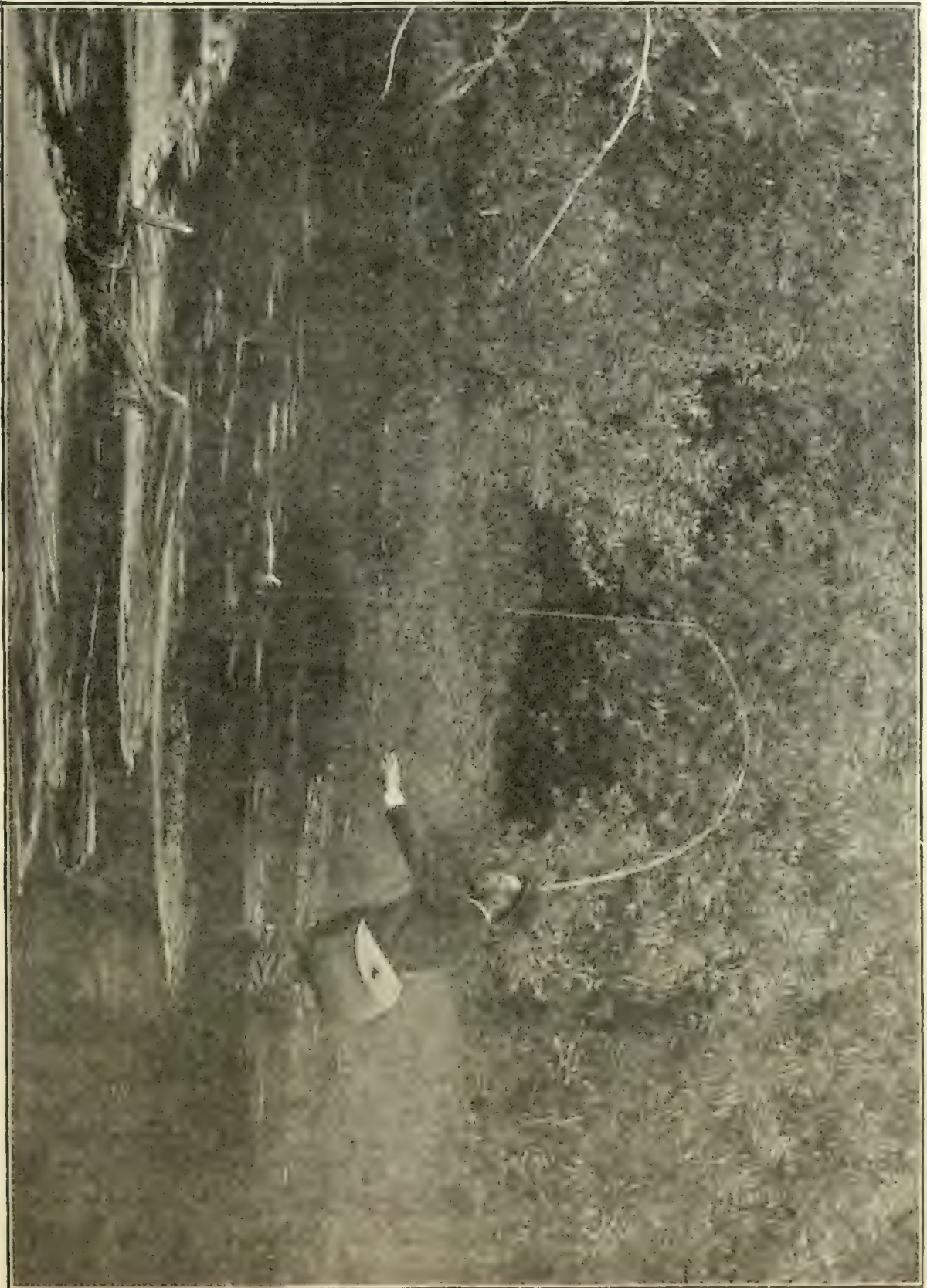
from that snag, it might hurt your tender body. That is right, move out to the centre of the stream, everything is lovely there. No! no! no! you don't, my beauty! Such actions are not allowed. When I want you to go under that log, I'll speak to you about it. Of course, of course! Come up stream as fast as you like, I'm waiting for you! Now, here is a soft little net for your bed. Stand ready, Isaac!"

But, alas, for Drummer's expectations! Just as I was about to shove the net under the fish, a final shake rid him of the hook, and he was away, ready for other anglers to practice their skill upon.

"Contemporary monopoly!" said Drummer, turning toward me, with eyes shining like a pair of bicycle lanterns. "Why, cauterize your contemplative anatomy, the job I gave you was dead easy!"

I said nothing, but commenced a hurried search for our bottle of Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup, and after administering a couple of large doses, and bathing his head with a little cool water, restored him to normal condition, and once more set him to casting. It was now well along in the afternoon, and we commenced looking for a good place in which to camp. A satisfactory place was at last found, and, unloading our plunder, I commenced setting the tents, while Drummer started our evening meal.

For the benefit of those who have not found an entirely satisfactory camp stove, I will give a description of ours, which worked to a charm. It is made of heavy sheet iron, two feet long, one foot wide and ten inches deep. It has no bottom, the fire being built upon the ground. There are no doors or dampers whatever. On



Landing a Four Pounder.

the top, at the end where a door is usually placed, there is a good sized griddle hole, with a swinging cover that can be pushed around as occasion requires. Through this hole the wood is easily placed, and in it we set the kettle when we have anything that requires boiling. To create a draught we scratch away the earth at the center at one end of the stove. The top of the stove is smooth, the collar for the pipe being placed inside the fire box, and the pipe stuck inside the collar in place of over it. Pipe is of two joints, telescoped, to go inside stove when packed. We have a box made for the stove in which it snugly fits, and all we have to do when packing up is to take down the pipe, stick it together, lift the stove carefully, when all ashes and charcoal are left on the ground; now place it in box, bottom up, and it practically takes up no room, and can be filled with all the cooking utensils, and other things also. On this stove we can have potatoes boiling in five minutes after they are over.

Drummer is a culinary artist of the first water, pure white and without a flaw. There are two things, however, strange as it may seem, in which he even excels his skill as a cook: Those are his wonderful success in selling goods, and the capacity he has for making the viands disappeared when on the table. A great many of us have seen Hermann in his wonderful acts of leg-erdemain, and have been greatly mystified. It is nothing, because we know his performance to be tricks. The performance of Drummer is an awful and actual reality. In the space of—"Hey non-i-o! Presto bon-i-o!"—all the victuals have disappeared, and nothing but a smiling and contented looking face gazes at one from across the table.

I have a reputation for truth and veracity to sustain, or I should tell you just exactly how much he devours at one meal. Farther along I shall give you a slight sketch of his superior qualities as a salesman.

Next morning, bright and early, we were out and Drummer started up stream to some nice looking pools that we had passed the day before, and I down. For as much as an hour and a half I patiently whipped away, and the only reward was one or two rock bass. Completely discouraged, I left the stream, and taking a short cut started for camp. I struck the stream a little above our tents and saw Drummer a short distance ahead, patiently working along, and upon meeting and comparing notes found that he also was without fish. That settled it. As soon as we reached camp we packed and started down stream. All that day we kept on seeing hardly any sign of fish, and determined not to stop until we could. Previous to this season the river between Union City and Colon has teemed with bass, but the very low water through the whole season undoubtedly prevented their running—at least we knew of nothing else which appeared reasonable.

Quite late that evening we pitched our camp upon land belonging to Mr. Jeremiah Gillotson, and in the morning made some slight repairs upon our boat, which the day before had received very hard usage, having been lifted over logs and pushed through shallow rapids a great many times. Mr. Gillotson allowed us the use of his tools and work-bench, and in every way treated us with extreme courtesy and kindness. So, also, did all whom we met, and it seems to me it is only those who, by some overbearing act of inso-



The Last of the Fight.

lence upon their own part, court discourtesy at the hands of those living near streams that are often boated and fished, that afterward complain of the treatment received.

The next afternoon we again broke camp and started for River Lake, a short distant farther down stream. Here we arrived in good season to pitch camp and get supper before dark. Setting up the tents was a short job, for they were both small, 7x7 feet in size. A large tent in migratory camping is a nuisance that I can heartily condemn from personal experience. All that a tent is used for is sleeping quarters and to keep off the rain. A tent is an insufferably hot thing in the day time, and, if opened to give circulation, lets in a number of pestiferous mosquitoes to spoil completely any attempt to sleep when the night comes.

We stopped at River Lake until the morning of the 5th, and our success in angling being poor, we again departed farther down stream. About a mile below our previous camp we commenced finding fish. In a very short time we had three fine bass and a nice pike on our string. Every pool we now passed aided us in swelling our catch, and as shortened shadows showed that noon was near, we sought the bank and ate a hearty lunch, not preparing a regular meal. A short distance below where we had eaten, we came upon a scene so very beautiful that we could not but stop to admire it.

The north bank, heavily wooded, sloped down to a point of dry shingle, covered with gravel and scattered with large boulders projecting into the river, below which, swinging close into the bank, lay a deep pool. Around the point of shingle the river rushed in a swift rapid, divided by a small island

covered by a clump of beautiful willows.

The scene so impressed us that we resolved to stop, and, as there is an ideal camping spot here, we soon had our camp snugly arranged upon the bank overlooking the pool. Towards evening, after a good rest, we started down stream with bait and fly rods, and returned well satisfied with a very fine string of bass, the largest in number and size taken so far on the trip.

In this beautiful spot we lingered until Monday the 8th, taking a great many more fish than we could by any means consume, but easily disposed of all we did not need by giving them to the farmers we found living near the river. On Monday we started for Colon, at which place we expected to be joined by Scissors, a gentleman who combines all the qualities of an ardent sportsman with those of an excellent comrade and true friend. Of course it was somewhat annoying to have one in the party who always caught the largest fish at night when sleeping. To be brought up standing at 1 o'clock in the morning by a wild yell from your bedfellow of:

"See him! see him! Look at his awful mouth! ha! ha! ha! whoopee, I've got him!" ending with another yell and a flopping of his arms as he swung an imaginary fish hard enough to have landed it in the next county.

Two or three taps from one of our shoes administered with a force proportionate to the aggravation, upon the spot where it would do the least harm and most good, generally gave us peace for another hour or two. Drummer generally administered these doses. He does not belong to the homeopathic school.

All this has been a little premature,

for we are, I believe, just starting for the place we expect to meet our friend.

We found Sturgeon lake quite rough (the St. Jo. flows through the north end of this lake) and, our boat being heavily laden, we were well satisfied when we found ourselves across. Leaving our boat on the west bank of the lake we started for the depot, and found, upon getting there, that we would have an hour to wait.

"Now, Isaac," said Drummer, "we'll take in the sights of the town."

I looked Drummer over, from the top of his disreputable old straw hat, down his piratical face, buttonless shirt, faded and torn bloomers, finishing at his high-top boots that were turned down and gracefully flopping around his ankles, and said:

"No, dear boy, I'll stay here and bail you out."

This rather rattled him, and he did not know whether to go or not. Finally I loaned him my coat, advised him to pull up his boot tops, and drawing him to one side (there were a great many standing around with watchful eyes upon their baggage), advised him how to act now that we were once more back in civilization, and with some misgivings saw him depart. My misgivings were not altogether without foundation, for he afterwards told me that stopping in front of a butcher shop to admire some nice juicy steaks, he heard the butcher tell his little boy to run for the marshal; and he continued—"I departed with as much haste as my dignity allowed."

In due time the train pulled in and Scissors, after we had given him up, came sneaking around from the far side of the cars with a grin that left little to be seen except a large basket he was carrying. I was nearest and gave him

a cordial hand shake, which he stood quite well considering my appearance, although he showed a slight tendency to back up. But when Drummer came to the front he dropped his basket and started to run. I was near enough and caught him by the coat tail, and Drummer, instantly speaking in his "waiter, another-plate-of-beans" voice, calmed his agitation, and he was saved from flight.

After a sufficient time had elapsed for his admiration of our appearance to appease itself, we engaged a man to row us and our effects down to where our own boat lay in waiting. This did not take long and, as our boat was very heavily loaded, I started down the lake margin upon foot, agreeing to meet my companions at some place upon the river. This I did, waiting for them at Farrand's bridge.

Eight or ten years ago, one or two short-sighted gentlemen, with a greater love for shooting than angling, sowed one or two bushels of wild rice in the north end of Sturgeon lake for wild fowl cover, and now the river for miles below the lake is filled with it utterly spoiling the fishing and the beauty of the stream. There is still an open channel through which a boat can pass, and we pushed steadily on with the intention to place our camp at the first convenient place below the rice.

About 4 o'clock we came to a good place, where the indications for some fishing looked fair, and our tents were soon up and supper eaten. After supper we caught a few very fine bass, and then, tired with our day's work, turned in. Scissors distinguished himself by lying awake all night watching for the fair goddess Sleep to come along, but she had naught for him but slight flirtations. This so disgusted him that

at 4 o'clock he was outside making such a disturbance with the axe that Drummer was moved to go forth and lecture him. This he did. Dressed in a look of stern indignation—and a very short and breezy undershirt—he stalked up to Scissors and said:

“Conglomerate your intellectuality! Why in Jehosephat are you performing in this indecorous manner. Incurrible, incongruous rascal—” but Scissors had fled to the woods, and did not come back until breakfast was ready. It was his last offence of this kind.

After breakfast we started down stream, but did not meet with the success we expected, and soon came back, resolved to move on. With three busy hands it was short work packing, and we were soon upon our way. About two miles below our former camp a bridge crosses the river, and partially underneath and below this bridge lies a deep pool, and we discovered it to be full of bass. The position of the bridge made it very hard to handle a fly with any success, so we resorted to our bait rods and minnows, and very shortly we had eight or ten nice bass upon a string.

It was here that Drummer distinguished himself. For several days I had noticed an unusual restlessness pervading the man that I could not account for. In his sleep I had heard him mutter such disconnected sentences as:

“Twenty-five per cent.”—“fair profit”—“knew I could make the sale”—etc.

In the daytime he was often bringing to view an old piece of newspaper and with much care and labor working over a combination, in the end displaying a few dimes and quarters. What did all this mean? I pondered over it. Was

Drummer a miser and was he wretched because separated a short time from his hoards? I dismissed this from my mind as utterly improbable, for did he not buy five cents worth of bologna with which to refresh us at Colon? Base thought, away with it! No; it lay deeper. Could he at some time have made a sale in which the profit was less than fifty per cent., and the disgrace of it still worrying him! Or had some one given him overchange? Surely that would have set lightly on his conscience. All this and much more passed through my mind, and I was now to receive enlightenment.

A well dressed stranger had been watching our manœuvres with much interest. From his appearance I took him to be from some town or city. After the bass quit raising, Drummer shook himself together, gave his mustache an upward twirl, and taking our string of fish walked up to the stranger. With a polished suavity of address that could have been equaled by few, surpassed by none, he said:

“It is with pleasure that I have watched the interest you have taken in our sport; you, too, are a sportsman, I presume?”

“Indeed, sir,” said the stranger, “in this you are mistaken. This is the first time I ever saw fish caught.”

“Can it be possible? You were not brought up in the country then, I’ll guarantee. Of course you are acquainted with them as a table delicacy?”

“Well, yes; but I can’t say that I am fond of them, they always make me sick.”

“Then it is clear to me that you have never tasted St. Jo. river bass. The fish in this stream are renowned for the extreme delicacy of their flavor



The Catch.

and their great healthfulness as food. People come hundreds of miles to different points on the stream entirely for the benefit their health derives from eating its bass."

Drummer told all this in the most solemn manner and without a blush.

"Sir," said the stranger, "I am afraid you are romancing?"

"I give you my word, sir, that it is a fact. Parties in Mendon have even talked of building a sanitarium in which the treatment is to consist entirely of fish; different portions have been observed to be of decided benefit in different diseases."

"Is that so. Now what fish or what part of a fish is good for mendacity?"

"The shoulder."

"Then I think you had better take those fish and get outside them as quick as you can."

We had to laugh and Drummer laughed, too. It is a nice thing in Drummer that he can always laugh even when the joke is on himself.

"Well, can't I sell you these fish," continued D., and sure enough he did. For three of them he got twenty cents, and was once more happy. All that had ailed him for some time was an overwhelming desire to sell something, this done he was once more contented.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



IN THE SAWTOOTH MOUNTAINS.*

OUR camp was established in the Sawtooth mountains, July 17, on Pettit lake (nine miles from here) by Prof. S. E. Meek of Arkansas University, and Mr. M. B. Scofield of Stamford University. I joined them August 9. On August 28 we moved camp to this place, on the inlet a few rods above Alturas lake. It is three miles over the mountain to Sawtooth, our post-office, a once flourishing town of several hundred people, now only four men, three women, and nine children to occupy the forty-five houses. We are 7,200 ft. above sea level. The days are cool enough, and the nights are cold. Frequently the thermometer has been down to 19° at 7 A. M., and it is below freezing every night. But why should we care, when we have plenty of blankets spread over a thick bed of fir and spruce, and a 12x14 wall tent? We don't!

Plenty of game; deer, mountain goats, b'ar, blue grouse, Franklin grouse, sage hens, ducks, geese, bull trout, cut-throat trout, salmon, redfish, etc., etc. We have had all these things since I came to camp.

We are here studying the spawning habits of the redfish (*Oncorhynchus nerka*) and the Chinook salmon (*Oncorhynchus tshawytscha*) and other fish and things incidentally. And we are learning a "whole lot" about them, too. We are also exploring the lakes about here, and getting their dimensions, depths, etc., etc. Have an Os-good canvas boat, so can go where we

please on the water; 294 feet is the deepest we have yet found—that in Redfish lake, twenty miles below here. Alturas lake is 158 feet deep.

There are scores of things here that interest one; the chief regret I have is that I can't watch more things all the time. The chipmunks (two species) and red squirrels come into our camp, and crawl over and among our things and inspect everything. Snowbirds, camp-robbers, chickadees, magpies, brown creepers and sparrows, also visit us daily; a flock of Brewers' blackbirds feed in the meadow near us, and a pair of kingfishers explore our part of the creek two or three times a day. At night a loon on the lake makes dismal sounds, along with the hootings of two owls on the mountain side above us. In the morning we hear, but never see, the strange, ghost-like swish of the mountain whirlwind as it travels up the canon, and in the evening we are startled by the dreamy note of the sandhill crane on the meadow below the lake, just as the sun goes down. And again, in the middle of the night, when sleep is cheap at a dollar a minute, we are sometimes roused up by:

"Say, you fellows! Sawtooth Jim has gotten his rope mixed with the tent ropes, and will pull our tent down if you don't look after him." (Sawtooth is our horse. Cost \$10.00.) Or, "Hi, there! What is the matter with Jim? I believe there is a bear in camp."

And so it goes, and we all grow tough and strong. We will be here about two weeks yet, then home.

*From a private letter of Dr. B. W. Everman, of the U. S. Fish Commission.

SPORT IN THE STOUR.

BY SUSAN, COUNTESS OF MALMESBURY.

5. The Hampshire Stour, though almost unknown to fame, is one of the prettiest little sporting rivers in the South of England. It is not so much that it excels in any one way, but that its natural advantages are so various; it is so versatile, if I may say so, its talents are so many, its resources so great. It is like a charming friend, a companion with whom one is never dull, while the homely English beauty of its scenery, the grey water, with flashes of light, or of brown and black, as it travels by, deep and steady,

With such a tide as, moving, seems asleep,
Too full for sound or foam,

winds its way slowly but surely to unsuspected depths in one's affection. At Blackwater Ferry, where I most like to think of it, the river is fast nearing its journey's end. It moves with dignity and ease, without the nervous haste of torrents less sure of themselves or of the appreciation of their little world. It has a haven alike for youth and age, for despair a refuge, and for the "unquiet heart and brain" a medicine.

The Valley of the Stour, along which the Danes of old fought their way to the rich city of Winchester, leaving traces of their passage in the many curious barrows scattered along its course, is fertilized by its periodic

floods, when, like a miniature Nile, it brings the rich Dorsetshire soil to the poorer land farther down its path, as it coils through meadows renowned for being able to fatten a bullock without artificial food. For many a day in winter-time the ferry rope stops helplessly and ridiculously in the middle of the stream, while, higher up, the ford at Pigshute would be impassable even to a man flying for his life, as Tyrrell was when he crossed it on his way to Poole. Let not the uninitiated imagine that these floods are unwholesome, for Christchurch is never so healthy, at least, so it declares, as when the Stour and Avon are "out;" but of an evening a deadly mist crawls up the valley and settles, white as snow, about three feet above the ground. This it is which brings disaster in its train, and not the cleansing and fertilizing waters from up the country.

It is, as I have said, a small river. I may add that its enemies have been known to call it a sluggish one, and, like many a sluggish nature, it has a dangerous temper, while deadly undercurrents lie hid beneath its placid surface. Almost every pool has claimed its human sacrifice, and bears a name tragic with the memory of one who perished there.

But, sluggish though its flow may be, it is bright and clear, its clean gravelly bottom forming an unrivalled bed for perch, while pike are very different fish caught in its wholesome stream from what they can be in muddy lakes and back waters, hooked fresh from some unholy orgie upon rats or young ducks. Here they are excellent eat-

* Contrary to our rule, we have excerpted this article entire from the August issue of the *Babington Magazine*—English edition. We do so to show how fascinating the practice of angling would become to American women, if they could be led to follow it. The lady author of this interesting sketch is not only an observant, but practical angler, and handles her pen with the same grace and force with which she wields the fishing rod. If the "New Woman," in her feverish aim for man-like methods and attributes, will follow the example of the Countess of Malmesbury, we could almost forgive her bloomers, her yellow leggings and "scorcher" form, when pedalling on the boulevards.

ing, and if the fillets are properly cut from the flank, rejecting, in the orthodox manner, the whole of the back, then, fried in batter and served with *sauce Tartare*, I confidently recommend them to the epicure, certain that he will not know them from whiting. Pike in season are a most lovely iridescent golden color, and, as I can tell from personal experience, they can sometimes make a very good fight for their life when in condition, and when they are fished for in sporting fashion with tolerably light tackle and an ordinary small salmon rod. If this is done, an incessant heavy strain must be kept up, as otherwise the pike will have his teeth well into your line almost before you have begun to play him. Gimp, of course, puts a stop to this manœuvre, and you can simply and artlessly haul him out sooner or later, while you take your time comfortably, knowing yourself to be safe. This is magnificent, but it is not sport.

I remember, one lovely evening in June, catching nine pike, varying from twelve to twenty-seven pounds in weight, in the course of two hours' trolling, with dace as a bait. Never shall I forget the beauty of the scene—the setting sun, the occasional flash of a kingfisher, the whirr of a wild duck's wings singing overhead through the evening air, the swaying of the reeds to what we used to call a "trout breeze," to distinguish a light wind from the "salmon breeze," which is distantly related to half a gale. I can see the water plants, some rare, some beautiful, some both scarce and lovely, and hear the plash of the oar, as Dugald Cameron, our Highland fisherman, alert and wary, gently dropped us down over the likely places.

One of these pike, the largest of the

party, gave some trouble. As a rule, after the first rush, they sulk or retire into private life at the bottom of the pool, where they carefully wind the line round a snag or a clump of weed, and so get a purchase which enables them to cut themselves loose. Then is the time, when they disappear in this way, to stir them up as sharply as your tackle will allow, otherwise your fish and your best flight of hooks may swim away down the river and pass for ever out of your life. As the pike's want of gameness enables you to land him long before he is exhausted by the play of the rod, it follows that the struggle is by no means over when he is safely out of the water, for then you must beware of his bite. In the case of my twenty-seven pounder, he made his teeth meet in my inexperienced finger, while I was attempting to relieve him of the hook, just as if he had been a dog from whom I was taking a bone. Dugald, who would naturally have performed this delicate operation for me, was so elated at the size of our fish that he relapsed at once into Gaelic and into an attempt to execute the Highland dance of triumph, sorely impeded by limited space, the necessity for trimming the boat and for sticking to his oars. Inside him—I mean, of course, the pike—was a perch of two pounds and three quarters in weight, enough in all conscience to swallow at a gulp, but those bull-dog jaws and that throat could have disposed of a baby whale, and still, like Oliver, have asked for more. To us, degenerate products of a debilitating civilization, it seems impossible to digest a whole fish (other than a whitebait) head, tail, scales, and bones, to say nothing of the perch's peculiar dorsal fin; but the pike, with all his teeth and jaws, disdains to chew his food, and

bolts it whole, leaving it to fight the matter out with his interior, unaided by artificial stimulants. What a text for the total abstainer! I will not enlarge upon it, as I do not belong to the species. To be a really effective apostle of the creed, you should at one time have swung the whole beat of the pendulum. A moderate drinker, hated on the one hand and despised on the other, is a hopeless person to convert.

The perch fishing, too, is excellent of its kind. They are a bony tribe, and usually despised as an article of food; but some of the larger ones, which run up to 3 lb in weight, killed at the proper time of year, are excellent in a water-souquet, delicately prepared in suitable stock, with shreds of horse-radish to heighten the flavor. Like most perch fishers, I am absolutely persuaded that if you lose one which you have hooked, he goes and tells all the others in that hole. He was probably the one on guard, posted to look out for danger, as I have seen with a herd of deer, or with the wild cattle at Chillingham, and he nobly took the bait to see where the peril lay, glad enough, no doubt, when you foolishly lowered the point of your rod, to get off, finding life with his friends more sweet than death for his country. When this has happened, you had better remove yourself to other grounds at once, for never another bite will you get until you do. On the other hand, with prudence, you may clear out a hole of every fish it contains. My favorite perch-ground was a place called Tommy's Hole, and I have caught from eighteen to twenty large ones in that single place. Who Tommy was, and whether he ended his life there by design or accident, I never could find out.

But—and it is a dreadful thought!—

the perch were finer in that hole than anywhere else.

The fish are, I have always thought, rather above the average in intellect, like trout, and unlike salmon and pike, which are undoubtedly of low mental calibre, and are unable to control an unnatural appetite for what one would think must be most unlikely looking dainties. A salmon, when he is so minded, will take almost anything you choose to place, in a sufficiently alluring fashion, under his nose. The manner of your presenting it to him, the lightness of your cast, has more to do with his acceptance of your attentions than the substance of your offering. Like a woman, when he won't, he won't, nothing will make him. Leave him to his reflections and go home. You will be more profitably employed in testing your tackle against the time you meet him in a happier mood.

Pike are very easy to catch, and skill has little to do with their capture. Standing one day on the bridge I cast my bait into the river to see if the line ran easily through the rings. The top of my trolling-rod was not secured and fell into the water with a splash. At that moment a pike took the bait in spite of my clumsy cast, and I landed him with the last joint of my rod swimming in the stream. In spite of my appreciation of the perch-mind, I must admit that one day I made the acquaintance of a very foolish one. I was sitting idly in the boat on a bright summer afternoon (June is the time to catch perch, as they are then in the holes; when they are in the shallows they will not take the bait), and, having detached the piece of shotted gut and hook with its minnow from the line, put my arm into the water as deep as I could and watched my tinny bait

playing in the current. Immediately I hooked a large perch, which must certainly have seen the whole apparatus from below.

It was in the Stour that I caught my first roach, and nearly fainted with horror when he loudly croaked in my face. It was a horrid sound, and I could not disguise from myself that I had committed a murder. I felt as I had done on a former occasion when, walking by the water, I idly thrust my stick into a little hole in a tree. All at once I heard a bitter wail, and found I had wounded a baby bat. The tiny face was terribly human, and the cries piteous to the ear. I could only put it back and trust that nature might restore the hurts caused by my careless blow.

No doubt the full-fledged salmon fisher will look upon all this much as the foxhunter does upon the accomplishment of rat-catching, but it should be remembered that pike and perch fishing come in at a time when salmon either do not run, or else are protected from the seductive devices of the angler by the decrees of the law.

This, at least, is the case in the Stour, which is a very early river, where the salmon are mighty particular, and often refuse to rise to the fly at all. I can remember the days, not so very long ago, when all that was known of salmon fishing in the Stour was a dark oral tradition handed down respecting the hooking of a huge one while trolling for pike with a dace. Need I say that this monster was never brought to land, but disappeared into that limbo where all the enormous fish we lose retire for ever, looming bigger as they recede into the fog of years? It was against the credibility of the story that its author had a reputation for indulging in the ancient art of archery, and,

personally, I did not believe it. The event in question was supposed to have happened before an attempt was made to work an iron-stone reef off Hengistbury Head. After part of it had been removed, it was found that the lie of a bar of sand stretching across Christchurch bay and out as far as Highcliffe had suddenly altered, thus affecting the mouth of the Avon and Stour, which join a little higher up and fall into the sea together. This sand bank, which had existed for years, was washed away in a few weeks, and from that time the Stur blossomed out into a salmon river, just as sometimes a hopeless "detrimental" may become a *parti*. Those who had loved the little river in its old days, when it played very second fiddle to its elder brother, the salmon-bearing Avon, now held up their heads and had no cause to be ashamed of their affection. For once the obstacle removed which had displeased their fancy, up came salmon by the hundred, bright as silver outside, pink and creamy inside. Most of them, alas! ended their exploration in the nets at the Run, disastrously as other explorers have done before them, but some crept through, and others were well advised enough to choose for their journey those hours between mid-day Saturday and Monday morning when netting, happily for the rod-fishers, is illegal.

Be this as it may, instead of one (mythical) salmon during countless ages, the Stour, in that part of it only which lies between Iford and about a mile above Throop Weir, now began to produce about eighty fish in the season. This was indeed a change for the better, especially as the fish were mostly very heavy and in splendid condition.

I recollect an almost Homeric combat between myself and a beautiful

fresh-run salmon, about the end of April, some years ago. It had been a cloudless day, and during the long hours he lay under the bank, close to the top of the water, so that you might easily have touched him with your finger, and could see his eye craftily turned upon you. I noticed the color of his back, and thought sorrowfully that he must be a "red" fish, not allowing, as it afterwards proved, for the tint of the water; still, as I reflected, these often afford better sport than the "clean" fish just up from hearty meals in the sea on spawns, and too fat for sustained exertion.

He never moved, nor even looked, so far as we could tell, at the most tempting fly. Time sped away, and faintly, in the distance, I could hear the bell at Heron Court ringing for the servants' dinner at 1 o'clock. Every fisherman knows that each river has certain hours during which the fish rise in preference to any other. Now the 1 o'clock bell at Heron Court had come to be known as the salmon-bell, so surely did the fish rise at that time of day, not moving again to any persuasion till between 5 and 7 in the evening. Various notable fisherman had by this time tried their hands, but with no result. I began to think our friend was a lost soul and not a "right" fish at all. There was something in his glassy eye which chilled your very bones and gave a certain color to the idea.

There was no one about. The men at the mill higher up the river, but within sight, had gone to their dinner, guided by the "salmon" bell. Dugald approached me with perfidious words on his lips and a gaff in his red right hand. "Look at him!" he urged, "laughing at the lot of us. Now, Milady, there is no one by, take the gaff

to him! We'll have him out before the men come back from their dinner, and crimp him fine, so no one will know but what you've hooked him fair and square!" It was an awful moment. I wavered. Dugald and I stood guiltily looking at the gaff. My fingers longed for it. At last, with a supreme effort, "No!" I cried; "he *shall* have a chance for his life. I will try for him myself at sunset, and then we may have more luck, but I will not snatch him." Also, I did not wish to be had up before a magistrate for illegal practice.

Fortified in my mind with this heroic resolution, I leisurely returned home to recruit the physical part of me with luncheon, and to attend to those duties from which even the ardent sportswoman is not entirely free.

About 6 o'clock I returned to the charge, fresh and ready for the fray. May I here say that wielding of an eighteen-foot salmon rod is rather strenuous exercise, and that it is not easy for a woman to go on casting forty or fifty feet of line, at least in a satisfactory way, for many hours together? Now, however, I felt that I was mistress of the situation, and, just as the sun was going down, I threw my first fly over the reluctant salmon. I suppose he had run up against the stream the night before, and was tired out, so that he had not been disposed to rise while the sun was up; for now, when I was lucky enough with my first cast to land the fly just above his nose, he took it with a heavy plunge and boil of the water all round him, which showed that we had not over-estimated his size—quite the reverse. I had hooked him, nay, rather, he had hooked me, for had I been alone he would certainly have pulled me into the water in the first mad rush.

But Dugald was there and held on to my skirt, while my fish plunged down stream. I knew I could not follow him far, for there was a bog close at hand impossible to pass, and as to wading into the river, that desperate measure was not to be thought of. I knew I could not stand against the stream in water up to my waist, and life was still sweet. Well aware of these circumstances, and hoarse with excitement, Dugald shouted into my ear, "Show him the but or we'll lose him yet!" So I put out all my strength to stop his downward course. I felt I could not hold out very long with a fish of that size, the stream against me, and the weight of all my line run out, but fortunately he was fat, and soon the strain began to tell. He dashed up into more favorable quarters, more favorable at least for me, as I had several hundred yards of clear ground between me and the mill. The game was now almost in my hands, unless my strength, never too great, should fail me, or my tackle play me false.

For thirty-five minutes we struggled, he for his life and I for glory and the pot, but at last, panting and exhausted, I brought my prize within reach of Dugald's gaff, and in a moment he lay stretched upon the grass, looking like a streak of moonlight in the red of the setting sun. I was a proud woman that day and many days afterwards, for he weighed 32 lb., and was perfectly fresh run. Thus was virtue rewarded, as I could easily have snatched him with a gaff when he lay basking under the bank earlier in the day, unless, indeed, with a lash of his mighty tail, he had carried me down, gaff and all, to give my name to a new "hole" in the Stour, never again to see the sunny meadows or the fire-clad hills.

Must I admit, at the risk of tip-tilting all truly fishing noses, that many of our salmon were caught with a dace, and sometimes with a prawn? This fish, however, was hooked with a fly, which was a creation of Dugald's—not a pretty fly, ungainly and headless, roughly made, but killing to a degree when the water was clear, and black despair crouched behind the fisherman.

Other monstrous-looking objects he had for dark weather and thick water, but, to me, anything was preferable to his bottle of glycerine, in which there swam a company of ancient boiled prawns, quite unfit for society. This was the last infirmity of our ignoble minds, harassed by dark hints of household necessity, and irritated by the airs and graces of fish, sporting on their way up stream to alien waters under our very noses, unworthy, we sternly felt, to be treated like gentlemen.

In some of the pools in the Stour fish never seem to raise at all, although it is known that they lie there, and here they are netted from time to time. Such a pool is the one below Throop Weir, which is very deep and has a dangerous under-current.

Here it was that poor Dugald Cameron came to his end in the river that he loved and knew so well. As he was drawing up one of the hatches it suddenly gave way; he fell backwards into the mill dam, and was sucked down through the opening. He rose for a moment in the pool below, apparently stunned, for although a rope was thrown right over his hands, he made no effort to catch it, and sank, to be seen no more, till he was drawn out, in one of his own nets, with four large salmon. Like so many Highlanders of that class, he was a perfect gentleman in thought and manner, and a sportsman to the core.

From a culinary point of view, another very good little Stour fish is the snig; this, I need hardly perhaps explain, is a kind of eel which does not migrate to the sea. It is much more delicate in flavor than the ordinary eel, and not at all oily. Tench also are to be netted in some of the holes; their gelatinous skin is considered a dainty, though personally I think it much the reverse, while the flesh is like boiled flannel. They had, however, a high reputation in the days when the Holy Fathers still inhabited Christchurch Priory, and ran up long bills for salmon among other luxuries, which history avers they were unable to pay. Duck shooting on the Stour is not the least

of its attractions as a sporting river, and many a happy hour have I spent, crouching in a gaze, watching duck as they were driven "up-along" or "down-along" as they say in those parts, according to the wind.

This modest record of varied sport in our little Hampshire river falls far short of the brilliant doings in more celebrated streams, but at no time of the year does it fail to afford amusement and occupation. Those only who have lived amongst river scenery can know how it grows into your very soul, and how, amidst the roar of a great city, the heart listens for the far-off music of the water's flow.



NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Under this Department Heading queries relative to Angling, Ichthyology and Fish Culture will be answered.]

An Angling Coincidence—The Rainbow Trout.

In an article printed in August last on the grayling of the Au Sable river in Michigan, we mentioned the sturdy fight of the rainbow trout when on the hook, and predicted that it was the coming game fish, without a peer, in waters where it would remain and thrive. This opinion was forced upon us by an exciting incident:

We were camping, in June last, on the left bank of this choice water, and within the toss of a stone from the tent was a deep pool. During the major portion of the day the sun glared over the entire surface of this water, rendering it unpleasant and difficult to fish with success. Just before dusk, on the first day of our arrival in camp, we fished this pool with the hope of catching a few of the large grayling which we could plainly see during the day, lying motionless, apparently in rigid repose save the automatic opening and closing of the gills with almost rhythmic cadence—cud-chewing, as it were. We were using our old 4 oz. Nichols' rod and delicate water tackle, which we had found delightful gear to use, and especially adapted to handling these grayling, which seldom weighed over half a pound.

After several ineffectual casts, our end fly, a coachman, was taken vigorously, and the fish rushed up stream with a force beyond the strength of our rod to retard, and we were at once reminded of the fierce surge of a black bass in running water. This impression was deepened when on snubbing him* to the extent of the yielding resistance of the old Nichols, out the fish came into the air a couple of feet, and, like the black bass, shook himself from head to tail, his whole body, not the head alone. The shadows had deepened by this time, and we could not see the markings on the fish, but could plainly note his actions as the white flash of the water indicated his course and leaps, but we did not know what our quarry was until one of the guides hallowed from the bank that we had hooked a rainbow. This fish jumped three times, went up stream, willy nilly, against a strong current, three or

four times, then into deep water sulking, and then, when rod-butted heavily, dashed towards us, ran around our legs and under a big log on the nether side of the stream. Of course we had been there before, and if our old limbs fail us sometimes on land, they meet the emergencies always in a fishing water, and we speedily extricated ourselves from this dilemma and brought the rainbow to creel, but not before several more wild rushes after it was brought into the deep water. This fish weighed two pounds, and it was the most game of all fishes we ever handled of that size. It combined all the fighting qualities of the trout and black bass, and, unlike the latter and more like the former, it did not seem to know when to give up, but drew its muscles almost into ridges to escape our grasp as we took the hook from its mouth. This we have all observed to be the final effort of the trout, but never the black bass; he knows when he is helpless.

We fished no more that evening, but on several occasions during the outing caught rainbow trout, all of which showed the same fierce game qualities of the one caught in the gloaming.

And now for the coincidence.

On returning home, in the early part of July, we found on our desk a letter from an old friend, R. M. Shurtliff, the artist, who has his summer home near the banks of the Au Sable river (mark the name), in the Adirondacks. This letter was dated July 1 (mark the date), and in it he wrote:

"The Au Sable river has a good many large rainbow trout. It is fortunate they were put in, as the natives can't catch them often, for these fish don't take to bait very well, and are too smart. I had a three-pounder on last week. He went to the bottom and I could not start him for five minutes. At last he *went*. Went with a rush up and down the pool, making the reel hum. I handled him very carefully and got him tired out at last, so I thought, but just as I was about to net him, he went back into deep water, shot straight into the

air four feet, shook his head and out came the fly. I was never more astonished, but admired his pluck and skill so much that I was almost willing to let him go. There was another in the same pool just like him. I hear he played the same joke on several people."

The reader will note the coincidences. We both fished a river of the same name and at the same time, probably the same day, one of us being in Northern Michigan, the other in Northern New York, about 1,000 miles apart; and each of us caught the rainbow and discovered in them new (to us) game qualities surpassing all other fish we had ever before killed. There is no telling, as yet, where these coincidences will end, but we have written to find out what fly the New York "red-sides" took, what hour and minute he rose, his build, grades of coloration, if he shook his head or his whole body, number of scales along the lateral line and other etceteras, which when known will make up a first class angler's duality. But be this as it may, it is settled with both of us that the rainbow trout, "inch for inch and pound for pound," is the game fish of American waters.—ED.

Salmon Fishing at Seventy-Five.

We have just received a letter from that old veteran of salmon anglers, John Mowat, of Campbellton, N. B., which is so characteristic that we publish extracts, despite the strict amenities governing private correspondence:

"MY DEAR HARRIS:—It's a long time between drinks, or rather its long since I heard from you; probably that book is not yet completed, and times have been hard; however, they are on the mend and I trust you will get a share. I had some five weeks outing last summer; fished out of my light canoe, all alone, and I enjoyed it. It is not many men can do it at my age (75), handle twenty-five salmon, one a 28½ pounder. Of course my canoe was very light and properly fitted for the work, and it is most exciting to have to do it alone, but I would rather kill one fish alone than kill a dozen with two men (the common number) to paddle you around. I lost only two fish, and in landing one of them, trying to gaff from the canoe, I had him on the gaff, but he broke my leader and then twisted off the gaff; as usual, he was a big fish, probably a thirty pounder. I am in good, fair health and hope to enjoy another year or two before going. Should like to see the yacht race,—have bet on the Defender—Canadians all go on Valk. III. I clip from a Canadian paper:

CAMPBELLTON, N. B., Sept. 6.—As Driver Fraser, of the Northern division of the International Railway, was running a special into Sayabec, the other night,

the locomotive ran into a herd of moose, killing one, a male, which was brought to Campbellton, and tipped the scale at 600 pounds.

"That's how we get our fresh meat here. Oh! he was as tender as a chicken. Sold for 10 cents per pound."

Does a Black Bass Shake His Head.

I observe a long and somewhat drawn out discussion in one of your contemporaries over the question, "Does a black bass shake his head to get rid of the hook, and his object in doing it," and would be glad to hear your views on the subject, as I read some ten years ago your interesting articles on "Fly fishing for Black Bass," and know you have made this fish one of your specialities.

JOHN HOMADER.

NEW YORK, September 15, 1895.

Unfortunately for an answer in the affirmative to this query, the black bass is so built that a supple or positive shake of the head, *per se*, is anatomically impossible. An effort on his part to do so will result, if you observe closely, in a lateral motion of the upper or anterior portion of the body, if not the whole of it. Of course the head shakes when the body does, but the neck (?) of a fish contains only cartilaginous disks or short cylinders which to all intents and purposes are inflexible.

As to the object a black bass has in view when he shakes his head (and body) the solution is easy. He wants to get his liberty, and brings into action every device known to his intelligent instincts, or handed down from his heredity to accomplish it, and when he does, the humane and loving angler should wish him "God speed," and but few returns of the fateful but lucky day for the bronze backer.—ED.

The Tarpon Quantity Record Broken.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., September 19, 1895.

This is to certify that the undersigned A. Houston and P. J. Lewis, of San Antonio, arrived at Aransas Pass on the afternoon of the 12th inst., to fish for tarpon with rod and reel. On the 13th, Lewis landed two tarpon; on the 14th, Houston landed six and Lewis six (fishing about seven hours of the day); on the 15th, in the afternoon, Houston landed three and Lewis two, making total number landed nineteen, in two and one-half days' fishing.

The remarkable catch on the 14th of twelve in one day (six by each), is the largest catch of tarpon with rod and reel ever made in one day, so far as we can learn. Before this Mr. Wallace, of Racine, Wis., on November 3, 1894, landed five tarpon in one day; he and two associates landing together twelve in one

day. This catch gave the championship to Mr. Wallace until our catches on the 14th, in which we both beat him by one fish. Who will raise the record?

A. W. HOUSTON,
Gen. Atty. for S. A. and A. P. Ry.
PERRY J. LEWIS,
State Senator, San Antonio, Tex.

If this thing goes on, tarpon scores will equal those of the small boy bags of "pumpkin seeds," of which a lad told us years ago, "jinted strings wouldn't hold 'em." But, with it all the brothers of the angle, Houston and Lewis, should have told us more about these tarpon. What did they weigh apiece? On what gear were they caught? What bait did they take? Was it trolling in the usual Aransas Pass way, or did they still fish for them? We yearn for the *res gestæ* of this grand outing, for when told of a big fish or a big creel filled, every earnest angler is apt to ask: Well, how was it done? And without an answer to this query, he is apt to shrug his shoulders and pass along the question until the answer comes. We don't doubt the veracity of these record breaking fishers—they are too well known for that—but it is like giving a minimized measure of water to a man dying of thirst, when you tell an angler that you caught "a hummer," and don't tell how you did it. So kindly talk right out in the meeting house, Brothers Houston and Lewis, for the benefit of the craft at large.—ED.

The Rainbow and the Steelhead.

In the August number of THE AMERICAN ANGLER, article "Among the Grayling of Michigan," you speak of the rainbow trout as "*Salmo gairdneri*." I have always understood that the "*Salmo gairdneri*" was the steelhead trout, and "*Salmo irideus*" was the rainbow; also you call the grayling "*Thymalus signifer ontariensis*." Is this something new? The Manistee river grayling, and those from all other streams on the west shore of Michigan, we have called "*Thymalus tricolor*." Please set me right on these two fish.

GRAND RAPIDS, Ind.

H. P.

The rainbow trout has been found by Dr. Daniel S. Jordan, of the Stanford University, California, to be the steelhead, which is merely a sea-running rainbow, and you can readily see that *irideus* must give way to *gairdneri*, which is the oldest name of the two,

The graylings are now scientifically named: The Alaskan grayling—*Thymalus signifer*. The Montana grayling—*Thymalus signifer montanus*. The Michigan grayling—*Thymalus signifer ontariensis*.

This nomenclature has prevailed for several years. It will always vex the layman to keep abreast of the scientific terminology of American fishes. The waters of the country are not all as yet explored, new species of fishes are being constantly discovered, and the old nomenclature is being modified as investigation widens.—ED.

A Proper Beginning (See Frontispiece).

The bright little lad whom we portray upon another page is the son of that enthusiastic angler, Mr. Kit Clarke, the author of "Where the Trout Hide."

The picture is copied from a "kodak" perpetrated by the father. The little boy, although but 4 years of age in June last, lifted a 2 lb black bass from the Ramapo river, which runs through his father's summer home. Mr. Clarke says he "worked" the deep hole for an hour without a bite, and while at supper the little fellow took the baited rod, and in a few moments came back with a triumphant smile on his face, and the fish in both hands, exclaiming:

"I got him, papa, but he tried awful to bite me."

Salmon Angling on the Restigouche, 1895.

Our season did not open good until about June 5; a few fish showed about May 25, but not in sufficient numbers to induce an angler to go out. But few fresh run fish came first, many of them being kelts, which have passed the winter in the river, going to sea in the spring. These are called "mended kelts" in Scotland, and are generally counted in the angler's score, often here as well as there. A few hot days in early spring cleaned out our light snowfall and the very dry spring caused the water to fall rapidly, so that when the salmon came, they found the water in the lower pools (commonly so good for three weeks in June) too low, so they passed through without stopping, pressing on upwards, sometimes looking at the fly, rising short, or taking it so gingerly it would come home when the angler tightened his wrist. Consequently, with the exception of the Sweeny water now in the Camp Harmony Club and the home pool of the Restigouche Salmon Club, all the lower riparian owners were 50 per cent. short of their usual number of fish. The club pools at Indian House and Patapedia fished well; eight, ten and fifteen fish per day for two rods would

be a fair average. A couple of fine pools, sixty miles up river, belonging to Mr. Rogers, had for three rods their usual 150 salmon. I see the Restigouche Salmon Club limited the daily score per rod to eight fish, but, of course, they cannot limit the riparian owner; the Legislature can only do so on the release of the rivers.

The Upsilquitch river, another branch of the Restigouche, somewhat later than the main stream for running fish, which are also smaller in size, fished well in July, turning out 150 fish to three or four rods. The Cascapedia anglers had fairly good sport, lessees having purchased the use of the nets at or in its estuary; in other words, paying the netters to allow the fish to come up. I have heard the limit was forty fish to a rod, quite sufficient to satisfy any true sportsman. I did hear that one fish of 41½ lb. was killed there.

Fair fishing is also reported from the Gaspé rivers, also from the Nepsiguit. No reports from Miramichie, except a fair catch of a late run of grilse. Trout fishing, with moose, cariboo and bear are now the order of the day. Only a few, however, of this class of sportsmen frequent the Restigouche, as both lessees and riparians claim the trout as well as the salmon, and don't care to have them disturbed.

There are still a couple of openings for good fair salmon pools, on the main and Metapedia rivers, for lease or purchase, but they are held at pretty stiff figures.

I saw where an angler, on the River Bann (Irish), took two and a half hours to kill a 31 lb. fish. It seems to me the angler would have to adjourn for refreshment before hooking another. I have never yet taken twenty minutes to land any fish when fairly hooked, and in my thirty years with the rod have killed five of 36 lb. and two of over 38 lb., and assisted once to land a 46 lb. fish foul hooked; this fish took us one hour and forty-five minutes to land. I once fished on our river with a lady, who hooked a 27 lb. male fish, through the dorsal fin, and it took us over a mile down stream, but she killed him in forty-five minutes. Of course we were in a canoe, from which all fishing is done here; few fish could be either hooked or landed from the bank on our Canadian rivers.

The hatchery here turned into the rivers this spring some 2,500,000 Atlantic salmon fry, many of them being liberated seventy and eighty miles above tide water. It also sent to

other hatcheries 5,000,000 of eyed ova, and our river is just now swarming with schools of the young fifteen months smolts on their voyage to the salt water. The commercial net catch in the four counties, bordering on the Bay Chaleur, will give about the usual quantity, 1,000,000 lb. worth about \$100,000, as no new netting stations are permitted, hence the stock in the river being better protected will no doubt increase yearly.

JOHN MOWAT.

Chumming for Tarpon.

It is the practice with all persistent and industrious anglers to ground bait waters where certain species of fish are known to be, but are wide-ranging in their habits. We all know the efficacy of chumming for bluefish and others of the migratory kind, and we have tested personally the value of a "slick" of crude menhaden oil when it is cast upon tide waters. Ground baiting is nearly always essential to success when the fish are scarce and their feeding grounds are unknown to the angler; this is particularly the case with the lake trout living in the deep waters of the interior, and "baiting a buoy" is, in many places, the only sure method of alluring them. Knowing this to be so with the lake trout, we have found it also essential in making a good score of pike, pike-perch, and other but smaller fish. Whenever we go into camp at a spot where fish are not sufficiently numerous to ensure a constant supply for the table, a near by baited buoy is with us a permanent feature, and it always yields bounteously,

In our recent visit to the Gulf coast below Punta Rassa, Fla., our sympathies were excited in behalf of the patient and untiring tarpon anglers to whom "a draw" might come once a day or once a week, as the case might be, and we thought that some device could be resorted to by which more certain results would ensue, and we naturally selected ground baiting or persistent chumming as being possibly the solution of the problem. To the former very serious objections arise, the main and insuperable one being the difficulty in getting and keeping the cut bait on the bottom, owing to the strong tideways sweeping it on and upward, and the voracious foraging habits of the small fish of those waters. It would be difficult to remove these drawbacks to ground baiting tarpon waters, but they do not exist when a surface "slick" is created. The material used in doing this should be, we

think, the crude menhaden oil, or, if it is possible to get, the oil made from the mullets so numerous in Southern waters, and should be of the crudest kind, containing as much organic matter as it is practicable to obtain. If this oil is not purchasable in the market, North or South, it can be easily made; the mullets are plenty and any old cider or other press would turn out, in a few hours, enough material to last for days. When a sufficient supply is obtained, let your guide, on the half ebb, anchor his boat some distance, say a quarter of a mile, above the spot where tarpon have been seen, and then pour upon the receding waters several gallons of the oil, placing a gill of it only at a time on the surface at intervals of a minute or two. The tide will cause "a slick" to be made which will be found to widen as it goes down tide, the small pieces of organic matter dropping gradually below the surface or swept along on the top at greater speed than the oil slick, thus enlarging the field of allurements.

This method should be followed for several days, and a liberal output of oil should be made, which, being carried down by the tide, would come back with it and thus create a daily attraction to the tarpon, the object of which, in entering fresh water, is for food—a change of diet, as it were—or possibly for hygienic purposes, as they have been seen disappearing in the crystal springs from whence arise many of the Floridian rivers.

This method of alluring tarpon may not be necessary or practical in wide waters like those at Fort Myers and other points, but we have seen, at irregular intervals, very fine tarpon feeding just inside the small passes on the Gulf coast, and it was evident that they came in from the Gulf in search of new feeding grounds, but did not go up very far, only a straggler here and there, into the waters of the pass, except in a few places, such as Surveyors'

creek, to reach which they passed through the broad waters of Estero bay.

Of course this suggestion is intended only for the early part of the season when tarpon are comparatively scarce, and we give it simply as a hint. If we do not mistake the requirements of our vocation as editor of an anglers' journal (by the bye the only one in America), it is our duty to put in cold type any and all formulas which, through enlargement or adaptation by experience, may possibly become of use to the craft. The oil idea may not stand a practical test, but we give it for all it is worth.—ED.

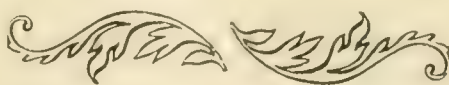
Salmon Waters For Lease or Sale.

Salmon fishing for three or four rods on one of the best rivers of Canada, easily accessible, will be either sold or leased; but must be applied for at once. Title indisputable. Address "Salmon," office AMERICAN ANGLER, 19 Park Place, New York.

Sound Line Service.—The double service of the Fall River Line was discontinued on Saturday, 14th inst. The Priscilla and Puritan remain in commission, leaving New York from Pier 18, North River, foot of Murray Street, week days and Sundays, 5:30 P. M. Each boat carries a fine orchestra.

Reduced Rates.—The first-class fare from New York to Boston, via the Fall River Line, has just been reduced from \$4 to \$3. A corresponding reduction has been made to all points East.

During the hunting season, *i. e.*, from October 1, 1895, to March 31, 1896, the Norfolk and Western Railroad will take *free* in baggage cars, when accompanied by owner, and at their risk, the dogs of sportsmen or hunting parties, not exceeding one dog to each man. Owners must show their tickets to agent or baggage agent, that dogs may be properly way-billed to train baggagemen, and they must furnish chain or strong rope, so that dogs may be securely fastened in baggage cars. After March 31, 1896, the regular dog tariff will apply in all cases.



THE ANGLING CYCLIST.

[We solicit for publication, under this department heading, contributions of interest to Angling Cyclists, particularly outings on the wheel to fishing waters.]

Notes of the Wheel.

It is difficult to realize the extent and scope of the literature of the wheel. It comes to our desk in various and attractive forms, the most prominent and interesting being the weekly publications respectively called *The Wheel* and *The American Wheelman*. Both of these journals take rank with the best of the trade or class periodicals, not only in the character of their editorial matter, but in their superb illustrations, and the diversity and extent of the news gathered, hither and yon, from every section of the country. That even an imperfect idea may be had of the broad gauge of these two estimable publications we have thrown together a column or more of notes gathered mainly from their pages, with additions of our own. As we glance them over we are astonished at the development of this class of literature. It seems but as yesterday when the entire field was covered by a single journal of eight or ten pages, but now it is only partially filled by scores of like publications, and more are still to come. Again, when we glance over our morning's supply of daily papers, we find in all columns of matter exclusively devoted to news of the wheelmen, what they are doing and intend to do. It will be observed that the annexed notes are full of of varied matter, served up so as to be of value, not alone to the tyro, but to the expert, he who "scorches" on the pedals in August heat or in the December frosts. All are served alike at this literary feast.

In mounting, the gentleman, who is accompanying a lady, holds her wheel; she stands on the left side of the machine and puts her right foot across the frame to the right pedal, which at the time must be up; pushing the right pedal causes the machine to start, and then, with the left foot in place, the rider starts ahead—slowly at first, in order to give her cavalier time to mount his wheel, which he will do in the briefest time possible. When the end of the ride is reached the man quickly dismounts and is at his companion's side to assist her, she, in the meantime, assisting herself as much as possible.

Judging from observances along the crowded boulevards, there is no pastime in which both sexes participate where the lady is so inde-

pendent of assistance as in wheeling. She gets upon her bicycle with ease and unassisted, and dismounts with the same facility. Etiquette has its forms in every social meeting of the sexes, but excluding its value as a refining influence, it is of less practical use in wheeling than in any other class of recreation.

The sensible cyclewoman adopts the motto that Mr. Ruskin thought should be placed over the door of every art school in the country—moderation. This she does, not only because she is thus the better able to preserve her skill and strength as a cyclist, but—alas for the inevitable vanity governing all feminine standards—because she ensures better looks. Said one wheelwoman: "The effect of long, hard riding resembles that gained in the hay-field. Women who would scorn the idea of field-labor manage to bring about precisely the same results so far as looks are concerned by immoderate bicycle exercise. A leathery skin and a tomato-like nose cannot enhance any woman's beauty, and yet these are the invariable penalties paid by women who do not temper their riding with moderation. The appearance of your woman who indulges indiscriminately in hard riding is as weather-beaten as that of a horny-handed son of toil or a skipper of the seas."

Setting aside the bad effects of fast riding, when continued to extremes, upon the organs of her body, a woman who gets what is called "a craze of the wheel" is apt to become unfitted for the domestic routine of her duties. It unsexes her, for the fascination of a whirl on the road often creates a morbid indifference, sometimes disgust, to home duties. She cannot serve two masters at one and the same time. This is not from our own knowledge, but from that of an estimable lady who forgot herself, her home and its duties, fortunately for a short period only, in the pleasures of wheeling. She has reformed.

To the ordinary observer of the metropolitan cyclist, the fact becomes at once evident that nearly one-third of the wheels which are being ridden are out of track. So common does this seem to be that it begets an idea that, perhaps, after all, the diamond frame is not the perfect one it is supposed to be. This variance in trackage is all the way from a quarter to as much as three inches, and it seems strange that the riders should not at once detect it, owing to the uncomfortableness of riding a wheel in such a condition. When you find

that the machine you ride does not steer well, or when the rear wheel tire gives forth a peculiar swishing sound when being ridden over a dusty surface, you are safe to suspect that the wheels do not track, and an early visit to a competent repairer is advisable.

No tyro should buy a wheel except under advice or personal guidance of an experienced person. The market is being flooded with machines, and it is well, not only to take the above-named precaution, but to buy only the best, and from the factory of an accredited manufactory.

Experts differ as to whether the mud on a machine should be removed when wet, or whether to let it dry first before attempting to get rid of it. Of both plans the one most often adopted by the experienced rider is to allow it to dry. Then take a cloth which has been slightly oiled, pass it around each tube of the frame in turn, holding an end in each hand, draw it backward and forward until the mud has vanished. A painter's dust brush will be found an excellent tool to aid you in properly cleaning the wheel. Be careful to avoid rubbing the dirt into the bearings. The advocates of the wet system of cleaning use a bucket of water and a stiff brush, first thoroughly wetting the mud to loosen it, and then rubbing it off, following its removal by careful wiping the machine dry and polishing the nickel portions thereof. If the bearings have been well oiled, and some care is taken, the water can easily be prevented from finding its way inside the bearings. This plan is less likely to scratch the enamel than the dry process is.

Always clean your wheel in the yard, and if you are so unfortunate as to be a flat tenant, bribe the janitor to let you do it in the basement. If you do not, your delightful pastime will be frowned upon by your housewife, even if she happens to be your wheel companion.

An English cycle insurance company has a reference department, which should be of great value to the intending purchaser of a second-hand wheel. If the machine has been insured in the company, the would-be buyer, upon the payment of a fee of 25 cents, will be given all particulars of the age, make and original price of the machine, and whether any or what accidents the company has been called to pay upon it while it was insured with them. By this means the purchaser is in a large measure protected against buying a stolen or misrepresented wheel, a protection well worth much more than the 25 cents it costs him to gain.

Beneficial and enjoyable cycling depends as much on the knowledge of breathing as upon muscular strength. The greater the capacity

to breathe the greater the vital capacity and the more riding becomes easy and rapid. But breathing must be instantaneously regular, and not done by shocks and blows like the puffs of a bellows. Persons whose nostrils are obstructed breathe through the mouth, and when they are tempted to augment speed inhalation is inevitable, and may be the cause of heart and lung troubles. But rapidity of movement does not suffice to bring on inhalation; it must be accompanied with intensity of muscular effort, and it thus may be considered as the result of general muscular fatigue. At the beginning of this muscular fatigue, the rider must go slower or dismount and rest, and make a regular practice of regular breathing through the nose, with slow exhalations through the mouth. With precautions such as these, the exercise of the wheel is beneficial for the development of the lungs and thorax, and one can even further assert that it may cure certain pulmonary affections, provided they be not acute.

When an ordinary-sized dog desires to ascertain how it feels to be run over by a bicycle, and you are unable to prevent yourself accommodating him, proceed at it in this fashion: Get a firm grip on the handles, put an extra push on the pedals, rise slightly in the saddle as you do when surmounting an ordinary obstacle, and the result will be more satisfactory to you than it will be comfortable to the canine investigator.

The Tyro and the Master.

Cycling has, in the flood of its new devotees, become burdened with more than a fair proportion of the half-baked variety, whose knowledge of the pleasure possibilities of the machine they ride is limited, most limited.

One would think that when a man was prepared to spend a hundred dollars for almost anything, writes the editor of *The Wheel*, he would carefully investigate the article to be purchased before he bought it, and afterward would more carefully study its possibilities. But such seems not to be the case with a great number of riders. They buy a wheel without any thought of whether it is suitable for their needs, they mount it regardless of the proper adjustment of saddle, handle bars or cranks, and then ride it with no more attention to its care than they would give to the running gear of a trolley-car which carried them to and from business.

What do such people know of the pleasures or possibilities of the wheel? Nothing. They ride over the same park roads or asphalt boulevards week in and week out, they stop at the same resorts so often that even the waiters know what they will ask for, and save them the exertion of doing so by serving it unordered.

To such riders cycling is but a modern successor to the blind horse in the mill, who forever goes round and round, regardless and careless of what happens outside of that narrow circle his feet have worn in the earth which in the end must receive into its kindly bosom all that remains of the patient plodder. Cycling is to this half-baked contingent a kind of machine which must be propelled just so far, then brought back to the starting point, and the whole thing repeated *ad infinitum*. This may be many things, but one thing it is not, and that one is legitimate cycling.

The true cyclist must have something Alexander-like in his make-up—he must be constantly seeking for new worlds to conquer. He must experiment, investigate and decline to leave well enough alone. No road must to him be so perfect that no new road should be sought for, no wheel so good that, perhaps, a

better one for his purpose could not be found, no arrangement of his machine so absolutely correct that it could not be made more so. Progress is the first principle of cycling. Had the world been content with pedestrian locomotion or makeshift aids thereto by means of the brute, we should to-day have no railways, bicycles or electric cars. The explorer and the investigator should both be embodied in the make-up of the wheelman. Eliminate either or both and the residue is a something valueless to any one, its owner most of all.

Be as thorough in your cycling as you find it profitable and wise to be in your business. Know full well what you and the machine you bestride can do, and then see that both accomplish wisely and well all that in them exists. Don't dawdle along without ever seeking a change. Even if your search for something newer and better leads you into barren ways, yet your exploring will not have been without value, since it will have made you more appreciative of the pleasures you temporarily forsook. Let not one such failure discourage you. Continuance will in the end most surely bring you a reward worthy of all and more than it cost you to gain it.



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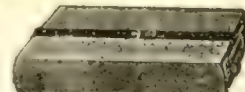
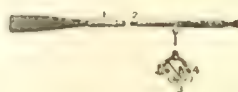
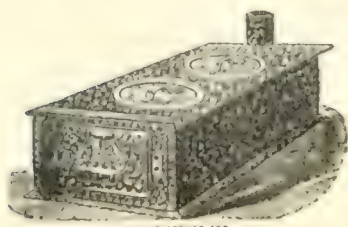
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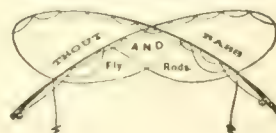
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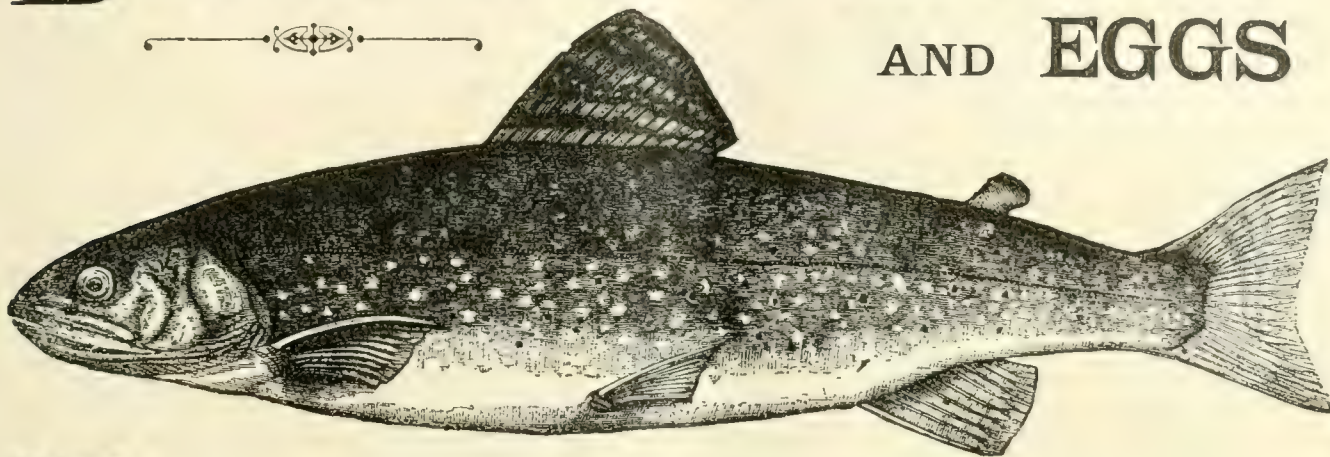
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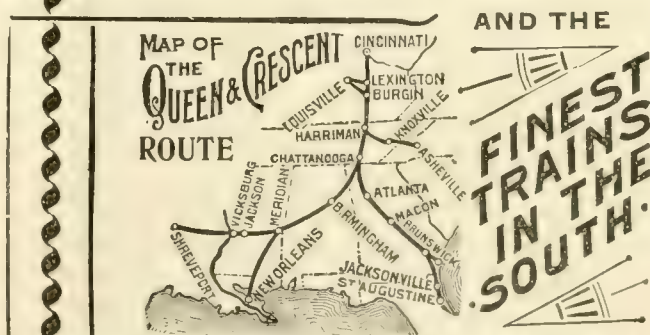
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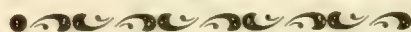


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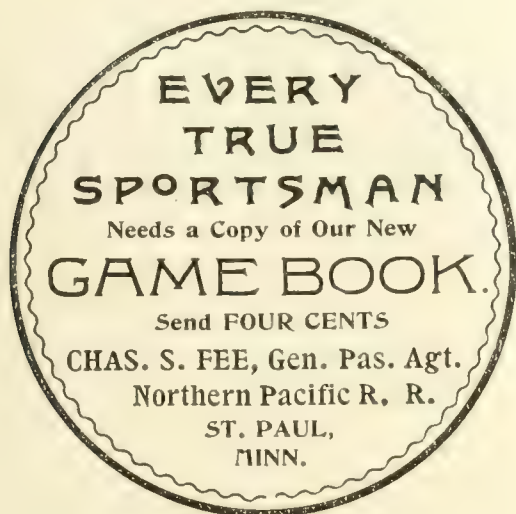
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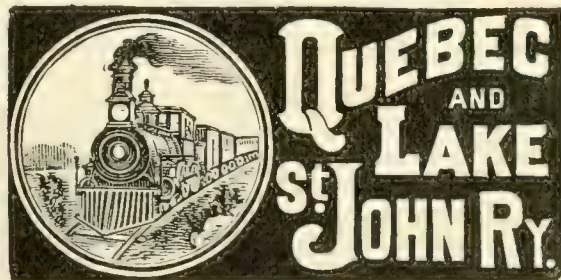
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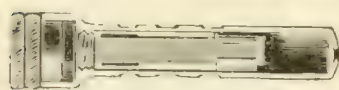
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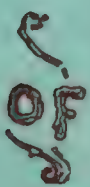
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AMERICAN ANGLER

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THE AMERICAN ANGLER is an Illustrated Monthly Magazine, devoted to the pastime of Angling and Fish Culture. Terms: \$2.00 a year; 20 cents a copy.

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The McCloud River, near U. S. Fish Hatchery.

THE AMERICAN ANGLER.

VOL. 25.

NOVEMBER, 1895.

NO. 11

AMONG THE TROUT OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

BY J. R. MOORE.

As one of the guild, I thought you might be interested in an examination I have just completed from the angler's standpoint of the trout of the Pacific coast; those of the eastern slope of the Sierras and the Yellowstone region. Arriving in San Francisco late in May, I went for a day's fishing to Lake Pilicetis, a short distance from the city. There I found a number of men fishing from the shore with bait, and others in boats trolling with small spoons. In the evening I went out but cast a fly in vain. As I wished to see the fish, I borrowed a spoon and landed perhaps half a dozen quarter pounders, and just before dark took about as many with a fly. They were the true rainbow trout (*Salmo irideus*). This lake, which forms part of the water system of the city, is well stocked, and, at times, is said to afford excellent sport. An adjacent lake, called Laganitis, has been supplied with black bass from the East, and good fishing for these, as well as trout is obtained there. It was not open to anglers at the time I visited the locality.

My next venture was up at the head waters of the Sacramento in the McCloud river. Running up as far as Simms on the railway, I fished an afternoon in a small brook, tributary to the Sacramento, with indifferent success.

Joining a friend in the evening, we went back to Smithson, where we camped for the night with a Welsh miner, whose name was Daw and his wife Margery, and after a bit of supper, fell into the arms of Mother Goose and Morpheus. After a really beautiful drive across the mountains, in the early morning, we reached Baird, on the McCloud, about 11 o'clock. Baird is a government reservation, held by Uncle Sam for a salmon hatchery, and ably presided over by the Hon. Livingston Stone, a most accomplished writer and scientific fish culturist, and a charming as well as cultured gentleman. He remembered your Editor well from correspondence with him, and asked for a description of his personality. I am quite convinced from my limited powers in this respect, that should he meet Senator Pepper or Marshall P. Wilder, he might mistake either of them for the Editor. The little community on the reservation, consisting of perhaps twenty persons, is a most happy and harmonious one. Most attentive and agreeable, they offer you every assistance toward the furtherance of sport, and the genial Seymour Bass, a high muck-a-muck among the salmon fry, will shoulder his creel, and rod in hand, will show you the best spots on the river side, and probably bag two fish to your one. Or should you, on an

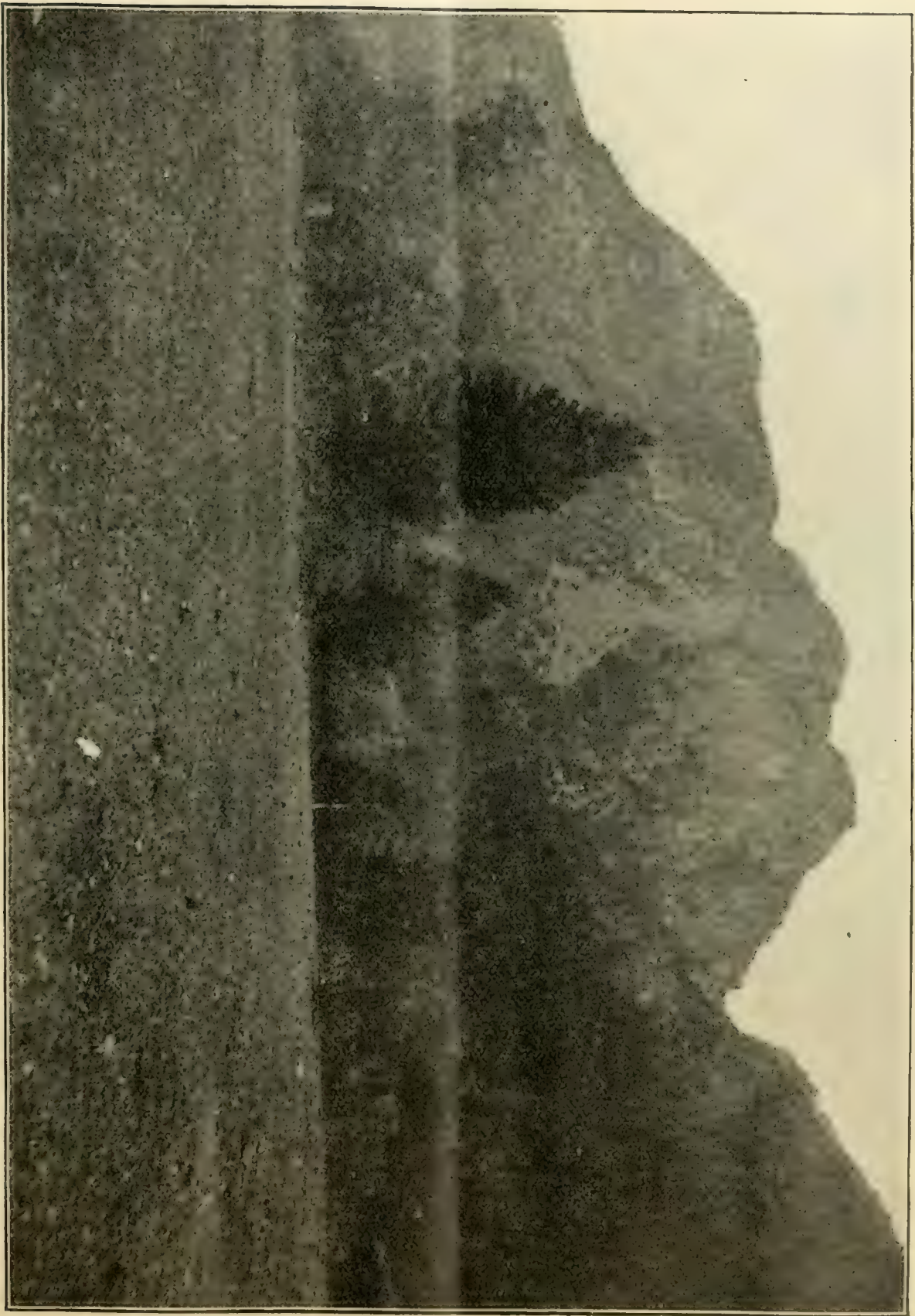
off day, like a climb, the mountain opposite called Rocky Face possesses a cave in its side, where the jolly little 16-year old daughter of your hostess will lead your party, and you will be fortunate, indeed, if you have soles left to your boots when you reach home. If perchance you be a novice at mountains, she will skip along ahead of you, and smile over her shoulder at your struggles in the ascent, and your slips and slides on the return. The heat at Baird in summer is tropical. At mid-day we sweltered with the mercury at 106°, and when the sun is on the river, the trout are not to be had. Before or near sunrise, they might be favorably disposed. We did not try. So our angling was confined to the evening. In the first place, the McCloud river is one of the most beautiful streams I have ever seen. An ideal salmon river, full of rapids, deep pools and quick reaches, and for visible fish life is truly wonderful, filled with quinnat salmon (*Onchorhynchus chouicha*). On their spring and summer run, one sees them jumping in every pool and in almost every rapid in their ascent, while the young male grilse are exceedingly numerous. It is every angler's lament that these noble salmon will not take a fly. Very occasionally the grilse will, but that under water. Our efforts were therefore directed to the trout. On the first evening of our arrival we went to the river, and were rowed across the big pool to the opposite shore. After catching a couple of three-quarter pounders, I found myself hooked to a heavy pulling fish, which did not break water, fighting deep beneath the current which, being on the edge of a rapid, was very strong, gave my rod quite as much as its weight was called upon to bear, and after a lively struggle

the fish was brought within an eddy, and my friend put the landing net under a beautiful grilse, just under 3 lb. in weight. This was a surprise to both of us, and we looked him over as carefully as a dog will a stranger of his own breed. Shortly after, my friend landed a beautiful trout of 2 lb., and I a couple more of 1½ and 1¾ pounds, he having several others of about 1 lb. each, when we returned home.

This was a fair sample of the evening's fishing.

We caught many trout just under 3 lb. in weight, but only four grilse were procured during our stay, three of which fell to my share. My anxiety to see a Dolly Varden trout (*Salvelinus malma*), was appeased by the charming wife of my friend, who went out, with salmon roe for bait, and landed one from a pool about a mile up stream. This is a beautiful charr, and were it not for the absence of the greenish marblings on the back and fins reminds one of our much loved eastern brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*); it being also a charr. The rainbow trout of the McCloud is of the variety called by Professor Jordan (*Salmo gairdneri shasta*), differing somewhat from the regular rainbow (*Salmo irideus*).

There is also another variety of the rainbow in the McCloud, the (*Salmo gairdneri stonei*), named after our friend, Mr. Livingston Stone, who first brought the fish to Professor Jordan's notice. It is called by the Indians the No-shee trout. Unfortunately, we did not take a specimen of this fish while on the river. The shasta trout is the rainbow of the fish culturists, and, doubtless, the variety which we have placed in Eastern waters. It is certainly one of the most beautifully tinted fish I have ever seen; the red



Mountains near Hatchery.

rainbow streak down its side being almost livid, while as a jumper and fighter it has no superior.

The beautiful Dolly Varden, I regret to say, is beyond the angler's reach, for he rises not to a fly, and is therefore left to those who go with poles and bait to filch him from his favorite deep still pools. Individuals of all these trout of the McCloud have been taken up to 10 lb. in weight, but not with the fly. The nets in which the salmon for stripping purposes are caught, have usually procured them.

Leaving Baird with its pleasant recollections, its beautiful river and charming and happy little community, I made my way across the country to Redding on the railway. This whole locality was worked at placer mining in the early days, and is now, to some extent. Here also the poet of the Sierras, Joaquin Miller lived. I drove over the old stage route where many a "hold up" had taken place and heard the yarns which recalled the stories of Dick Turpin and Single String Jack. Uplifted mounds of earth and stone, with occasional ruined water ways, disclosed where men had toiled, as they will, to the end of time, for gold.

Arriving in San Francisco, I fitted myself out with a variety of midget flies for use on Lake Webber, and proceeded to this beautiful sheet of water via Truckee. It is situated on the eastern slope of the Sierras about 7,000 feet above the level of the sea. All the surrounding mountains were covered with snow, and there still remained on one side of the little hotel a great pile of it, which had fallen from the roof and had not yet melted.

It was here that I was to make my first acquaintance with the cut-throat or black spotted trout, known scientif-

ically as *Salmo mykiss*. This fish was first discovered by the Russian naturalist Stellar, in far off Kamtschatka, and when its history is thoroughly probed may prove to be the parent of all the trout of the Pacific—a deep scarlet bloch on the half-concealed membrane between the two branches of the lower jaw is the mark which has suggested the name of cut-throat trout, as described by Jordan, who adds "the same red mark at the throat is the sign manual of the Sioux Indian. This identity is recognized in the Dakotas, where Sioux and trout are found together."

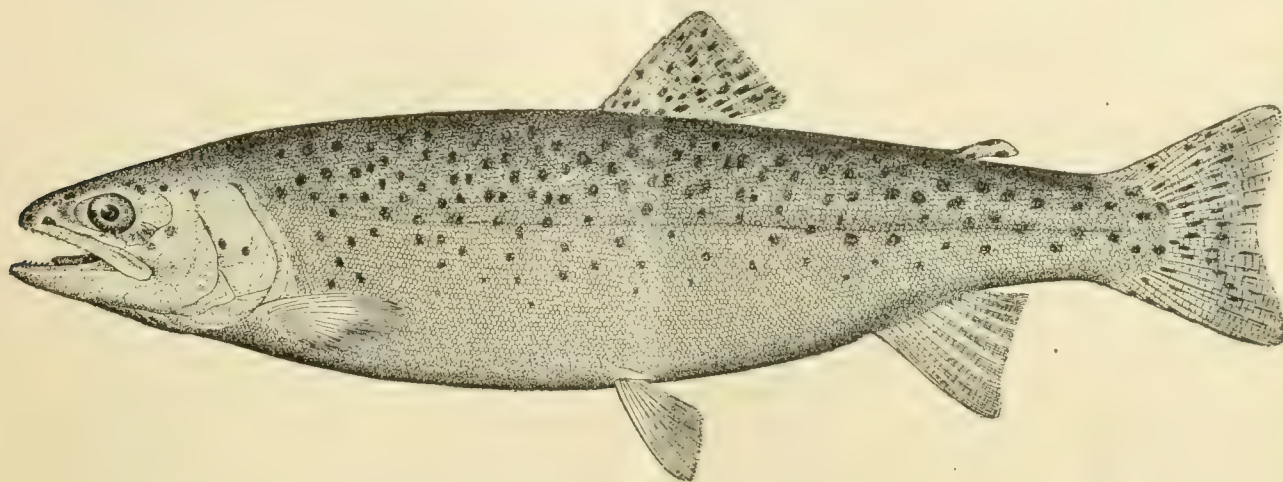
A more delightful spot for an angler's retreat cannot be imagined than Lake Webber; a capital little inn, a sporting landlord, a pleasant gathering of congenial companions, who love the gentle art, the surroundings of snow clad peaks in mid-summer, produces a combination seldom to be found.

With a knowing lad and a capital boat I started out to make my bow of acquaintance to the beautiful cut-throat—sounds like the Lady or the Tiger, doesn't it? At all events I cast forth a little assortment of feathers, as a peace-offering, and soon had one of the murderously named jumping in the sunlight, a gay, dancing, prancing and pulling $\frac{3}{4}$ pounder he was; merry as a lark and game as a pebble. When the landing net brought him to hand, most tenderly I examined his beauties. His otherwise immaculate body was quite covered with black spots, but as one went from his silvery belly up to the throat, there was this deep scarlet bloch in full view, a beautiful and symmetrical fish, longer in proportion than our brook trout, and not so deep or stocky; but full of grace and life in the water; reminding me more of the smaller sizes of the Winninish of the St. John than

any fish I know of, save that his fins are smaller and tail squarer than the other. Soon I had another weighing a trifle over a pound to keep company with my first, then several others of about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. each followed. I found with these excessively small flies I missed hooking a number of fish. It may have been from lack of skill in striking, but, I think, should I venture there again, I should get a little larger flies than those I used. After taking about a dozen trout I returned. Though like all lake fishing it was without the peculiar fascination of the stream, yet it was gentle and delightful sport, and the

usually killed more fish than the others. I also observed one fisherman who had considerable success, when the fish were not rising freely, by being rowed very slowly and dragging his flies behind, a practice much in vogue at Lake Independence, situated some eight miles from Webber.

The boatmen and the boys have an amusing way of ensnaring the trout. They first cast a fly near the shore and take a minnow, this they apply to a hook and cast out for trout, and get them, too. The largest cut-throat I saw was caught in this manner and weighed $2\frac{1}{4}$ lb.



The Black-spotted or Cut-throat Trout—*Salmo mykiss*.

game and jumping qualities of the fish added a zest and grace to its pursuit.

I usually fished mornings and evenings, probably about four hours, and took from fifteen to thirty fish a day, which would average $\frac{3}{4}$ lb., perhaps a little less than more. The largest fish I took weighed $1\frac{3}{4}$ lb. I hooked him foul through the back and for a time thought I had found the father of them all. Many of the fishermen used a small spoon; some of them two, and there were those who were out at sunrise and stopped at 10 or 11 o'clock, and then took a "whack at 'em" after the noonday meal until dark. They

The fishing in Webber during June and July yields trout of smaller size than in September when they are said to average from 1 lb. to $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. each. During August the fish are not apt to rise. In some of the smaller lakes to the southwest of Tahoe, and at White Rock lake in the neighborhood of Webber, these fish are occasionally taken with the fly up to 6 or even 7 lb. in weight.

As a table fish one cannot help realizing that the cut-throat is the most savory and delicate of trout. When cooked the skin appears to separate from the body, and you have only to

remove it to find the beautiful flesh at hand. Appreciation of their merit is manifest by the numerous boxes one sees at the Truckee station en route for the gourmet of San Francisco.

In Lake Tahoe, a large body of exceedingly deep water, this trout has been known to reach the enormous weight of 30 lb. They are not infrequently taken there, weighing 12 and 15 lb. The fishing there is all done by deep-water trolling. A stout hand line, a huge spoon with a large hook, dragging some eighteen inches behind it, on which is placed a good sized minnow, are employed. The fish, however, are said to be without much life, and are pulled aboard like so many cod. It was a great pleasure to meet so many of the expert anglers of San Francisco and San Jose at Webber; good companions all, and many of them highly skilled in the art.

The fish commissioners of the State of California, under the able and energetic administration of their chairman, the Hon. Henry F. Emeric, have done worlds of service in stocking the rivers and lakes. All true anglers owe to them, and the generosity of their State, a debt of gratitude. Webber has a large yearly supply of young fish from this source, which, with the natural breeding in the brooks flowing into it, keeps the lake teeming with trout.

They have introduced our Eastern brook trout as well as black bass, into various waters of the State, and numerous other food fishes, such as striped bass, whitefish from the great lakes, lake trout, and, unfortunately, carp.

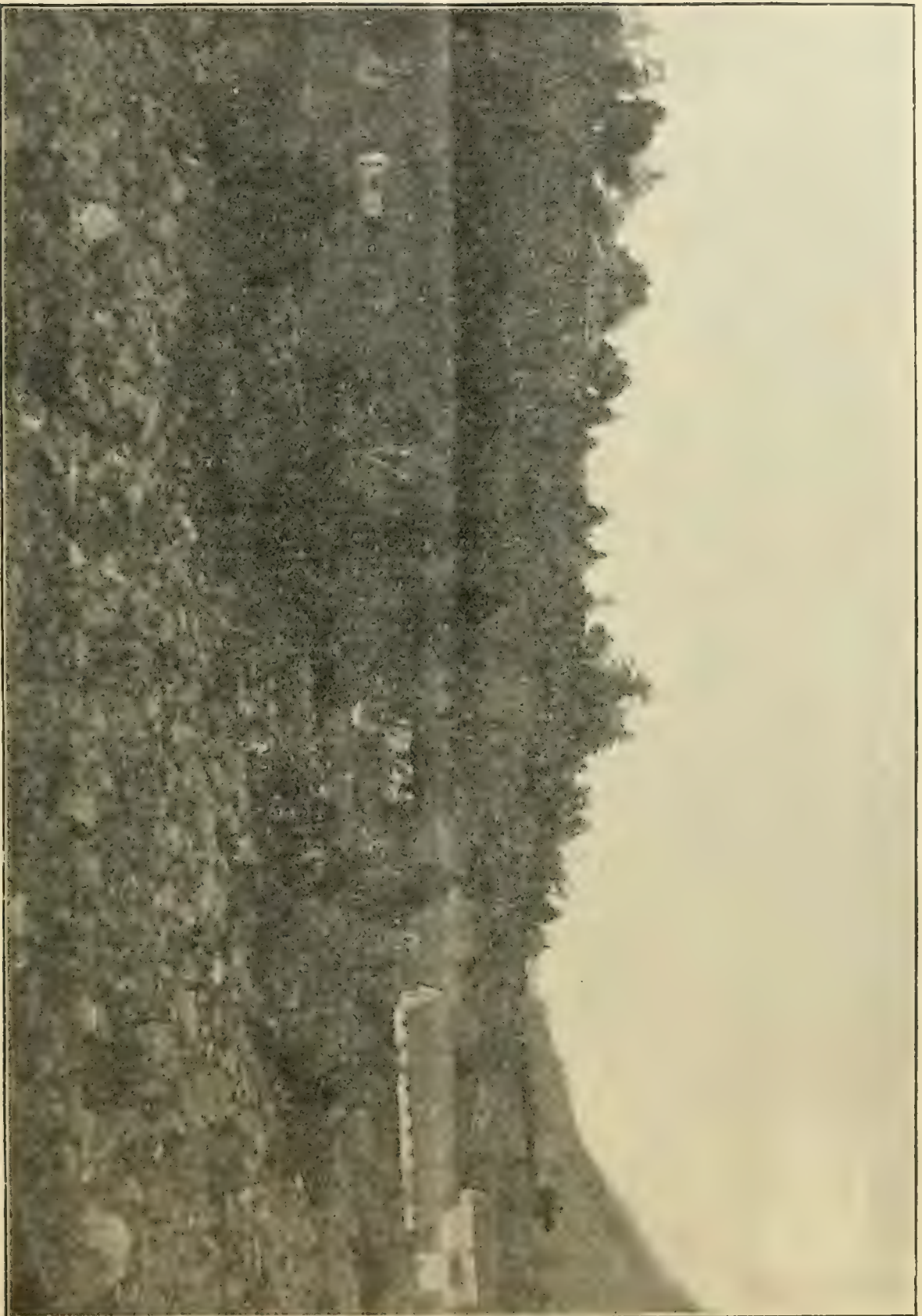
There appears to be a prejudice against our brook trout in California, such as we at first manifested toward the "rainbow" when first introduced into Eastern waters. This, however,

will probably disappear when the subject is more thoroughly investigated. The rainbow was first placed by us in the still-water ponds of Long Island; waters entirely unsuited to his nature, and we found him a gameless fish, from the anglers' point of view. Afterwards a number were freed in the streams which flowed from the ponds into the salt water of the great South Bay. The change was at once apparent. The fish, which now run up and down the rivers in the spring time, are as game as their brothers of the McCloud. They have found a congenial home. So will it be with the Eastern brook trout introduced into California waters.

The present prevailing prejudice probably comes, in a great part, from the fish placed in the lakes of the Country Club of San Francisco and the little Lake of the Woods close by Webber. In both places, with a superabundance of food, they have grown enormously, and one may say enormously homely to look upon. Fat and stubby and coarse, almost beyond recognition, they neither rise to the fly with avidity like our home-bred fish, nor give much play when taken with bait or spoon.

The reason is clear. The waters are unsuited to them. Up in the Webber region this is made manifest. A few of these brook trout were placed in Lake Webber when the Lake of the Woods was stocked. The waters of Lake Webber are especially suited to trout, as is shown by the fact that while the cut-throat is a poor, sportless thing in Lake Tahoe, once placed in Webber he becomes a jumper and a fighter. So with our Eastern brook trout. In Webber he is a fighter too.

I happened to witness the struggle made by one of those trout taken by



The U. S. Fish Hatchery at Baird, Cal.

Mr. Ralph Lowe, of San Jose, and without exceptions, he made the greatest fight I saw during my visit to the lake. Captain Burton, our host at the inn, also informed me that the greatest struggle he ever had with a fish on the lake, was with one of our brook trout.

On the road from Webber to Truckee, there runs a goodly brook called Sage Hen, well stocked with our pretty *S. fontinalis*. If the unbeliever will take his light rod and spend a day there with them, his prejudices will doubtless flow gently with the rippling waters down stream.

Having heard wonderful stories of the fishing on the Williamson river in Oregon, I determined to pay it a visit. I promised to keep an accurate record of all the fish I took there, that some reliable data might exist. The proverbial fish story usually admits of a considerable divisor; but as I am too old at the gentle craft to have any desire to deceive either myself or others, I have simply adhered to the cold facts in the matter of count, and the weights were taken accurately by scale, not by the eye or guess-work so frequently employed in estimating the size of fish.

The Williamson river finds its source in the great Klamath marshes, some forty square miles in extent, flowing south where it joins the Sprague river, and empties into the Upper Klamath lake, a large body of water some thirty miles long by fifteen miles in width. This lake, through a very narrow water way, finds an exodus into Lower Klamath lake, a considerably smaller body, and then empties into the Klamath river through which it flows to the sea.

The river is entirely on the Klamath Indian reservation, and a permit is required to go there. After some eighteen hours travel by rail to Ager, in Cali-

fornia, one finds conveyance for the ninety miles' ride over perhaps the worst road on the slope, to reach the stream.

While I was in California the regular stage had been held up three or four times, and Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express had ceased using it for about a month previous to my visit.

We, however, passed the Topsy Grade, where the masked gentleman so persistently entertained travelers, in safety, and had the various rocks and trees pointed out from behind which he demanded a little conversation and a holding up of hands, and perhaps even something more.

As we preferred to travel by daylight, it took three days to get in, and on the evening of the third we arrived at Chilliken's bridge on the Williamson, a short distance above its junction with the Sprague. George Chilliken, after whom the bridge is named, was a Klamath Indian, whose services as a guide into the Lava Beds contributed greatly toward the eventual defeat of the savages in the Modoc war, the scene of which lies not more than sixty miles south. From his widow, a large, powerful and handsome squaw, we hired the small shack in which they formerly lived with their two bright boys. Unloading our stores, we soon had our cook and camp keeper, whom we had brought with us, putting things in shape.

Rigging a $7\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Leonard rod, I betook me to the stream to get a fish for the evening meal. I soon had seven in my creel, running from $\frac{3}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. in weight, which I forthwith handed over to the cook.

This little experience induced me to increase the divisor on the stories of the whales of the Williamson, and I concluded that a $7\frac{1}{2}$ oz. rod would fill all requirements, and the heavy $10\frac{1}{4}$

made expressly for the river, was perhaps a useless appendage.

My companion was Captain George Cumming, an old-time commander of the days of the American racing clipper, and as generous, unselfish and true a sportsman as it has ever been my good fortune to meet. It is his pride that when in command of the Clipper *Young America*, he never met anything carrying sails that passed him on the seas.

With his 73 years, he has the buoyancy and spirits of a boy, and it is as great a pleasure for him to put the gaff into a companion's fish as to kill a big one himself.

When I showed him my evening's catch, and remarked that I had seen no fresh water whales, porpoises, or even a shark, he smiled quietly and said nothing. He had fished the river many seasons before, and preferred to let it speak for itself.

By times we were out the next morning. I did not change my rod. Stopping on a reach of the river, where a ledge of rock stretched diagonally across, and made a beautiful but not too strong a riff, we commenced proceedings.

After three or four casts, I hooked and landed a very pretty jumper of about 1 lb weight; when lengthening my cast to perhaps seventy feet, I saw a surge, like that made by a heavy salmon, and striking briskly found myself fast to a monster indeed. Without being particularly alarmed, the fish returned to his place in the stream, and I was lucky enough to get back most of my cast before he discovered that anything was amiss; but soon the trouble commenced, and he raised Cain all over the shop. Rushing to the surface he made the water fly; then, surging

down, he crossed and recrossed the stream, making everything hum. Repeating all the antics of the best of them and never once sulking; the little rod, though tried far beyond what should be asked of it, never ceased its even and deadly strain, and inch by inch came the struggling fish toward the shore. Meanwhile the dear old Captain, with his blue eyes aflame, had reached me, and gaff in hand, watched the proceedings with perhaps more excitement than I could muster for the occasion.

With short but heavy rushes, the fish continued to resist, but time had done for him, that which it will do for us all, and eventually his huge tail and dorsal fin were seen more and more upon the surface, and at last he was brought within the reach of the gaff and landed on the grassy shore. The Captain slapped me on the back with one hand, and with the other immediately produced a scale and in a jiffy the fish was hanging to its hook, while the indicator pointed exactly at the ten pound mark.

The Captain avers that I sat down and simply gazed at that fish for half an hour. Perhaps I did. It was the largest trout I had ever taken with a fly. Besides I had the scales to count and found he had on the lateral line 129. They were larger than on any trout I had heretofore seen. His anal fin contained eleven rays. His color, more uniform than on any trout I had seen so high up in fresh water, being of a shaded hue of delicate red. The spots were neither very numerous nor were they conspicuous, but a careful examination disclosed them evenly distributed, and few, if any, were below the lateral line. There was but a slight trace of the flaming red streak, so marked a feature of the rainbow of the

McCloud. The peculiarity of color is doubtless due to the local waters, probably in a great measure to the marshes in which the river heads. Much heavier for his length than the McCloud river variety, and entirely without trace of the red bloch in the jaw and with larger scales, I reached the conclusion that this fish was the regular rainbow trout, *Salmo irideus*. While there is great variation in the color of the fish in the river, some, especially the smaller sizes, being much brighter and lighter in shade, yet they appear to be all of one breed. I had been told that there were three or four varieties. I found but one.

Having noted the results of my examination I inspected my little rod. It was as straight as an arrow and showed not a sign of the terrible strain to which it had been subjected. Everything being ship-shape I cast forth again upon the waters and soon hooked and landed what seemed a minnow of a trout after his great predecessor. It weighed about $1\frac{3}{4}$ lb. Again I got out a good length of line and a surging rise, bespoke a large fish. He proved a lively boy indeed, and as his first jump revealed, a goodly size. The ten-pounder never actually left the water in his fight. This one repeatedly jumped entirely clear. A quicker mover he seemed to serve my light rod a harder turn than even the heavier fish, though the struggle lasted a shorter time. It was sharp and exciting work while it lasted. In the end it was with the greatest difficulty the fish was prevented from burying himself in a large brush of water plants near the shore to which he persistently rushed. Time and patience, however, proved too much for him, and he eventually lay alongside his larger mate beneath the cool grass. He

weighed 5 lb. Two more small fish followed, and afterwards one of $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb. finished the morning's sport.

On our return I saw a quiescent smile pervading the Captain's face, and was not surprised when he quietly asked: "Have you seen any fresh water whales this morning?"

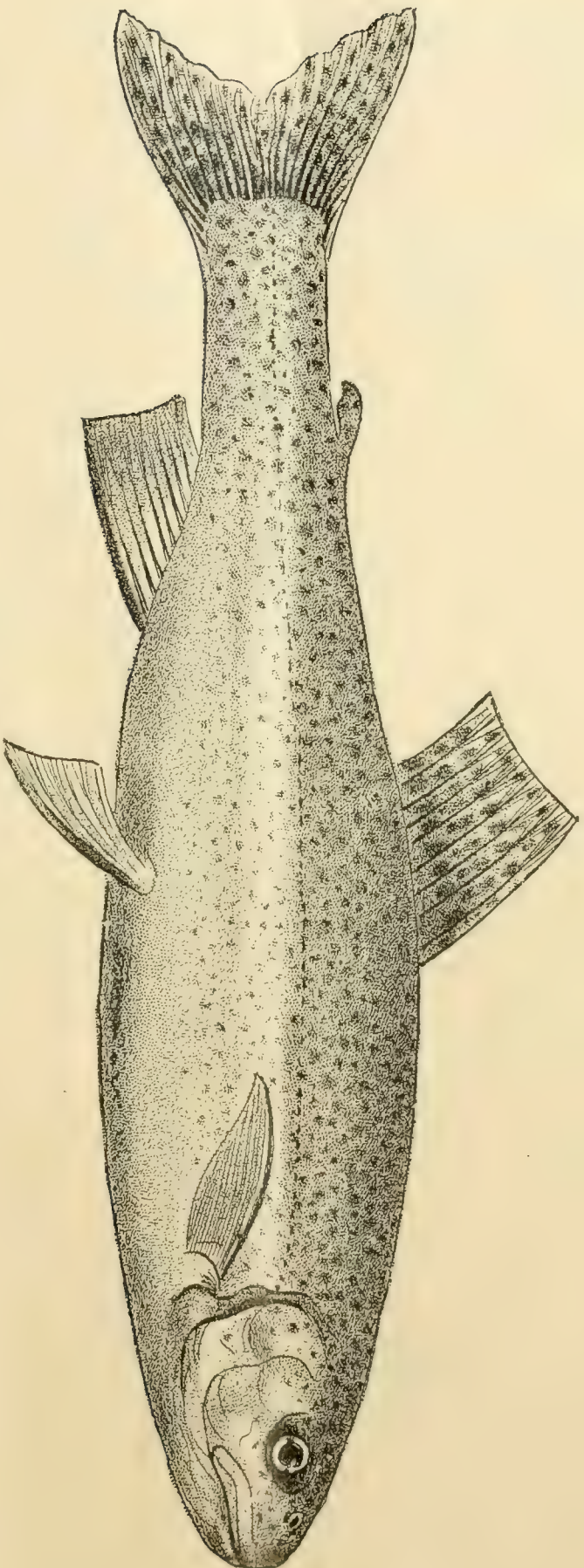
Tenderly I stowed away my wonderfully excellent little rod. It should be abused no more. The $10\frac{1}{4}$ oz. Leonard was put in shape to hold commune with the whales of the Williamson.

Sleeping but one night with my first impressions, which a single morning's work had at once changed and produced a revelation as well, while the third day closed upon the most wonderful sport with trout and fly within my experience. Twenty-five fish that weighed $62\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; twelve of them averaging over 4 lb. each.

It would be useless to attempt to describe separate encounters. The score given below will tell its own story.

I fished about four hours per day: two hours in the morning and two in the evening. Some days fishing only in the evening, as the score will show:

	Trout	Weight lbs.	Total for Day.	Weight lbs.
July 26, evening.....	7	6		
" 27, morning.....	1	10	7	6
	1	5		
	1	$3\frac{1}{2}$		
	4	3		
evening.....	1	4		
	1	3		
	5	6	14	$34\frac{1}{2}$
" 28, morning.....	1	7		
	1	4		
	5	6		
evening.....	1	6		
	1	$4\frac{3}{4}$		
	1	4		
	1	$3\frac{3}{4}$		
	1	4		
	1	4		
	1	3		
	1	$3\frac{3}{4}$		
	1	$3\frac{1}{2}$		
	1	2		
	4	4		
	4	$2\frac{3}{4}$	25	$62\frac{1}{2}$
" 30, morning.....	10	13		
evening.....	1	$5\frac{1}{4}$		
	1	$4\frac{3}{4}$		
	1	4		
	1	$3\frac{3}{4}$		
	5	7	19	$37\frac{3}{4}$
" 31, morning.....	3	2		



The Rainbow Trout—*Salmo gairdneri* (widens).

	Trout	Weight lbs.	Total for Day.	Weight lbs.
July 31, evening.....	1	7		
	1	5¼		
	1	4		
	1	3½		
	5	0	12	27¼
August 1, morning.....	7	6		
evening.....	1	6		
	1	5		
	1	2	10	10
" 2, morning.....	2	2½		
evening.....	1	8		
	1	1½	4	1
" 3, evening.....	6	5	6	5
" 4, evening.....	2	1½	2	1½
" 5, evening.....	1	4½		
	8	10¾	9	15¼
" 6, evening.....	1	4½		
	3	2½	4	7
" 7, morning.....	1	5		
	1	4		
	1	3		
evening.....	3	5	6	17
" 8, morning.....	1	5½		
	1	4		
	1	3		
	2	2¼		
evening.....	1	6		
	1	3		
	2	2	9	25¼
	127	271		

It will thus be seen that the 127 fish weighing 271 lb. averaged, on the whole, a trifle over 2⅛ lb. each.

There are twelve fish of the catch that average 6 1-3 lb. each, and six fish that will average 7 1-3 lb. each, being one ten-pounder, one eight, two seven and two sixes.

For the size of its trout, available to the fly, the Williamson, so far as my knowledge goes, stands alone. For their weight, they are the greatest jumpers and the liveliest fish I have ever seen. I have taken a few 6 lb. Eastern brook trout with a fly; one at the mouth of Rangely river, and perhaps four or five others, in the tail of the pools on the Canadian salmon rivers, but I never had one to jump from the water, hard and strong fighters though they were.

The eight-pounder killed on the Williamson jumped three times, one of the sevens jumped twice; the six-pounders all jumped, and the fives were hopping around like the grilse on the Nipisiguit.

It is to be regretted that Captain Cumming kept no record of his catch, as it would have added another interest to the score. While he was not quite so fortunate as myself, either in the number or weight of his fish, yet he killed many good ones with both fly and spoon.

[Concluded in next issue.]



THREE WEEKS IN WADERS

BY W. C. KEPLER.

(Continued from page 284.)

After leaving the bridge we pushed on for the "Ox bow," a place where an old dam remains, with pools above and below, and the fishing generally excellent. One can start at the beginning of the curve, and, after wading about a mile, walk ten rods across a narrow peninsula, start in at the same place and fish the waters over again.

A farmer and poultry raiser, by the name of Mark Bowers, owns the peninsula and also land farther down stream, and with his permission we camped on his place. Both Mr. Bowers and his wife do everything they can to make it pleasant for those who stop, and the delicious flavor of Mrs. Bowers' apple sauce yet lingers a pleasant memory.

At this place we stopped two nights, meeting with very good luck, Drummer rather beating us, catching ten on one trip down stream in an hour or two. This rather inflated him, and we had hard work in making him perceive that he still had his share of camp chores to perform. Argument was no good. We looked him carefully over and concluded, after a private consultation, that force would be no better, and probably only injure our health, so we worked a little ruse. Scissors agreed to get supper. He said that would fetch him if anything would. It did. Perhaps other such meals have been prepared in camp, and the partakers lived to tell of them, but you will excuse me if I doubt it.

For one thing he served fried potatoes that were gritty, with a superior quality of sand. The bread he had taken from its air-tight can and care-

lessly left near the fire, and by the time the other things were ready it was so dry that a carpet tack would not penetrate it. Through mistake he salted the coffee extravagantly. It would seem that an idiot fresh from an asylum could have got the butter and pie on in first-class shape, but Scissors managed to sit on one and step in the other. For disaster to the fish I do not blame him, for only an expert can cook fish. Some way or other, fish fried quickly over a beef-steak fire do not have the flavor one naturally expects.

Now, Drummer had been taking his ease in idleness, and came at the call to supper with all the usual alacrity he uses in obeying a summons of this kind. He found his coffee poured, his plate generously apportioned with his usual supply, about three times that of the ordinary individual, and fell to work in his regular camp style. About half a minute was sufficient, and he was on his feet with all a hungry man's anger in being disappointed of a good meal.

"Scissors, you outrageous, homicidal, balderdashery idiot! Emaciate your shrunken personality! If I get—"

By this time Scissors was half way across the river and bravely swimming for the other bank. Drummer then turned to me.

"Isaac, did you have a hand in this contemptible affair?"

"No," I said, speaking in a soothing tone, "dear boy, I merely dressed the fish."

"Well, emancipate my paraphernalia

if I don't believe it was a put up job," and Drummer angrily busied himself in getting something fit to eat.

This did not take long, for Drummer holds a diploma at this business, and as soon as his good-natured laugh was once more ringing up and down the river, Scissors knew all danger was over, and came back.

The next morning we packed our traps and started for new waters. Just where we should land was uncertain, but our intention was to go somewhere below Mendon. The river below the "Ox bow," as far as Mendon, is nothing extra for angling, and we pushed along at a fair rate of speed. In the town, which we reached about 2 o'clock, we laid in a new supply of provisions, and then proceeded upon our way.

About two miles below town, we came to an island, and turning into the shallow part of the stream, next the south bank, found a fairly good place for camp, and were soon comfortably fixed with supper prepared and eaten and ourselves ready for the evening fishing. We did not start until the sun was about down, and for once to use a slang expression, "we were not in it." In the short time we were fishing, I had three or four excellent rises and missed everyone. True, I caught a number of small ones of $\frac{1}{4}$ lb., or thereabouts, barely large enough to keep.

Drummer started in close to camp on the south side of the island and had somewhat better luck, but he also was unfortunate. He hooked one large bass, and after playing it a short time his leader parted, and he had the vexation of losing a fine fish as well as part of his tackle. Scissors fared about as I did.

The next day Scissors and Drummer had fixed upon for their departure, business demanding it, and I was to be left alone. Anxious to have a parting swing of the fly, they arranged to arise early and indulge themselves, as they must be at the depot at 10. Four o'clock found them up and stirring, and as the morning was very cool they took the boat. Drummer manned the oars, and Scissors with bait, rod and minnows, tried faithfully to lure some denizen of the river to his creel. Long and patiently he cast without any brilliant success and, finally turning to Drummer, said he had better get up and try his luck. Accordingly, they changed places, and Drummer commenced swinging his pliant Bristol. This change was made just around the corner or bend in the river at a place where it reaches ahead, nearly straight for about three-quarters of a mile, and without pools, although there are two quite long stretches of weeds next the channel that form excellent cover for the bass. Four years ago, upon a trip over this same water, I saw a school of bass startled out of their weedy retreat in this place, that in numbers must have amounted to 100 at least, and possibly more.

Rowing slowly along upon the west side of the stream, Drummer continued his casting in a most careful manner. Presently, three or four bass were seen moving leisurely across toward the east side, and Drummer skillfully landed his flies just in front of them. With a lazy roll one of them took the tail fly, and with a sharp turn of the wrist the hook was sent home. This caused a surprise party at both ends of the rod, which suddenly shut up almost like a pocket-knife, and then straightened out as quickly as a large bass shot up

into the air and violently shook his head to free it from the deceptive lure. Back into the water he came with a splash, that gave a better indication of his size than the sight of him had rendered. Then away he went like a tornado, coming to the surface once or twice more, trying to shake himself free, but without avail. Gently but firmly, he was now turned, and slack line gathered in whenever possible. Every inch was fought with a pertinacity in which I think no other fish exceeds the small-mouthed bass, and the continual—chug-chug—at the end of the line showed his strength but little diminished. As soon as he was brought in sight of the moving boat, he made another rush, and the same tactics and manœuvres had to be repeated over and over again before he submitted to be brought in reach of the landing net. At last, however, the white meshes surrounded him, and he lay with gasping mouth and distended gills a noble trophy of the angler's skill.

So much time had been spent in landing this fellow that it was necessary to head for camp and, although, on going back the water was thoroughly fished, no other bass rewarded his skill.

My experience has been that for taking large bass with the fly, the month of June is best. After June the larger ones seek the deep pools in which there is drift wood, and there concealed during the day are hard to raise to a lure so near the surface, and as small as a fly. Where there are plenty of them, it is not difficult for the skillful fly-caster to catch good-sized strings running in size from $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 2 lb. For the large fellows, use the bait-casting rod and a minnow, and fish the deep pools. Perhaps if I were not so lazy and would get out in the early morning

with the fly I could report a different story, but——

As soon as the boys got back, their vigorous yells and sarcastic remarks, upon finding that breakfast was not ready, upset my usual calm and matter-of-fact disposition. I soon had Scissors building a fire and Drummer peeling potatoes, while I nervously bustled around on a camping stool and gave directions right and left, until our meal was ready.

After about an hour and a half at the table, I had to warn the boys that, with the amount of packing they had to do, unless they cut their meal short, they would miss their train, and with a sigh from Drummer at having to put up with such a hasty breakfast, and a suggestion that I put up a lunch that they could eat on the way to the depot, they desisted.

A two mile row up stream landed us near the G. R. and I. railroad bridge, and we made our way down the track to the depot. Upon arriving we found that we would have forty minutes to await the train. I spent the interval with them and most of my time in impressing upon them that they must not forget to send Pedals. This they faithfully promised to do. Pedals is a good friend whom I am just initiating in the art and mystery of fly-casting, and he is a very apt pupil, indeed.

It was with regret I saw the train draw away with my friends aboard, and to go back to the camp in its lonesome state was out of the question, and so I resolved to loaf around the village until the evening train came in. In the reception room of one of the hotels I met Dr. Long, who, noticing my rod which I was carrying, introduced himself as a brother angler, and after a pleasant conversation offered the loan

of his boat if I wished to test the waters near town. I accepted his kind offer, but being alone with no one to row, I could not manage rod and boat, and soon gave up trying.

Train time found me at the depot, and when it drew in I anxiously scanned the arrivals for Pedals, whom I soon descried making his way toward me with a grin on his good-natured face that lit it up like a tallow candle in a jack-o'-lantern.

A hearty shake of the hand, a dividing of the luggage he was carrying, and we started for our boat. Mendon is not a large place, and the advent of a stranger is sure to be noticed, especially if, as in Pedal's case, there is a noticeable air of distinction about one. I met with some difficulty in manœuvring him by and around several young ladies, who, with conscious indifference, blocked our path, it being rendered doubly hard by Pedals' too evident reluctance to hurry himself. At last it was accomplished and, once out of sight of these charming creatures, we proceeded rapidly upon our way. The boat was found just where it had been left in the forenoon, and in half an hour we were in camp. Unknowingly we had pitched our tents upon the old trail of '34, near the camping ground of Sauquette, a chief of the Pottowatamie tribe. At this place, sixty years ago, thick forests clothed the river's banks, the road, an Indian trail, faint and dim beneath their leafy arches; and here the wayfarer on foot or horse-back, or with slow moving ox team and cumbersome covered wagon, all had to ford the river if they wished passage to the other side. To-day but the faintest traces remain of that which was once a public thoroughfare. The forests, and with them the redmen, are gone

forever; the plow has many times turned over their once pleasant hunting grounds, and the noble game that with their timid step advanced to the river's edge for drink, has long since disappeared. And these changes occurred so rapidly that a few old settlers yet remain who have seen it all.

Pedals and I remained here two days, and then broke camp and moved down stream several miles further. On our trip down, as soon as we reached the bridge known as Wakeman's, we commenced fishing. One of us would run the boat down stream a little distance, and then get out fastening it securely and leave it for the other one to pick up as he fished down, repeating the manœuvre as often as we wished.

A short distance below the bridge the river divides and flows around an island. At the foot of this island is a pool, and upon this trip it was full of bass. It lay there dark and still, without even a ripple to disturb its surface. With great caution I approached as near as I dared, and working out a long cast over another portion of the stream, I would then change the direction of the flies and drop them on the pool. Presto! and it was alive with bass, and I had one and sometimes two hooked instantly. Then quickly and carefully I would turn them into the main stream, fight them down, land them, and go back for more. Just how often I repeated this I have forgotten, but seven or eight nice bass rewarded me before I gave the rest the alarm. After they ceased raising I loaded into the boat, and catching up with Pedals, he also got in and we moved on well satisfied. We soon passed a farm house, and clambered up the bank and presented them with our fish.

We get a considerable fun out of this at times. It may be that some sportsmen engaged in the pastime of angling are able to present a respectable appearance, but as for myself I am afraid I look like the quintessence of fourteen tramps rolled into one. In calling with fish at a house where I am unacquainted I usually commence conversations in this style."

"Good afternoon, madam! Wouldn't you like some fish?"

Madam stands in the doorway and is very certain she does not want any fish.

"But, madam, just look at these fish; they are nearly all black bass and nice ones, too."

"I see. We have all the meat we can use, and we don't care especially for fish anyway."

"But just see how nice they are—magnificent fellows!"

"I know"—with asperity—"but I tell you we don't want them."

"Well, madam," rather sorrowfully, "I shall have to take them away, then; but I caught them on purpose for you, and they shall not cost you a cent."

"Is that so! Here Mary, Mary Jane, bring the dishpan!"

We had in view a camping place at which at one time there was a nice spring, but the extreme drouth of this season had dried it up, and we were obliged to move further down. At last a fairly good place was found not far from a farm house, and once more we pitched our tents.

Our tents are seven feet square at the base, pyramidal in shape, and seven feet high in center. But few pins and one pole is needed making the outfit small, compact and very light, taking up but little room. They are very quickly set up or taken down, and in

every way much more convenient than a large one. We had two, one for sleeping and the other for camp equipage. Our sleeping tent is provided with an extra wide sod cloth that comes well underneath the straw, which we generally procured for our beds, and over the straw we spread a floor cloth, fastening it to the sod cloth, and this keeps our bed in good shape. It is also a good plan to take a small light iron rake such as gardeners use—without handle—and rake off the spot for the sleeping tent. A stick cut on the spot will do for a rake handle, and you can in a moment clear a place from all rubbish, as well as mosquitoes, which are often hidden under leaves, etc., and at night you wonder how they got in. It is very easy to keep them out if they are not deliberately shut in on pitching the tent.

This is the place where I came very near distinguishing myself, by nearly catching three bass on two flies. Pedals and I had fished from up stream down, until opposite the camp, and as there was a good pool below us, I determined to go a little lower. Within half a dozen casts after leaving camp I made a double catch, a bass of about 1½ lb. taking the upper fly, and one of about 4 ounces, the tail fly. I could see them both plainly, and also a third one that would weigh fully 3 lb., keeping them close company in all their gyrations through the water. The large one had a disappointed hungry look that said—"why didn't you leave a fly for me"—as plainly as looks could; still, I must confess great surprise when he suddenly made a dart at the small bass which as suddenly disappeared, all but the end of its tail which I could see projecting from the large one's mouth. I at once commenced letting

out line, and away went the whole outfit down stream, the large one towing the others with him. After waiting until I thought the little one completely swallowed, I gave the butt and tried to hook him. For a few moments he seemed fast, but soon the strain ceased, and reeling in, I soon had the other two. The little fellow was quite badly scarred and used up, but still had some life left, and I let him go; whether he lived or not, I can't say.

Pedals had watched the whole occurrence from the bank, and I could see that he felt a good bit worried. When we were again together in camp, he said:

"Do you suppose there are many such ferocious fish as that fellow in the river?"

"Lots of them, Pedals," I replied.

His look of worry deepened, and I knew pretty well what he was thinking about. He grew whiter and whiter, and finally to relieve his distress, which was becoming pitiful, I silently pointed to his feet. At first, he failed to understand, then I saw a look of relief pass over his face, and he murmured:

"Yes—that's so—let's go to bed."

We camped in this place two days, meeting with fair success, and then pushed on. About half a mile below our former camp is the Clark bridge. A good-natured old gentleman, Mr. David Hanshaw, had taken charge of our boat, and was following along much interested in watching us cast the fly—a thing he had never seen—and anxious to see us land a fish. Of course we did our best, but as always happens when one is anxious to show off an accomplishment, entire or partial failure is always the result. A few "rockies" and two or three small bass were all that we had for him when the bridge

was reached. Here he had to leave us, and Pedals and I clambered aboard and started on. Just below the bridge, on the west side of the river, in quite deep water, is a growth of river vegetation known to us as pickerel grass. I eyed the strip a few moments, and felt sure that some good ones were concealed there. Finally I said:

"Here, Pedals, take the oars a moment and let me try this place."

We accordingly changed places, and the very first cast that reached the edge of the grass raised two, one of which I hooked and soon landed. Back again in just a moment a fine double catch, both of which I landed. We had now reached the end of the pool, and crossing over to the other side of the river, we again came down. This time I made another fine double catch larger than the first one, and then I urged Pedals to try his luck. Three times I took him over the course, and every time he caught a bass. One he hooked foul, just in front of the ventral fin, and we had quite a circus in landing him. After this we could not raise any more, and so continued down stream, well contented with the nine taken in such a short time.

About 1 o'clock in the afternoon we left the river, entering Leland's race, and in a short time arrived at his mill.

Everyone for miles around knows Mr. Leland. Without ever having served an apprenticeship to any trade, his natural ingenuity is so great that he is an exceptionally fine worker in both steel and wood. Many a jack-knife is brought to him for new blades, and the ones he puts in are of superlative excellence. I have seen him take a piece of hard wood thoroughly seasoned, and after making the shavings fly at a great rate, turn over his hand and shave the

back of it with perfect ease. And the boats he builds (row boats) upon a system of his own, in which the sides are made of narrow matched pieces built up and down, the bottom of the same kind of pieces put on crosswise. Of course, the bottom for river work and shallow water is flat, and from personal experience I can say they are very nice looking and easy running. Perhaps there are others who build boats after this style, but to me his method is unique.

Before leaving Mendon, notice had been sent to Mrs. Isaac and the Princess that if they would join us upon a certain date at Leland's mill, we would try and make the day an enjoyable one for them. The invitation was accepted, and a large number of good things provided, such as they thought poor campers would like, and before venturing into the wilderness they proceeded to elect as body guard and protector the brother of the Princess; and mounting him upon a bicycle, instructed him to keep well in the van, and at any symptom of danger, to rush rapidly back and give warning, they jogging along more leisurely in a carriage. Only once were they alarmed by their scout rushing back. Near Fisher's lake a party of young lady campers were so struck with the nobby appearance of the young outrider, and they made such clamor that he thought they were about to mob him, rode back in a great hurry, and then under protection of the ladies, rode past the dangerous point in safety.

Having plenty of time on their hands, they explored the eastern part of the county quite thoroughly, and

then finding the river, in regular pioneer style drove up to the camp from an entirely opposite direction than that in which we expected them. The fact of the matter was that, in spite of all the experience of their aid-de-camp, they had been lost, and drove a long ways out of their way. However, this mishap did but give them a better appetite for their dinner, which they kindly allowed Pedals and I to prepare. Of course it was a success; Mrs. Isaac and the Princess looking especially charming as they divided off huge pieces of pie and cake for themselves.

When the time drew near for them to start home, Mrs. Isaac called me to one side, and read the riot act in such an effective manner that we consented to break camp on the morrow and return home. This was shortening our trip a few days; but what is the use of arguing with a person who is in position to emphasize her side of the question with flat-irons, broom-sticks, mop-handles, etc. I gave in.

The next morning Pedals and I were out bright and early for a farewell swing of our flies. We fished farther down stream than we had been at any time on this trip, and nine good bass was my reward for about three hours casting. Just how many my companion took I have forgotten, but remember that he had several.

Presenting these fish to Mrs. Leland, who had most kindly treated us to cherries and cherry pie during our stay upon their place, we loaded our paraphernalia upon the rig sent for us, and bade good-bye to the beautiful stream upon which we had passed so many pleasant days.

THE BLACK BASS OF THE KANKAKEE.

BY C. E. CARTER.

THERE was a time when the Kankakee river was far-famed, and when the willowy rod and polished reel flashed o'er its waters in the hands of some of the most expert anglers between the Mississippi and the eastern coast. But, alas! what the drouth did for some of the Western states last year and the year previous, it has also done for the Kankakee. The stage of water has been the lowest during the past summer months that was ever known. Just now, however, the condition is somewhat improved; the recent rains having caused a perceptible rise, and the black bass is, therefore, more frisky and more considerate of the wishes of the never-tiring allurer.

The river has undergone some wonderful changes aside from its constantly varying conditions of depth or shallowness. The pickerel and pike, which but two years ago could be taken with a hook and line in large quantities, has finally succumbed to the ravages of the villainous pirate who employs the spear and net. The marshes east of here overflow in the spring, covering thousands of acres that are dry during the balance of the year. When the water recedes, it goes off quickly, and the pickerel is left in the big ditches and low places, where they soon become the victims of illegitimate fishermen. Occasionally we strike one, but not often. A Chicago party took a twenty-eight pounder this spring.

But the black bass, the pride of every angler who is not willing to concede everything to the trout, is multiplying very rapidly. The Kankakee is literally full of black bass fry, and

where the little ones are there may be found the old veteran also. And what beauties some of them are! The small-mouth predominates, but the big-mouth gives a tug at the line sufficiently often to make one aware of his presence.

The writer divides his time quite evenly between running a country newspaper and angling in the old Kankakee. If there is any preference given to either occupation, we try not to neglect the latter. There are items of news to gather in the morning, a church sociable, dodgers to print perhaps, proofs to read and correct, and occasionally a renewal subscription to keep up the supply of fish hooks, etc. Then dinner comes, and then a few more finishing touches, and a word of reprimand to the "devil." By that time it is 3 o'clock, and the fever is on to its full height. Down comes the rod, the high water boots are adjusted, and with them and a minnow basket he sets out. A twenty foot seine soon provides a fine score of shiners for bait, and in the middle of the Kankakee, with the water up to his jack-knife pocket, he fans the air with an "alligator line" and "Cincinnati bass hook."

Last Monday afternoon all the weather conditions seemed to be very propitious. There was a cool soft breeze blowing from the south-west, and a few fleeting clouds hovering around in the neighborhood of the river. 'Twas a charmer, but I had resolved to stick to the type case and lead pencil throughout the entire day, just as a matter of business policy, for really there wasn't

much of anything to do in the shop. Three o'clock passed, the usual hour for starting out, but it didn't phase me any more than a mule would a stone wall. Another hour passed. The type "stick" dropped on the case, and the rod slipped out of its usual resting place. Fifteen minutes later I was throwing a four inch shiner just over a clear pool of water about three feet deep, where workmen a few weeks before during low water had been excavating stone. Great guns! what was that? How the water around that stone pile danced. There were great rents in it, as if some one had taken a piece in each hand and tore it apart. My bamboo was nodding and flopping around like a thing of life. Then there was a rush, a sudden stop and shoot up into the air. I found myself following every motion of the rod. Then a noise on the bank of the river attracted my

attention. I looked around and saw a stranger standing there watching me. No! he was not standing, for like myself he was going through the same antics that my rod performed. First one side then the other, and he never knew that I saw him. Well! I landed my beauty, a 3 lb. small-mouth by actual weight.

At a quarter past six I was back at the office with ten small-mouths. The three largest weighed $7\frac{1}{2}$ lb., and the four largest 9 lb., and the whole string of ten tipped the beam at $15\frac{1}{2}$ lb. That was fun enough for two hours, and I think it was one of the most enjoyable periods of time I ever experienced. But one can't make a catch like that every day, though I very seldom miss an evening's angling when the conditions are anyway favorable, and there have been only a very few when I have not brought in a nice string.



NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Under this Department Heading queries relative to Angling, Ichthyology and Fish Culture will be answered.]

Diverse Angling Opinions.

At a small club gathering the other evening, we incidentally asked an angler what make of hook he preferred for "all 'round fishing." He promptly answered: "The Sproat," and immediately the brother fishermen present, to a man, dissented, professing their allegiance to the Carlisle, Aberdeen, Pennell, Sneck-bend, old time Limerick, et al. Following the same line of investigation, we unfortunately hit upon the fly question, and the atmosphere became lurid with feathers and tinsel; but, in the glare of it, everybody seemed to catch our query idea, and, for a short time, we calmly and rationally talked the matter over, to wit: Why such diverse opinions among anglers as to the value of different makes of tackle? The consensus of opinions expressed was this: So far as hooks were concerned, one of the accredited makes was about as good as another, and when the fish were not hungry, feeding daintily, the smaller (within certain bounds) the hook, the more certain the capture. Just here, an enthusiast struck in with a long dissertation upon the value of the angle of draft in his favorite hook, and talked more than his share, being only stopped and somewhat non-plussed when an old veteran exclaimed:

"All right, my boy, about your angles, if you can get a fish always to take the hook in his mouth just right to suit the angle of draft of the hook."

We all saw, or thought we saw, the point at once, and the subject of hooks was dropped and that of artificial flies taken up, and after about as hot an hour as frictional talk can create, it was decided that tints of color in feathered lures don't count in the allurements of fish to the surface, the cardinal colors alone being factors, and even those may assume other colorations when looked at by the fish from below the surface. It was strongly argued by many that the size of flies was of more importance than color or nicety of dressing, and this produced as tumultuous a discussion as ever a moss-back angling editor ever listened to or backed out from, for the wee hours were abroad, and the chairman

went home and wrote about this impromptu gathering and argument, hoping that his brother anglers all over the country would contribute their quota in settlement of these much mooted questions.—ED.

Trolling for Tarpon.

With all respect to our editor and friend, and while acknowledging the justice of his remarks in regard to trolling considered as a generality, still I must take issue with him when it comes right down to the tarpon.

Trolling for fish is not in any way artistic. There are no tricks to be mastered; no effort is made to overcome the wariness of the prey sought. As I see it, it is simply throwing out a challenge which is accepted, sometimes, by Mr. Fish. Any one can troll; it is the easiest and simplest form of fishing. In luring the victim in this manner no skill is required. But how about securing him?

Dismissing the subject of trolling in general, and taking up that of trolling for tarpon in particular, I have well-formed opinions, and will air them freely in accordance with our editor's invitation.

The main difference existing between Florida and Texas tarpon fishing lies in the two methods of still fishing and trolling. In the former, or Florida method, you bait your 11-0 O'Shaughnessy hook with a 24-inch raw-hide snell, with either a whole or half a mullet, cast it out from the boat, coil up twenty or more yards of line loosely on the seat and wait for a "draw." When the fish takes the bait he is allowed to run off with this coiled line, in order to give him time to gorge the bait, when he is struck, and his only chance to escape lies in running out with all the line, or through the inexperience of the angler, or some accident, breaking either line or hook.

Where the skill comes in I fail to see. There is no opportunity for skillful casting, no endeavoring to lure this royal game fish. You put out your line and wait for a bite, just as the country boy with his worm waits for a perch.

In Texas they do things differently. I say

they, because I have not yet succeeded in landing a tarpon. This fish is a "top feeder," that is, instead of being the scavenger that I imagined from reading accounts of the Florida fish, it is really a feeder on live mullet and other small fish and, as a rule, looks for food near the surface. In trolling for tarpon the same rod, reel and line is used as in still fishing, but, for a snell, the least conspicuous is considered the best, piano wire generally being used. For bait take a mullet of about 7 inches in length and hook it through the head. The trolling is done in water of good depth, and the bait must be kept well away from the boat and free from grass and sea weed.

When you hook a tarpon in this manner, you have a contract of respectable proportions on your hands. It is a fight to a finish, and you need every nerve and muscle to come out victorious.

More than once have I hooked a large tarpon, and hoped to land him, but my expectations have always been disappointed. This season I was surely going to catch a tarpon, and it is Dr. McMullen's fault that I did not. The doctor lives at Aransas Pass, and——

Well, excuse me, but I am getting off the track.

W. M. S.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

"It is Not All of Fishing to Fish."

On the wall of the club-room, in the house of the Huron Mountain Shooting and Fishing Club, on Lake Superior, near Marquette, Mich., someone had posted the following newspaper clipping:

STARTLING FIGURES.

With a \$10 rod and a \$6 reel, with a \$2 line and a \$4 creel; a book full of \$2 and \$4 flies, away with his \$12 ticket he hies. Thus he spends \$40 ere he starts out, and returns in a week with 10 cents worth of trout and the —— But blank won't supply the thirty-nine ninety, the sum he is shy.—*San Francisco News Letter*.

After this had remained there for several months, a lady visitor wrote and put up beneath the clipping the following:

TO THE WRITER OF THE ABOVE.

What are dollars and cents, man of paper and ink!
You write not what is, but first what you think.
To a sportsman, indeed, the trout in his lair

Will still prove attractive—if not found, still there.

But the heart of the matter, and what Isaak is after,

Is the soughing of boughs and the water's sweet laughter,

The dart of the flies as they skim on the stream;

The music of birds adding life to his dream.

He sits leaning there 'gainst a hemlock or pine,

Conscious of birches and tall maples fine.

The tap, tap, of the woodpecker hid in the leaves,

And the soft shining of green light thro' the tall, slender trees.

Then click, click, clickity
Clickity, click, click.

There he goes! Reel him in!
Not so quick! Not so quick!

Now land him, all shining, on the soft, mossy ground,

The finest brook beauty that ever was found!

What! He's gone!

With one leap from the moss to the stream.

And flashing across it one sun-shiny gleam!

There he goes—quick and glancing along that flat rock—

I admire him and praise him, tho' it's somewhat a shock

To lose him, when surely I thought he was mine,

And intended to prove it when I sat down to dine.

But perish the thought! A creature so bright
Is more mine when moving thus happy and light.

So, dear little trout,
Tho' glad you were out,
It's true and no sin

That I'm gladder, far gladder,
That now you are in.

Plenty of Tarpon.

In a letter recently received from Aransas Pass, Tex., we are told that tarpon swarm the passes and bays. Our correspondent writes: "At this season tarpon are very numerous and voracious; the weather is perfect, and the number landed in a day is only a matter of muscle. So it will be up to the first cold winds in December, usually about Christmas. It is all top fishing, trolling from a skiff, piano wire snells on swivels, about 6-inch mullet hooked in the nose; tarpon are hooked in the mouth, strikes are had every few minutes, except when you are busy playing one that is well hooked. The big records made by Senator Lewis, Houston and others, are correctly stated. There is no trouble about it, provided you have the muscle for such hard work."

"The McCloud River Salmon Fly."

With the above unique title, we have received a little journal published at Baird Station, Cal., by E. C. Stone, the young son of Livingston Stone, the accomplished fish culturist in charge of the Government fish hatchery at the above named point, which is out nearly in the wilderness, as will be seen from Mr. Moore's communication and illustrations on other pages of this issue. We quote a few items from the *Salmon Fly* to show how life is made up in his far-distant mountain section.

Mr. Elbert Bass and Miss Marion Derby encountered and killed a young rattlesnake just below the seining ground, a few days ago. The rattles now adorn Miss Derby's hat.

Our mail from Redding comes by an interesting variety of conveyances. It is carried from Redding to Stillwater in a wagon. From Stillwater a mule brings it to Pit river. It crosses Pit river in a basket rigged on a wire cable. From this side of Pit river to the Reservation an Indian brings it up on his back.

The fly-fishing for trout on the lower McCloud has been very good this season, notwithstanding the high water. It improved very much after our last issue, and the fishermen were rewarded almost every evening with good strings of large fish, all caught with a fly. The most extraordinary catch was made by Mr. J. R. Moore, of New York, who captured three salmon grilse with artificial flies, which, by the way, clearly disproves the statement that the Pacific coast salmon never take the fly in the rivers. It is true that they were *young* salmon, but they were *salmon*, all the same.

No Longer a Doubter.

Since writing you my last I have caught the jumping black bass of the Cold Mountain streams of Northern Alabama. Right here and now I wish to retract all I have ever said about black bass not jumping. I know they do, for I have seen 'em do it. There's nothing like experience to make a man change his mind, and I have "done changed."

The fishing is now excellent on the coast around Aransas Pass, far better than at any time this season, and fully up to the old standard, the high water having brought them in. We have not given up hopes of seeing you here this year, or next spring at the latest.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, Oct. 15. W. M. S.

Pleasant Words.

When two or three years ago that veteran angler, William C. Harris, announced the early publication of an elaborate work, profusely illustrated with large chromo-lithographic plates, there were many expressions of satisfaction from those interested in piscatorial pursuits.

Mr. Harris's reputation in all such matters stood so high, and his pleasing style of writing was so well known, that it was felt the work would be of more than ordinary interest and value. The publication, in due course, of the first and second parts of the announced work, fulfilled every expectation and gave promise of greater excellence as it progressed. There was general regret, therefore, when for various causes there was a delay in the issuance of the parts, though that regret was softened by the statement of the author that the main cause of the delay was his dissatisfaction with the colored plates and his intention to improve them. The subscribers of the work have lost nothing by the long wait. Part III, which is now in their hands, is in every respect superior to its predecessors, valuable though they were. The illustrations are masterpieces. The two fishes presented, one a pike, commonly called hereabouts pickerel, and the other a hybrid trout, are exceedingly lifelike in their coloring and outlines, and the artist has done his work so well that they have the appearance of swimming in real water. These illustrations, 12x18 inches, are well worthy of being framed and placed beside other well-known works of art.

As in the previous number, the text is exhaustive of the natural history of the fishes treated upon, and a list of about 250 fresh and salt water specimens that may be taken with the rod and line in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, off the American coast, and from the inland waters between Hudson bay and the Gulf of Mexico, is given.

Besides this, an interesting and exhaustive chapter is begun on "The Qualities of an Angler; His Tackle and Outfit," which gives valuable information not only to a disciple of Izaak Walton in his novitiate, but to one who may long have been received as an expert in the full brotherhood of the Order of Anglers. Beginning with the next number, it is announced that the subject of fishes, *seriatim*, will be taken up.—*Public Ledger*, Philadelphia, Pa.

Parts IX and X of "*The Fishes of North America*" are now ready for delivery. Address, The Harris Publishing Co., 19 Park Place, New York.

Personal.

Through the stupidity of a servant, a letter addressed to the editorial department of our magazine found its way to the ash barrel instead of the editor's desk at home. We hope this notice will reach the eye of the writer,

who will, we trust, duplicate his favor. Failure to receive prompt acknowledgment of such communications indicate that they have never reached their destination.

At Canandaigua, N. Y.

The annual meeting and banquet of the Canandaigua Rod and Gun Club was recently held. The following officers were elected: President, W. H. Fox; vice-president, Lewis H. Adams; secretary and treasurer, A. B. Sackett; shooting master, Louis Sayre; assistant shooting master, H. J. Reed; chief angler, F. A. Christian; assistant chief angler, W. E. Thomas; attorney, E. W. Gardner.

The fishing in the lake this season has been excellent, especially for black bass. There have been some very good catches. It was decided to purchase some Mongolian pheasants for breeding purposes.

It was unanimously voted to favor the increase of the limit of black bass from 8 to 10 inches.

Fish Commissioner C. H. Babcock and H. H. Layman and James Annin, jr., were elected honorary members.

The club then sat down to a banquet of half a dozen courses, served in fine style by Caterer Hennesy. Toasts and speeches then followed.

A Holiday and Double Number.

On or about December 15, we will issue a double number for the holidays, under the dates of December and January. We propose to make this issue one that will gladden the hearts, and meet the utmost demands of the anglers of America. Our journal is now fifteen years old, certainly aged enough to speak for itself, which it will do, we hope effectively, during the holiday times. To our advertisers, we announce that we have during the past eighteen months, been carefully gathering a list of names, nearly 25,000, of boni fide anglers, and each of them will receive a copy of our gala issue.

Save that his soul,
May reach the goal,
Where all good people steer;
'Tis his last wish,
To hunt and fish,
In heaven, the same as here.

—*Oliver Gibbs.*

The book is written in the happiest style of Mr. William Bruce Leffingwell, of Chicago, and the illustrations are ample and are especially prepared for this particular volume.

This is the first time that such a publication has been attempted, exhibiting in such an attractive manner the almost innumerable resorts for sportsmen in the South.

The publication will be issued prior to November 1, 1895, and can be obtained through any of the agents of the Southern Railway System.

Notice of Dissolution.—PHILADELPHIA, October 19, 1895.—Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between Augustus B. Shipley and Malcolm A. Shipley, trading as A. B. Shipley & Son, at 503 Commerce street, Philadelphia, has been dissolved by mutual consent, Augustus B. Shipley retiring. All persons having claims against the said firm, or owing money thereto, will present said claims and make payment of said indebtedness to Malcolm M. Shipley, 503 Commerce street, Philadelphia.

AUGUSTUS B. SHIPLEY,
MALCOLM A. SHIPLEY.

The business of A. B. Shipley & Son having been purchased by the undersigned, will be continued by him at 503 Commerce street, Philadelphia, under the firm name of Malcolm A. Shipley.

MALCOLM A. SHIPLEY.
503 Commerce street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Do You Fish.—If so, you may be glad to know that the streams along the line of the Lehigh Valley Railroad have been re-stocked with many varieties of fish, and it will pay you to visit them if you want good sport.

Address, Chas. S. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Pa., for full particulars.

The Happy Hunting Grounds, also Fishing, of the South.—Under the above pleasing title the Southern Railway has in press a beautiful and comprehensive book appertaining to the hunting and fishing of the States through which that system extends.

This, indeed, comprises nearly the entire South, including Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee and Kentucky, as throughout these States the Southern Railway has its own lines.



THE ANGLING CYCLIST.

[We solicit for publication, under this department heading, contributions of interest to Angling Cyclists, particularly outings on the wheel to fishing waters.]

After Striped Bass on the Wheel.

Now is the season for the striped beauties to run up the Hudson, and last week I went to Riverdale for them, with rod case strapped on the handle bar, my box of white worms where the tool box usually hangs, and tackle case suspended behind it. Leaving Sixty-sixth street and the Boulevard at 8 A. M., I took it leisurely, striking the old Kingsbridge road at about One Hundred and Fifty-seventh street, and thence about six miles to Riverdale. Upon my arrival I found several fishermen with their lines out and the striped bass running, one of which, a pounder, had just been landed by a boisterous but enthusiastic German angler, whose nervous excitement was shown in the twitchy attempt he made to impale a white worm on his hook. He bled his fingers more than once, and the blood flowed harmoniously to his "Mein Got" music. But with all his trouble and excitement he was a "gentle angler," for after subsidence he courteously allowed me space for casting, and, as he assured me, the best point to cast from. He had two other companions, both Germans, and they were all much interested in my rig for fishing, as they were using the old paternoster gear—lead at end of line with three hooks attached above, about twelve inches distant from each other. My rig consisted of that excellent arrangement which, some eight years ago, you, as editor, suggested in the old *Hook and Line*, and used at Hell Gate. It was a small spinner or spoon, not larger than an American quarter of a dollar, with the gangs of hooks removed and a single hook attached to a four-inch double snood fastened to the end of the spoon; the hook baited with two white worms, one of which was entirely impaled on the hook, and the other partially so with the lower half of the worm free. About eighteen inches above the spoon the sinker was fastened.

With this gear I cast, single handed, about 100 feet out into an early flood tide, and at the first venture hooked a pounder, which, attracted by the revolving metal, evidently darted for it and seized the tempting white

worm as it streamed out against the tension of the line and tide. My German congeners, when the fish was landed on the wharf, became so excited and enthusiastic over the capture and the gear I was using, that they stopped fishing and then and there tore their old paternosters apart and borrowed two spoons from me, the third German ferreting one from his fishing grip which was big enough to hold a tarpon. These companionable anglers never stopped to think about their ignorance of the method of casting from the reel, but as soon as they, under my instructions, got their somewhat crude tackle into shape, commenced to cast. You may be assured I gave them plenty of room to work in. Needless to add that considerable of a jumble ensued. One of the fishermen got his line out about ten feet, and so fierce was the muscular effort of the cast, that when the line overrun, snap it went, and the lead with spoon and line attachment sped 150 feet into the river; another, in attempting to cast, sent the line about forty feet outward, and at so acute an angle that the lines of all the fishermen on the wharf were covered and dragged up from the bottom when the angular line was reeled up. The third landed his lead on the wharf about thirty feet to the side of the caster, the line having overrun, and the weight like a boomerang coming back upon its tracks. Suffice, however, to state that after about an hour, during which my fishing outing was turned into a school of instruction, my three German friends partially caught the knack of casting, but owing to their awkwardness with the reel in recovering the line properly, and inability to cast far enough, failed to hook a fish, and all of them went back to their paternosters, but not in a praying mood.

I fished until 4 P. M., having caught eleven striped bass, none weighing over a pound, most of them being about half that size. I was told, however, that the month of November was the best time, and then the fish were more numerous and larger.

I reeled up, jumped on my wheel, and was home at 6 P. M., having had a delightful pedal

outing and an enjoyable day, the association with my German friends being not the least of its attractions.

OLD FIN.

The Price of a Wheel.

Many of our friends are telling us that they are deferring the purchase of wheels until next year, when they will be cheaper. Feeling confident that they were mistaken, that wheels of established and long accredited manufacturers would maintain their prices, we made our assurance doubly sure by writing to the most prominent makers. One and all of them informed us that they would make no reduction in price during 1896. This should settle the matter, as certainly the wheel manufacturers know better than the outside public what they intend to do. The best wheels have a standard of value produced by superior mechanical skill, best material and improved patterns, and this standard will always command a high price. It is unquestionable that the market will be (is now) flooded with low-priced wheels, and the tendency is always downward in price in any article which is sought for by great crowds of buyers—competition comes in, and a good looking article on the outside—but only so so in wear—finds a ready sale at a lower price. But the public soon learn to discriminate, and the best wins in the long run. More money has been wasted in the manufacture and advertising of poor articles, than has been sunken in Wall street on speculation. The bottom drops out.

Winter Care of the Wheel.

This is the season of the wheelman's discontent. While the weather, for the past two weeks, with few exceptions, has been all that could be desired, all riders are prepared to dismount for the season at a moment's notice, for they know how uncertain the weather is. To those who have not already stored their wheels away for the season, *The Wheelman's* advice is to put them in proper shape before doing so.

First clean the wheel thoroughly. Wipe off every speck of dust, and if there is any rust on the nickel parts, rub it off with some good metal polish. Pay especial attention to the spokes, the pedals and the rear hub in the neighborhood of the sprocket. Take the chain off by removing the bolt that holds the two ends together, and put it to soak in a dish of kerosene, while the rest of the machine is be-

ing doctored. Then, if you want to have an easy running wheel in the spring, fill a small oil can with kerosene, and run it through all the bearings until it ceases to run black and dirty, but comes out as clear as water. This removes all the old gummy oil and dirt, and clears the way for a dose of fresh oil, which need not be applied until you want to use the wheel again. The hub bearings are best cleaned through the regular oil holes, but the sprocket bearing is easily reached by removing the saddle post and pouring a pint or so of kerosene down the hollow cross brace of the frame.

After the bearings and chain are thoroughly cleaned with the kerosene, wipe off all superfluous oil, and then proceed to bedaub the machine liberally with vaseline. Spread the vaseline freely and thickly, taking care that the nickel parts are thoroughly covered. The chain should be thickly coated, and it will not harm wood rims. Tires, saddles and cork handles, however, are not improved by vaseline.

If the wheel is going to stand on the floor all winter, the tires should be left inflated to prevent the rim from cutting them. A much better scheme is to suspend the wheel from a rafter by a couple of ropes and deflate the tires. A wheel thus treated and kept in a place where the atmosphere is not positively reeking with moisture, will be found in the spring to be in perfect condition, and a few minutes' work with a woolen cloth will remove all traces of the vaseline and bring out all the beauty of the enamel and nickel.

Economy in Buying a Wheel.

Buying a bicycle is very much akin to buying a horse. When you buy a good horse you pay a good standard price, and not only get a good animal, but one that can be depended on for strength, comfort, speed if necessary, and safety in emergencies. There are good horses and bad horses, just the same as there are bicycles that are built and bicycles that are thrown together and made of old iron. There is no economy in buying a cheap horse, no matter how fine he may look on account of having been brushed up well beforehand, or because he seems to be "just as good" as the animal which costs a little more. Experience has shown that a horse that comes from the best stock farm in the country, with a pedigree and the reputation of being from famous stock,

is the kind of beast that can be trusted for all kinds of service, and even look well with bad treatment. You feel satisfied with yourself for having bought the best, and look back with a sigh of relief to the fact that you were not inveigled into buying the animal which you came so near purchasing for the simple reason of saving a few dollars. Probably an acquaintance who did buy him has found, to his regret, that "all is not gold that glitters," and that the beast which seemed such a good bargain has turned out to be a stumbler, a bolter, a kicker and what not, until he finally broke down altogether, and had to be sold for little or nothing, proving that a cheap purchase is not a good purchase—an extravagance, rather than economy.

In this age of bicycledom, when the whole world is or would be a-wheel, it doesn't take long for the man who starts out to purchase a bicycle without knowing one from another to find that there are just two classes of bicycles.

Some Wheelwomen.

"If there's anything on wheels that amuses me more than some of these so-called new women, I don't know what it is," half growled the dyspeptic old-timer to the editor of *The Wheel*. "Look at that one over there, for instance. She has a Derby hat, the latest fashion in bloomers, and a diamond frame wheel, and you can see by her face that she is well satisfied with herself. But look at her feet, will you!

"What's the matter with them? For heaven's sake, where are your eyes? Can't you see she is pedaling like an ostrich?

"The idea of wearing high-heeled shoes and riding with the hollow of her foot on the pedal. That's the way half of them ride. It's a wonder to me they don't knock their ankles out of joint, and, if the truth were known, I'll bet the price of two beers that most of them have got barked ankles. Don't seem to me as if they try to learn anything. That woman has been coming to the academy since last winter, and she seems to know as much now as she did then. They pay too much attention to their clothes and too little to their wheels and their comfort. Take the mere matter of pedal-

ling. If these women would take a cue from us brutes, they could easily improve their style and their power twofold. How? Why, by simply cutting slots in their shoes as we do. The shallowest slot is better than none at all. You yourself are a rider and know how this not only makes your pedal better and keeps your feet from slipping, but nearly doubles your power when it is needed most—on uphill work. It ought to do as much for a woman, and it would be a good idea if you suggest it in your paper.

"There's another thing about that fairy on the diamond frame that makes me smile. Notice her leggings. Fit like gloves, don't they? Now, what's the sense of wearing them at all? They must be warm and must bind her legs to an unnecessary degree, and as stockings would give her greater freedom of muscle, and show off no more of her curves than do the leggings, I can't understand what brand of prudery or reason it is that makes them cling to the leggings. I don't take much stock in bloomers, but when a woman elects to wear them I like to see them play the game to the limit and get all that there is supposed to be in that style of dress.

"Then there's that little woman," continued the veteran, indicating a mere armful of femininity. "She's got her saddle as low as it will go, while her handle-bar is almost under her chin, and her arms are akimbo. I'll be danged if I can see how women can control such wheels. It's no wonder so few of them can climb hills comfortably. But it isn't altogether her fault. She couldn't get the handle-bar lower if she wanted. The manufacturers are to blame. It seems strange to me that no one has pointed it out before. What's wrong? Why, they've been making one height of seat stem, and one height of steering head serve for all sizes of women. It isn't so bad for tall girls; they can raise the saddle-post. But the short women are not so lucky. They can lower the saddle, of course, but owing to the length of head, the handle-bar can be brought only so low and no lower, which at its lowest is far too high for a woman of short stature. That's why so many of them have their bars almost under their chins, and look so deucedly unnatural and uncomfortable."

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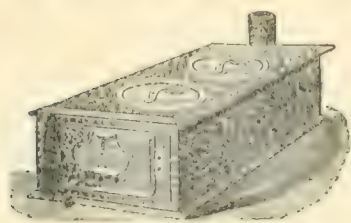
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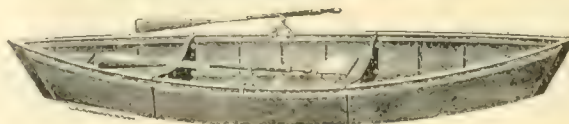
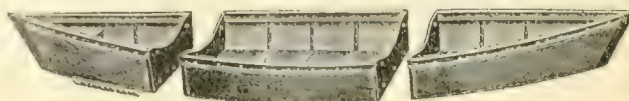
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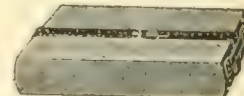
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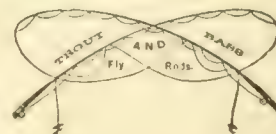


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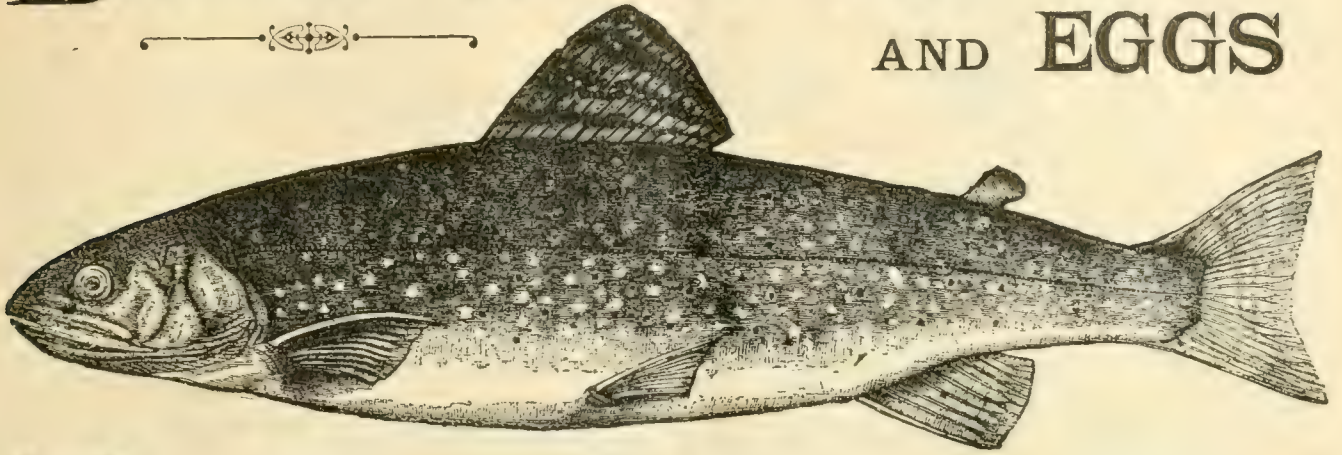
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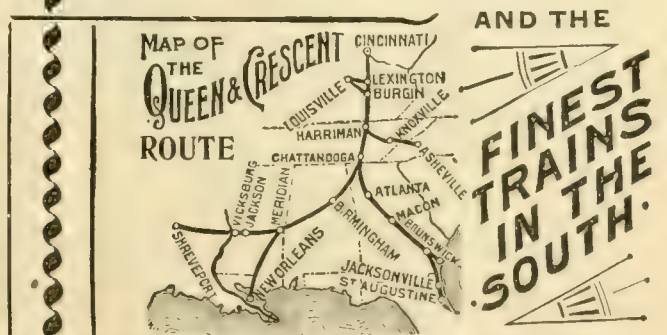
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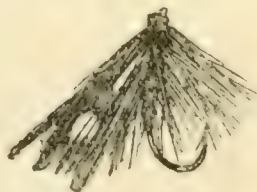
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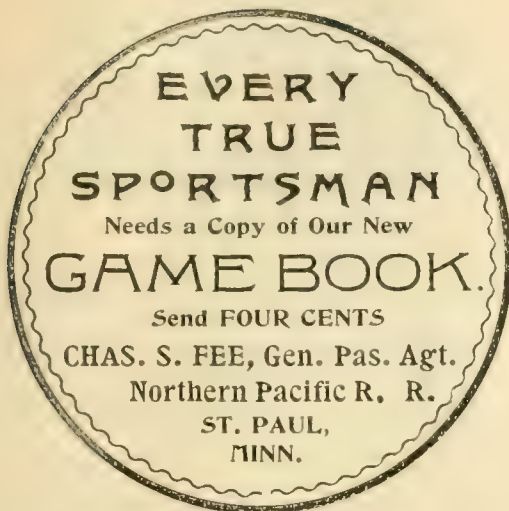
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